

THE LEATHERNECK

July, 1937

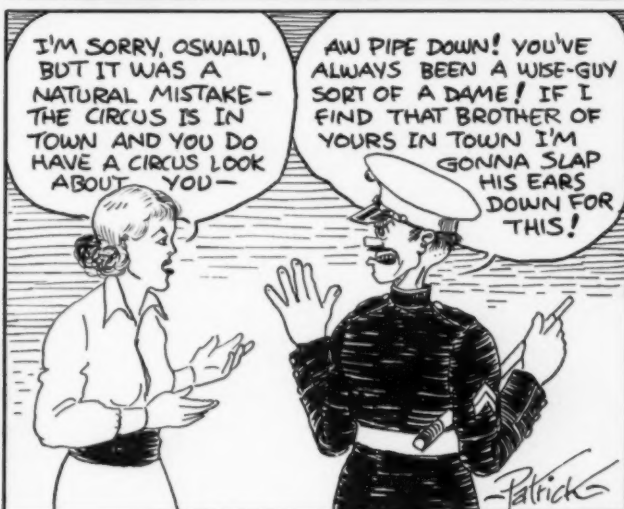
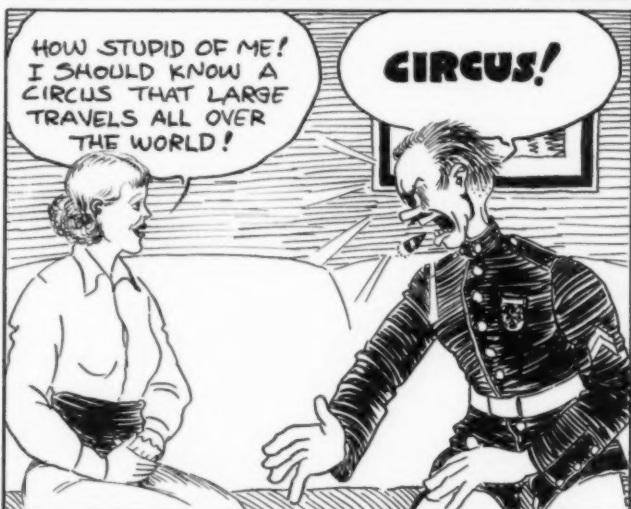
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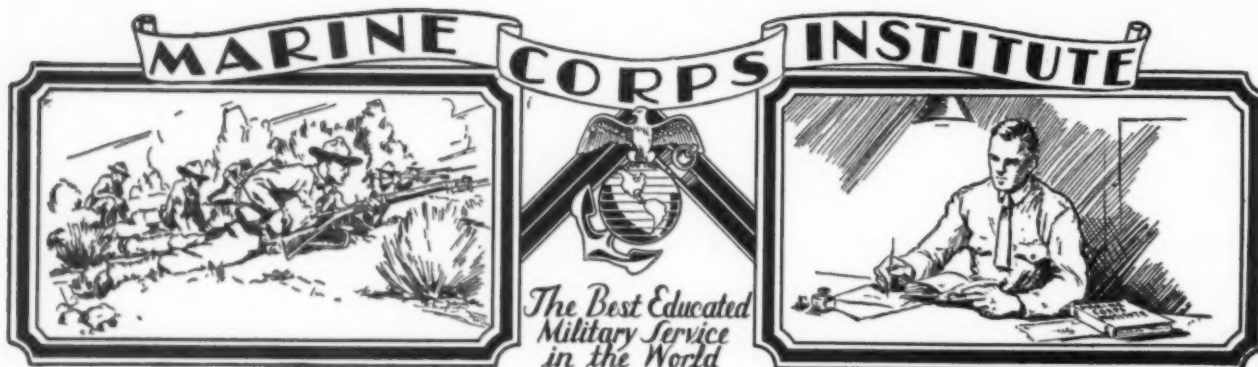


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☐ I am interested in the subject before which I have marked an X; please send me full information.

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Organisation.....

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The LEATHERNECK

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Sketched by D. L. DICKSON

Cover Designed by D. L. DICKSON

The Fourth

THE Fourth of July. It brings many memories to us, most of them of the time when we wore short trousers and had to scrub knees every night before supper. Without any effort we can remember the biggest fire-cracker we ever touched off, the big sky rocket that we lugged home only to find that it refused to fire when we lighted it, and the pin wheel that fell off its pin and chased us half way across the yard before it landed in a tub of water over by the fence. We remember the Fourth that we accidentally shot off our fire-crackers when we stuck the punk that we had put out into the box and started for the house to be greeted half way up the walk by a barrage that sounded like a Chicago gang fight. The burned fingers and blisters that resulted when we showed the neighborhood gang how we could hold a Chinese one-incher in our fingers or teeth and touched it off are testified by the scars. In the afternoon, after most of the day's supply of fireworks had been expended in blowing tin cans

apart or searing the family cat out of a few of her credited nine lives, we went with the family out to the fair grounds where all the war veterans got up and made long-winded speeches about some war that we had heard about but were not much interested in. However, although we didn't know about it, the Fourth was an institution with Americans, founded in 1776.

In 1774, Patrick Henry had exclaimed, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or death!" The colonies, however, did not wish independence. Washington wrote he "abhorred the idea of independence" on first taking command of the Continental army. The continued stubbornness of the king and the arrival of 16,000 English troops changed the ideas of the Colonies and on July 4th, 1776 the Declaration of Independence was presented to the Continental Congress by Thomas Jefferson, its author. It stated among other things the principles which Americans ever since have held to be sacred: all men are created equal and are endowed with the right of life, liberty and that the governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed.

It is well to keep in mind, then, that we don't celebrate the Fourth because of the results of the Revolutionary War but rather because of the Revolutionary Principles for which we struggled.—W. Va. Mountaineer.

Does Your Leatherneck Get to Your Home?

WE are very happy to observe that in connection with the receipt of many new subscriptions during the recent months, almost one-third of them go to addresses other than the subscribers'; an indication that more and more Marines are telling their families and friends all about the Marine Corps in the best manner possible.

We would like to invite the attention of our readers to the far-reaching benefits of such procedure.

In the first place, the folks at home have little opportunity to learn of the activities and purposes of our Corps, and of the many varieties of duties we are called upon to perform. Each of us writes letters, and, in the course of years, manages to get home from time to time; but sketchy indeed is the usual explanation of "Why is a Marine?"

THE LEATHERNECK is the magazine of the Marine Corps, and in it, you, as the interested reader, look to discover how the boys are getting along, as well as being interested in the activities of your comrades at different stations at home, abroad, or at sea.

Furthermore, there is the community of interest embodied in the bond between the ex-Marine, the Marine Reservist, the member of the Marine Corps League—exemplified in that intangible but real quality which makes a Marine "Ever Faithful" to the ideals of service, in which aspiration's contribution is accomplished toward the happiness of one's fellow men.

To be of service to you, your family, and your friends is the purpose of this, your magazine. If it did no more than tell your people about your life as a Marine, the purpose is well on the road to attainment.

Our request to you is for your continued assistance in making the magazine one of which you are justly proud—and, secondly, when you have finished reading it, that you send it home.

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OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

IS HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME AT YELLOWSTONE PARK

OH - WHAT A PERFECTLY GORGEOUS VIEW

THE FAMOUS CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE. THERE'S NOTHING IN THE PARK MORE BEAUTIFUL

YOU'RE RIGHT, JUDGE, AND THOSE FALLS ARE ALMOST TWICE THE HEIGHT OF NIAGARA



YELLOWSTONE LAKE IS ABOUT A MILE AN' A HALF ABOVE SEA LEVEL AND IS MORE THAN 300 FEET DEEP IN SPOTS

I KEEP FORGETTING WE'RE SO HIGH UP IN THE SKY

SAY, I NEVER SAW SUCH AN ABUNDANCE OF WILD FOWL - SWANS! DUCKS! PELICANS!



WELL, NATURE IS WONDERFUL, BUT I THINK IT'S TIME I ENJOYED THE MAN-MADE PLEASURE OF A GOOD SMOKE. HAVE ONE YOURSELF

I'D LIKE TO, BUT MY TONGUE'S A LITTLE SORE FROM SMOKING. I'VE BEEN LAYING OFF MY PIPE FOR A WHILE



AH, I SEE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TRYING AT IT. SAY, SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT, IT'S ONE TOBACCO THAT WON'T GET YOUR TONGUE SORE

WELL, I'LL TAKE A TRY AT IT. SAY, IT CERTAINLY PACKS DOWN NICE AND EVEN IN THE BOWL



JUDGE, THIS IS A MILD SMOKE, YET IT'S FULL-BODIED TOO!

AND P.A. SURE IS MILD AND TASTY IN 'MAKIN'S' CIGARETTES

PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT AND IT'S NO-BITE PROCESS INSURES COOL, TASTY SMOKES WITHOUT A 'BITE' IN A DAY'S SMOKING



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70

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50

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

THE LEATHERNECK

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THE LEATHERNECK

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WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY, 1937

NUMBER 7

HOW THE U. S. MARINES "SAVED FACE" IN CHINA

By LT. COL. A. B. MILLER, USMC

I WAS reading in my pet armchair. My magazine dropped across my knee, and my thoughts traveled many thousands of miles away. The voice of my young daughter suddenly brought me back to consciousness. "Daddy, I thought you were reading, but you are not—you are dreaming. What are you dreaming about? Please tell me."

"My child, I was just reading about the coronation of King George VI and my thoughts drifted back to a period of twenty-six years ago, when the father of the present King of England was crowned. I was then a young second lieutenant in command of the Marine Detachment on board the U. S. Gunboat *Helena* which was patrolling the Yangtze River in China.

"On the afternoon of June twenty-first, 1911, we dropped anchor in the muddy waters of the Yangtze off the city of Wuhu. Shortly afterwards the barge of the British Consul drew alongside of our gangway and the Consul came aboard. He was greeted by the Captain of the ship, then both went below to the Captain's cabin.

"A few minutes later I received a message to report to the Captain. I was introduced to the Consul who was unburdening his troubles. He was much distressed because

all the British gunboats on the river had proceeded to Shanghai or Hankow for the coronation ceremonies of King George V which were to take place on the morrow. He was in a dilemma, for he had made arrangements for a ceremonial and had invited the Viceroy of the province,

also many high ranking mandarins to be present at the Consulate, and was counting on having some of the British Naval forces present to make the ceremony military and very official. The Consul felt that it was absolutely necessary to have a military display, otherwise he would 'lose face' with the Chinese, and to 'keep face' in the Orient is more important than life itself. This would be a catastrophe, and it had to be avoided in order to retain the respect of the Chinese.

"The Consul had come aboard to ask the Captain to help him out of his predicament, by permitting the Marine Guard to take the place of the missing naval

forces. The Captain explained to the Consul that he would not order the men ashore, but if they volunteered it would be all right with him, and he then put it up to me.

"I was requested by the Consul to inform the men that they would not only take part (Continued on page 57)



British Consulate, Wuhu, China, on June 22, 1911, immediately after the Coronation ceremonies in honor of King George V.



THE THIRD LOCKET

By FRANK HUNTER

Illustrated by D. L. Dickson

O'DAY ground his teeth as he listened to the continual pounding of the drums. Mournfully they thudded, vibrating in his ears until he feared madness would sweep over him. For the past two days—ever since he had abandoned the river for the inland trail—the *tambor rada* drums had pounded their messages throughout the Haitian hills. On all sides he could hear the dismal throbbing; and somehow, he felt, they were sounding the warning of his approach. He tried to decipher the intermittent beats—something no white man has ever achieved, and in desperation he fashioned his own meaning. Over and over again he repeated it to himself "Another *blanc* Marine comes as commandant of the Gendarmerie at Petigang."

It had been a week since Sergeant Sheldon O'Day of the United States Marine Corps had received his lieutenant's commission in the Gendarmerie d'Haiti and had set out with two native guides for the village of Petigang. At Hinche he stopped over, closeted close with the area commander, and learned the weird events. The *Cacos* had made three separate attacks on the native constabulary stationed at Petigang; and Sergeant Thornton, the Marine who commanded them, had died very mysteriously, as white men are wont to do in the Black Republic. Corporal d'Fortune, Thornton's lieutenant, had submitted reports, chaotic, conflicting, and entirely unsatisfactory. Then the colonel dismissed O'Day and sent him on his way with a friendly handclasp and an admonishment of caution.

FOR the hundredth time since the drums began their monotonous throbbing, O'Day swore and turned to his two guides.

"Hey! Do you bozos savvy that drum *habla*?"

They shook their heads in vigorous denial, but O'Day noticed how intently they listened, and he watched their black faces light with expression.

"If them birds ain't *Cacos* I'm a boot," he growled. "An' the sooner we shove off the sooner we get to Petigang. All right, you two burr-heads, *allez*! Let's get underway. An' if you're what I think," he finished under his breath, "we won't all get to where we're cleared for."

For hours O'Day moved cautiously behind his guides. Every now and then they halted, as if listening to the drums. Once when the Marine ordered them forward, one swung about with a snarl, but O'Day's hand rested on the butt of his automatic.

"Yeh?" he scorned. "Another break like that an' there'll be two new faces in hell; black ones, at that."

For about a mile they swished tractably through the grass, O'Day following close behind. Suddenly, before he could swing up his hands in protection, he was struck by a black avalanche. Down he crashed, with the larger negro clutching his throat. His oath was stifled as the black fingers tightened at his windpipe. For an instant he was paralyzed by the abruptness of the attack, then his right

hand streaked for his holster. He felt the giant's grip close on his wrist, pinning it to the ground. Out of the tail of his eye he could see the other native circling about, waving a keen machete, waiting for the opportunity to split the Marine from crown to chin.

Above him he could see his antagonist's face only in a red haze. O'Day was tiring rapidly. His tongue popped from between his lips, and his eyes bulged like a frog's. He knew he could last but a little longer, and his struggles were growing weaker and weaker.

The man with the knife rushed in. O'Day caught the reflection of the uplifted blade. With a last supreme effort he hooked his arm about his opponent's neck and jerked the head close to his own. He heard a sharp, sickening click. Hot blood gushed over his face. At first he thought it was his own, then he felt his adversary shiver violently and relax. O'Day threw the entangling body from him and leaped to his feet. The man with the machete was disappearing in the brush. The sergeant wrenched out his pistol, but the target had vanished.

"What a swell eight-ball I turned out to be," he panted. "I ought to go back to boot camp where they can look after me—gettin' close enough to them birds to let 'em board me like that."

He bent over the fall-



A forty-five cracked. O'Day spun about. Fleurette, with a machete in her hand, was crumpling at his feet.

en native. "Wonder if this bozo's got anything on him for identification. I suppose I'll have to make a report of this when I get to Petigang—if I ever do."

Methodically he searched the pockets of the ragged trousers and cotton shirt. They revealed nothing other than a few gourdes. He ripped open the collar. Suspended from a chain about the throat was a small heart-shaped locket, made of gold. A coiled serpent with jewel-studded eyes was graven on one side. The reverse bore a faint, hardly legible inscription: "*Coeur d'mal*."

"*Coeur d'mal*," he muttered. "Let's see, that means 'Heart of evil,' or something like that. From the looks of it, it's pretty old. Maybe it belonged to one of Napoleon's generals."

He thrust the trinket in his pocket and stood up. O'Day was too practical to be romantic, but somehow his mind drifted back to the disastrous attempt of the French to invade Haiti, and of the numerous things and customs they had left behind when routed; even the language.

It was shortly before sundown when Petigang burst into view. Neary all Haitian villages are alike, and this was no exception. It was squat and squalid, with half a hundred thatched huts humped up in rancid arrogance. Some were

plastered with mud, a few were white-washed, but mostly they were merely thrown together and lashed with grass. There is usually a sort of gaudily painted, make-shift bandstand, but Petigang boasted no such luxury. In the middle of the *place* rose a tall palm, flying the national colors of Haiti. Beneath the tree stood an antiquated field piece of dubious utility, doubtless left over from the days of the French occupation.

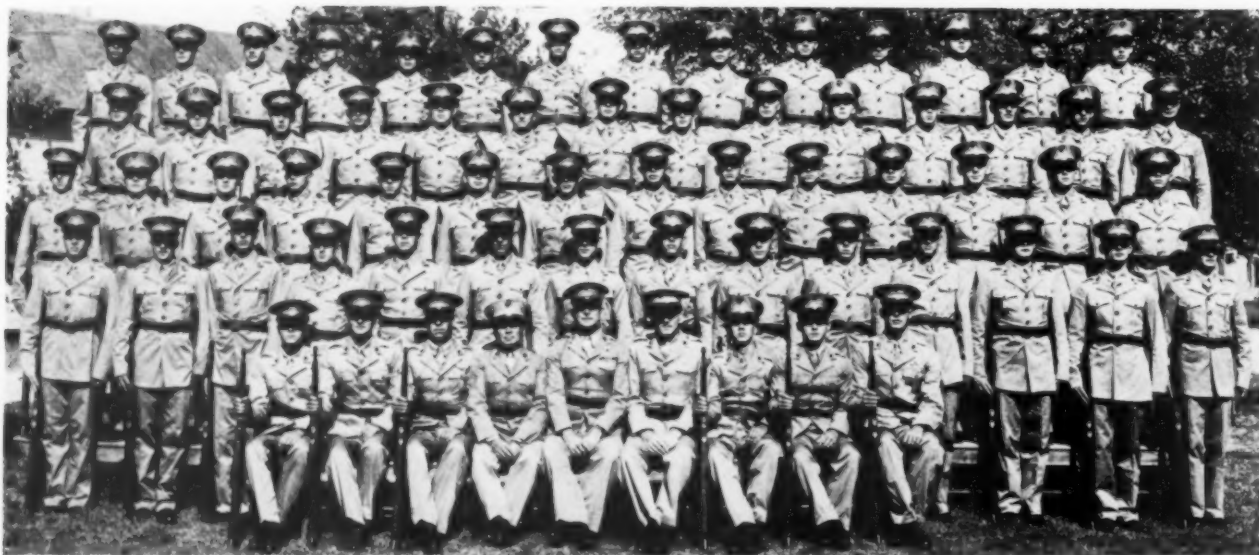
As O'Day walked through the *place* and toward the barracks, a cold chill ran up and down his spine. His suspicion that the drums sounded the warning of his coming was confirmed. The entire negro guard was drawn up in a stiff formation in front of the white-washed barracks. O'Day quickly ran his eye over the command. Then suddenly he spied d'Fortune, and something inside him turned over in a nauseating revolt.

It had been three years since they had last met—that had been in Shanghai. D'Fortune had been a big-boned, dark, capable looking fellow, with black, flashing eyes, intense and eager. But how different a being confronted the sergeant! He was still big-boned, but his wasted flesh was draped over his frame like some ill fitting garment, and his swarthy, tanned face had bleached (*Continued on page 58*)





Platoon 4, Parris Island; instructed by Sgt. Mason and Cpl. Sharit.



Platoon 5, Parris Island; instructed by Pl-Sgt. Watson, Sgt. Banish, and Cpl. Lewis.



Platoon 9, San Diego; instructed by Sgt. L. V. Raynes, Cpl. E. J. Jesson, Cpl. D. C. Tolson, and Cpl. J. D. Fleeman.

FORMER COMMANDANT FULLER DIES SUDDENLY

By FRANK H. RENTFROW

DEATH has again struck at our ranks, this time taking Major General Ben H. Fuller, former Commandant, and beloved friend of all Marines. The General died suddenly of pneumonia at the Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., on the night of June 8. He is survived by his widow and one daughter, Mrs. Chester Fordney.

Once more we shall publish not an obituary story, but one which it was our privilege to write when the General lived, to read and to know in what esteem we held him. It is reprinted from the Washington (D. C.) *Post*:

Maj. Gen. Ben H. Fuller, former Commandant of the U. S. Marines, is one of our more recently retired officers. Only a few months have elapsed since his red, two-starred flag was hauled slowly down for the last time. But "Uncle Ben," as he is affectionately called by those who have learned to love and respect his kindly character, will never be far from the Marines. Forty-five years of service, service in the far-flung outposts of civilization, from Alaska to Santo Domingo, have imprinted themselves too deeply to be effaced by mere separation from his corps.

Ben H. Fuller was born in Big Rapids, Mich., February 27, 1870, and was appointed from that State to the U. S. Naval Academy May 23, 1885. He was graduated in 1889, and on July 1 of that year we find an entry in the log book of the old *Iroquois*, "Naval Cadets W. C. Cole, E. A. Kaiser, B. H. Fuller, R. E. Carney and W. W. Phelps reported for duty."

The *Iroquois*, a sailing ship with auxiliary steam power, was commanded by Commander Joshua Bishop. There was a young second lieutenant of Marines aboard on his first tour of sea duty as a Marine officer, commanding the ship's guard. His name was Barnett, and nearly 30 years later he was to win fame as the wartime Commandant of the United States Marines.

Days passed in a happy, rapid cycle for the young cadet. In the middle of September the *Iroquois* set sail for the glamorous kingdom of Hawaii, arriving a month later. There he found excitement and novelty in the rounds of ceremonies and entertainments.

Young Fuller visited the Marshall Islands, the Gilbert Islands and Samoa; then back to Honolulu. Under sail the *Iroquois* battled contrary winds for nearly four months before she finally dropped anchor at Port Townsend, Washington Territory. A few more interesting ports, and on April 7, 1890, the young cadet was transferred to the

U.S.S. *Charleston*, which was, incidentally, our first warship ever built on the Pacific Coast.

Ben Fuller hadn't seen the last of Honolulu, for King Kalakaua of Hawaii had died during a visit to San Francisco, and it was the *Charleston* that bore his body back to his sorrowing subjects.

On July 1, 1891, Naval Cadet Ben Fuller was appointed a second lieutenant of Marines and was sent to the School of Application, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C. This school had been but recently established under orders of Col. Commandant Heywood, May 1, 1891, and Lieutenant Fuller and his class were the first to attend. The seven youngsters were graduated on April 1, 1892, and the following March Ben Fuller was promoted to first lieutenant.

The Navy and Marine Corps personnel bill was up before an unimpressed Congress. The Marine section provided for a corps of 211 officers and some 6,000 enlisted men. This virtually doubled the personnel and the signing of the measure would provide immediate promotion for nearly all the officers. The possibilities of its success seemed remote, but Congress passed it on March 3, 1899, and Ben H. Fuller was at once advanced to captain.

In the meantime, the Spanish-American War had been fought and peace had been signed. During the hostilities Fuller commanded the Marine detachment of the U.S.S. *Columbia*, operating in West Indian waters. But the period of peace was not to endure long, for scarcely had the parade of triumph begun when soldiers and Marines were dying under Filipino bolts.

The Filipino insurrection may be laid indirectly to a misunderstanding. Spain had relinquished her despotic hold in the

Philippine Islands, and the natives, enthusiastic over their new emancipation, became drunk on liberty's potent brew. Their disappointment was not unnatural. Their leaders had inculcated upon them the idea that the United States had wrenched them from the tyranny of Spain only to give them a fatherly handclasp and their freedom. They were not concerned with the hand-clasp, but they did want their freedom—and were prepared to fight for it.

The distinction of having fired the first shot in the uprising is attributed to Private Grayson, Company D, First Nebraska Volunteers. On February 4, 1899, a band of natives, led by an officer, rushed him at his sentry post. As they approached, Grayson challenged and ordered them to halt. But this only incited them to further insults and demonstrations of hostilities. (Continued on page 58)



Major General Ben H. Fuller



Gentleman

At Oxford, they preserve the honor system at all costs. There, a gentleman's word is never doubted regardless of the situations which may arise. One morning, a student was called up to the Dean's office and informed that he had been seen several times with a young lady after the prescribed hours.

Very calmly, the student said, "But that girl is my sister."

The Dean, agast, replied, "Your sister? That girl is known as a notorious trollop."

"Yes, sir," the student replied, maintaining his serenity, "it causes mother and me a great deal of worry."—*Varieties*.

A fashionably dressed woman approached the flower-seller and asked for a shilling's worth of blooms. After the purchase she inquired:

"Will you be here next Wednesday, as I shall want some flowers for my daughter? She's coming out that day."

"She shall have the best on the market, ma'am," the woman answered. "What's she in for?"—*The Periscope*.

A sleight of hand performer called to his assistance a bright looking chap from whom he borrowed a knife. He carefully wrapped it in a handkerchief and handed it back to the boy who unwrapped it exposing a gold watch. "Now," said the magician, "I shall change it back again."

"Oh, no," replied the youngster as he placed the watch in his pocket. "I like it better as it is."—*Walla Walla*.

A railroad agent in Africa had been "bawled out" for doing things without orders from headquarters. One day his boss received the following startling telegram:

"Tiger on platform eating conductor. Wire instructions."—*Christian Advocate*.

Gray—"So you're leaving for Los Angeles?"

John—"Yes; I'm supposed to get married tomorrow."

Gray—"Does the girl live in Los Angeles?"

John—"No; she lives here, that's why I'm leaving."—*Tennessee Tar*.

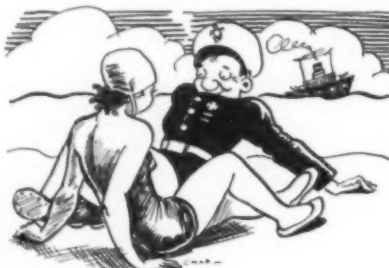
Disillusioned

Every year college deans pop the routine question to their undergraduates: "Why did you come to college?" Traditionally the answers match the question in triteness. But last year one University of Arizona Co-ed unexpectedly confided:

"I came to be with with—but I ain't yet!"—*Los Angeles Junior Collegian*.

Sgt-Major: "Why do you want that new messman relieved from the galley? He's been in there only two days."

Mesa Sergeant: "Long enough. He handles China like Japan."



"Unmarried?"
"Yes, twice!"

A shipment of merchandise had just arrived at the general store. A big husky from the neighboring lumber camp was watching the unpacking.

"What's them things?" he asked, pointing to a package.

"Pajamas," replied the clerk.

"Pajamas? What's pajamas?"

"Night clothes. Want to buy a suit?"

"Hell, no!" said the lumberjack. "I ain't no social rounder. When night comes I go to bed."—*DAN SOWERS in the American Legion*.

The C.P.O. was giving the new colored ship's cook, fresh from the country, some advice.

"We shall have a new grillor for the galley, too—you know what a grillor is?"

"I sho' do," replied Amos significantly.

"It's a big, hairy monkey the size of a man. And if you want one of those in the galley Ah'm leavin' this ship NOW!"

—*U. S. Coast Guard*.

Landing on the Marines

The Army and Navy know what wonderful press agents the Marines have always had and during the World War they received great publicity when the newspapers dared not mention any particular regiments on account of the censors. I was on a hospital train being transferred from Coblenz to Trier along with a bunch of serious cases and in the bunk across the aisle lay an old infantry top sergeant whose outfit had seen plenty of action but no mention in the papers. The door at the end of the car opened and a vision of what the well dressed Marine should wear appeared. He was one of the replacements brought over after the Armistice, which accounted for all his nice new clothes. He carried a book and pencil, also a loud voice and shouted many times, "Any Marines in here? Any Marines in here?" There was an interval of silence. The old sergeant rose on one elbow and answered, "Marines in here? Hell, no. They're all dead up in Belleau Wood."—*CHAS. P. JONES, in the American Legion*.

Smith—"Why do you call your wife Pegasus?"

Jones—"Well, Pegasus was an immortal horse and my wife is an eternal nag."—*Rebel Ribs*.

A lady with a huge brown-paper parcel came out of a chiropodist's establishment. She was furiously angry and said to the friend awaiting her: "Calls himself a chiropodist and can't stuff a dog!"—*Montreal Daily Star*.

"I'm afraid," responded the cashier with part of one eye on the check, "you haven't endorsed it correctly."

"Indeed!"

"No; it's made out to Gertrude H. Grey and you've written just Gertrude Grey."

"But Gertrude Grey is my name."

"Ah, but you don't quite understand me," barked the exasperated cashier.

"What I mean to say is, you left out the H."

"Oh, so I have," she exclaimed with a sweet sugary smile as she took out her pen and wrote:

Age twenty-one.—*Sun Dial*.



HOB0 BACCHANAL

THE OTHER HALF. By John Worby (Lee Furman). \$2.50.

Considerable controversy rages over this book. Critics of two continents are up in arms, attacking vehemently or defending with the same integrity. "Immoral!" shouts one; "Beyond reproach!" cries the other. We, for one, aren't going to get mixed up in the mess. If you like this type of book, hop to it. If you don't, read "Little Rollo."

At all events, this autobiography records the wanderings of a sort of unwashed Ulysses. He blazed a trail through the hobo jungles of Canada, United States and the British Isles. He consorted with the fallen sisters, and he accepted largess from androgynous profligates. When his wits failed him, he begged for his bread. Unshamed, with money in his pockets, he pleaded with passers-by for a few pennies to aid his starving wife. When chance gave him the opportunity to mulct a religious fanatic out of considerable money, his conscience made him return it. Dissatisfied with the wantons he encountered, he fled when he thought he was falling in love with a decent girl.

It is a story of paradoxes, the story of an indentured boy bound to a Canadian farmer by an English orphanage. His rise from a louse-ridden bum to a glorified gigolo is parabolic; and his return to the road is meteoric.

The most entertaining passages, aside from (to be perfectly frank) the smut, is where for once in fortune's favor as far as dress, Worby poses as a wealthy Englishman. A high-pressure real estate agent gets him in tow, and takes him on a tour of Hollywood properties. He sticks a fat cigar in Worby's face and talks small property.

But the penniless hobo replied that he was in the market for "a corner plot for a cinema" which his pater would build for him. The flustered salesman signaled for a higher-pressure man, from whom Worby eventually "borrowed" ten bucks and shoved off.

If you like it, you're welcome. If you don't, blame yourself.

TWO-GUN SHERIFF

PAINTED POST RANGE. By Tom Gunn (Messner). \$2.00.

Once more we encounter our friends of previous "Painted Post" stories: Sheriff Blue Steele; his deputy, Shorty Watts, Judge Bertram, Thimble Jack, and others.

We meet new characters, the main menace being Loophole Leech, a lawyer who turned his talents into baser channels.

The yarn begins when the people of Indian County present their sheriff with a calf-skin vest. Peridido, onetime vaquero on the old Robels ranch, remembered the dead Don Pedro's curse of Tarus. The last man to die at Rancho Robels would wear a pinto vest.

A new Arizona law concerning the possession of hides bearing uncanceled brands, invites Loophole Leech's attention to the sheriff, for the pinto vest bore the uncanceled brand of the Horned O. Leech decides the time is ripe for him to make his play for power.

There is a bang-up fight, and the dead man's augury came true: The last man to die at Rancho Robels wore a pinto vest; but it wasn't Sheriff Steele.

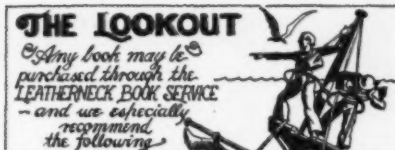
Frustrated in his first attempt, Loophole continues to scheme; but always the blue-eyed deputy or the two-gun sheriff stood in his path.

An element of mystery enters when a letter from England asks Steele to be on the lookout for the missing Earl of Wind broke, a remittance man who has inherited a title. Leech knew where the Britisher was—beyond his reach. So he devises the ingenious scheme of forcing Deputy Watts to impersonate the heir.

The ghost of Don Robels, cattle thief killed by the sheriff, rises to vengeance in the shape of nephew Captain Robels of the Rurales. Fate delivers Steels into his ungentle hands; but the nemesis of a frustrated lover stalks into the drama.

Shorty, in the meantime, kidnapped by Leech and driven across the border, eludes his captor, and dashes to rescue the sheriff.

Several unusual elements are introduced into this tale, the poisoned bullet, the red flares; and the run of the mine stampedes, gun-fights and murders.



THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT.

By Michael J. Leahy and Mauriee Crain (Funk & Wagnalls). When Michael Leahy began his trek across New Guinea, the map said "Unexplored." It is that way no longer. All the exciting adventures, from battles with natives to the discovery of gold are recorded in this story. \$3.00

CONTACT. By Charles Codman (Little, Brown). A war-time flyer spins a yarn. Fast moving action, bombing flights, toasts to the "Next to die," in recreation areas, shot down and captured in hostile territory, life in German prison cantonments and the subsequent escape. All are woven into this tale. \$2.00

101 OUTDOOR QUESTIONS. By Iroquois Dahl (Funk & Wagnalls). Information on outdoor subjects, hunting, fishing and wild life. A good thing to aid your study of "Scouting and Patrolling." \$2.00

MARSHAL NEY; A DUAL LIFE. By Legette Blythe (Stackpole Sons). A biography of Napoleon's famed marshal, supporting the legend of his escape from the firing squad. \$3.50

BUSHMEN AT LARGE. By Harold Waters and Aubrey Wisberg (Green Circle). Adventures among the gold seekers, the fighters and savages in the land of "Down Under"; and the ill-fated campaign at Gallipoli. \$2.00

THE U. S. ARMY IN WAR AND PEACE. By Oliver L. Spaulding, Colonel, USA (Putnam). A history of our army from its inception to the present day, detailing its activities in war and peace. \$6.00

YOUR WINGS. By Assen Jordanoff (Funk & Wagnalls). Read this and you should be able to fly, even if you never saw a plane before. Recommended by the Instructors of the M.C.I. \$2.50

THIRSTY EARTH. By Will H. Robinson (Messner). Gunplay and irrigation construction, with gambling for high stakes, both in money and men's lives. \$2.00

THE LONG DEATH. By George Dyer (Scribner's). The death of a scientist appeared to be from natural causes, until a slight clue pointed to murder. \$2.00

KHYBER CARAVAN. By Gordon Sinclair (Farrar & Rinehart). Traveler Sinclair takes us to the romantic and adventurous lands of India. \$3.00

AND CALL IT ACCIDENT. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes (Longmans, Green). A horror story set in an old castle in England, with the villain trying to kill the unsuspecting victim. \$2.00

COWBOY LINGO. By Ramon F. Adams (Houghton, Mifflin). An interesting study of the cowboy, his work and play. An explanation of brands and other details, written in an entertaining fashion. \$2.50

BRONCHO APACHE. By Paul I. Wellman (Macmillan). Massasi, an Apache, escapes from his military captors to weave a bloody thread through the tapestry of our western frontier history. \$2.00

JOHN L. LEWIS. By Cecil Carnes (Speller). The life story of the labor leader whose activities land him on the front page of the daily papers. \$2.50

ORDER BLANK

THE LEATHERNECK,

Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

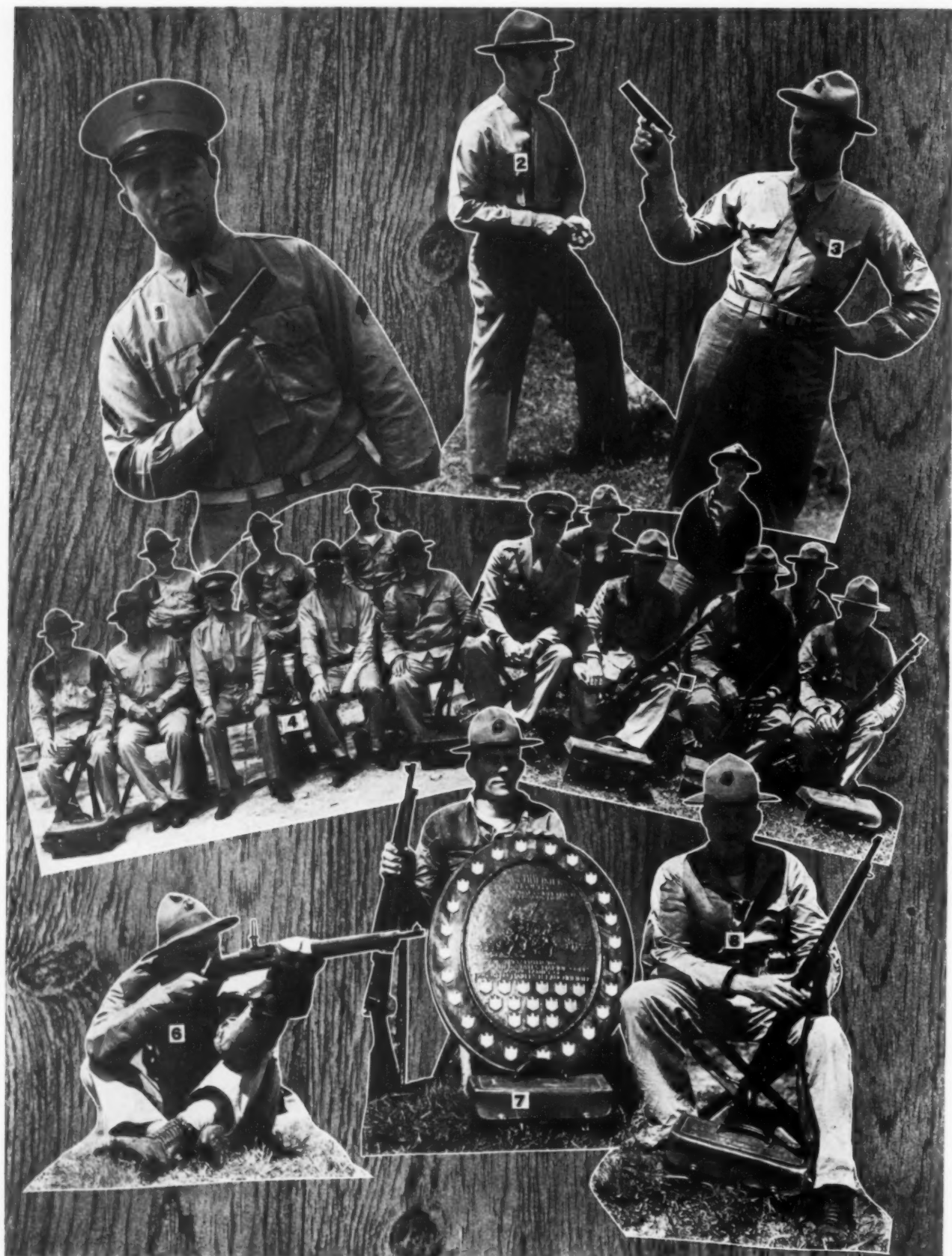
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1937



THE BROADCAST

in which
THE LEATHERNECK
publishes news from all posts



KNOBLY KNOBS N.O.B., Norfolk

By "Ball and Chain"

The time again draws near when this post sees a huge turnover in man-power. Goodbyes are being said to mothers and sweethearts in every Marine post in this country. With travel orders in hand they begin the long trek to N.O.B., thence to China. For two months these men will be petted and pampered; pampered by the police sergeant with a swab and broom, and petted by a holstered "45" at the hip on guard at the gate. Before they leave for the Orient, they will have learned how to be good sentries from Sergeants Vale, Noel, Roche and "Sparky" Durant. Noel is an old timer in the service, but just a freshman at this post. Sparky is a new arrival, too.

2nd Lt. Heles, from Basic School, spent just enough time here to know some of the men and left for duty aboard the *Eric* on

the 31st of May. The Lieutenant contemplates an enjoyable cruise, but claims he likes duty here.

Lieutenant Bjornsrud, also from School, tells us he aspires to sit behind a 250 horsepower motor with a prop to the fore, and a rudder aft. If that is his aim, we hope he makes the grade.

Lieutenant Flournoy stands at ease with an eighteen day furlough. From what is said, we gather a vacation is necessary after graduating from Officers' School, but the reward is worth the effort.

May 22nd was a red-letter day. If one could but pronounce that honeysuckle word "beer" without stuttering, a glass full of foamy liquid appeared as if by magic—no questions asked. This grand party was staged in one of the better inns at Ocean View and gay indeed was the time had by all. Being a small detachment, the consumers were few in number, but the consumed was tremendous.

In rear of our barracks now rises a regulation handball court. Within a week Staff Sergeant Commander and the post electrician, Hildebrandt, will have put the finishing touches to it; then starts the tournament.

Pfc. Stencil nearly got tested for "hardness of the cranium" at the last softball game because he made a quick decision. Glasses, Stencil? Trumpeter Curry worries about a one hundred dollar deficit. Pvt. Willett definitely decides he and the turtle dove will merge July 8th. Pvt. Curry sings because he had an 8 to 12 on the one night his wife didn't play bridge, and Pvt. Parker, the Admiral's orderly, diligently studies "Battleship Formations and Tactics" because he will take the Admiral's place when he retires.

WARDENINGS

U. S. Naval Prison, Portsmouth, N. H.

By E. Provost

Due to the warm weather of an early summer, we are enjoying the luxury of outdoor porches. We appreciate the order of our Commanding Officer, Colonel R. L. Denig, which made these porches possible. Different Marines, who have been stationed here from time to time, have long hoped for the improvements we have finally realized. The porches are located at the east end of the barracks overlooking the Pisci-

taqua River, where we have both the scenery and a cool breeze on warm days. To the above description add several comfortable porch chairs, flower gardens, green grass, and you have a complete picture—even our hard-boiled first sergeant gets a soft expression on his face (if possible).

Cpl. Palo Troiany deserves a bouquet for his fine work as our gardener. Through his efforts last summer and fall, our mess has been well stocked throughout the winter.

Speaking of our stomachs, we are proud to say that we have Mess Sgt. J. C. Eiland serving up our food at chow time. Sgt. Eiland was transferred here from New York, and has made our mess one of the best in the Marine Corps.

Having won the Wirgman trophy last season, our rifle team attempted to repeat this year. We had an off day and took second place, but the team members are to be congratulated for their efforts. Those participating were 1st Lt. C. R. Moss, Sgts. E. V. Seeser, M. H. Johnson, J. L. Neel, Cpl. J. Vasco, Pfc. H. M. Clark, B. Crane, and V. Perna.

Lt. Moss and Sgt. Johnson are now at Wakefield, Mass., trying out for the Marine Corps Rifle Team.

On June 27th we will send a rifle team to defend our Stark Trophy won last year. If all the team members are available, we should be successful.

On the 15th of May we received four Pfc. from the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, Va. They are W. D. Gladding Jr., J. H. Hatten, S. S. Jenkins, and O. A. Spivey. On the 16th seven men arrived from the F.M.F., Quantico, Va. They are Pfc. McCoy, Pfts. C. E. Cromer, V. K. Newberry, L. E. Barbee, K. A. Boyson, J. H. Martin, and F. P. Quimby. Sgts. A. Galinis, O. D. Witten, and J. J. Yarrow joined us from Portsmouth, Va., on the 22nd of May. The detachment extends a hearty welcome to these new men, and we hope they enjoy their new duty.

Having won the Wharton Cup last year for the highest qualification of all detachments on the Wakefield Range, we are trying hard to repeat again this year. Our first range detail of eight men got three in the money—two experts with 318 and 317, one sharpshooter with 312, three high marksmen with 297 and two at 298, and one unqualified with 273. Let's go, fellows!

On Memorial Day, with the temperature hovering close to 100 degrees, one section of Marines from the Prison and one section from the barracks turned out under Marine Gunner T. W. P. Murphy to form the color platoon and firing squad for the local parade. As usual, the Marines were the best marching unit on the street, and many complimentary remarks were heard as they passed by—one pretty young thing

SHOOTERS PARTICIPATING IN THE MARINE CORPS RIFLE AND PISTOL MATCHES, QUANTICO

1, Cpl. H. W. Reeves, winner of the Marine Corps Pistol Match (new record, 555). 2, Major W. J. Whaling, winner of the Eastern Division Pistol Match, 4th in Marine Corps Pistol Match. 3, Sgt. H. L. Ewton, winner of the first Gold Medal, Eastern Division Pistol Match. 4, The First Brigade Team, FMF, Quantico, winner of the Elliott Trophy: seated, left to right: Cpl. Kravitz, Sgt. Harker (coach), General J. J. Meade, Lt. Larson and Cpl. Catron. Standing: Mar-Gunner Lee, Pfc. Hardy and Cpl. Mitchell. 5, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., Team, winner of the Wirgman Trophy, 4th in Elliott Trophy; first row: Capt. Thompson, Lt. Hudson, Cpl. Orr, and Sgt. McMahon; second row: Cpl. Ray, and Cpl. Slack; standing, Sgt. Heath (coach). 6, Sgt. Phinney, winner of the Marine Corps Rifle Match, scoring 567. 7, Cpl. Linfoot, winner of the Lauchheimer Trophy (new record), rifle, 564, pistol, 544, aggregate, 1108. 8, Cpl. R. M. Catron, winner of the Eastern Division Rifle Match. All photos by L. Tager.

Story on page 39



The Marinettes at the extreme top are from left to right: Carrie Driven, Helen Hines, Helen McPhilemy, and Catherine Gaughan. The men up on the line just can't be recognized; after their defeats perhaps they preferred to hide. In the circle inset Coach Earl V. Swift of the Marinettes checks up on one of his charges' targets. The two Annie Oakleys on the right and left of the picture who seem to be glancing down on the men's efforts with laughter and disdain are Catherine Gaughan on the left and Helen McPhilemy on the right.

was heard to remark, "aren't they just the cutest boys!"

Now that spring is in the air, many of the fellows have invested their winter's savings in cars. It is not at all unusual to find liberty parties enroute to Boston, Portland, or any of the other nearby cities of pleasure. All of which reminds your scribe that he had best cast this article into the mail and go ashore himself to enjoy a few stolen moments.

RECEIVING STATION MARINES

Philadelphia Navy Yard

By H. M. Wheeler

The biggest news from this Detachment is that our A & I Inspection has come and gone. On May 18th our Detachment was inspected by Brigadier General C. B. Vogel and Lieutenant Colonel Leo D. Hermle, who, from their written report now on record, found everything in excellent shape in spite of the fact that our Skipper was in the hospital and a couple of our brave boys had their barracks caps marked in the wrong place. Acting 1st Sergeant Edward George sure did a noble job in getting the outfit out for inspection.

Incident to the coming New Deal here, we have lost our Executive Officer, Lieutenant Commander S. S. Reynolds, U. S. Navy, and our Personnel Officer, Lieutenant C. S. Beightler, U. S. Navy, during the month. Commander Reynolds left May 28th to take command of the USS *Truxton* and Lieutenant Beightler to duty aboard the USS *Whitney*. We certainly regret to see both these officers leave and wish them happy and successful tours of duty on their new stations. Meantime, their replacements have not yet reported and Lieutenant E. J. Lysaught, U. S. Navy, of the Captain of the Yards' Office is acting

as Commanding Officer of the Receiving Station. Lieutenant Lysaught is an old friend and we are getting along nicely under his command.

Of our last range detail of six men who returned from Cape May, N. J., Platoon Sergeant Wayne K. Miller qualified as expert with the rifle, automatic rifle and pistol, and Private Thomas V. Marbut got in the money with a score of 301 to make sharpshooter. Privates William B. Hebdon, Jack J. Leyenaar and Herbert N. Whyte made bang up marksman scores and we are sorry to say that Private Willis S. Travis failed to qualify with a score of 272.

Corporal Archie S. Poole, who just shipped over April 27, 1937, and has been on a month's furlough, received a special order discharge on 24 May, 1937, due to the fact that Poole obtained such an excellent position as foreman for a construction company while on leave. Poole immediately enlisted in Class VI Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve upon discharge, as he wants to maintain his contact with the Marine Corps. We all regret to see Poole leave us and wish him the best of luck in his new venture.

During the month, Private Harry T. Justice has joined us from Marine Barracks, Quantico, and Private John P. Nicholson has joined by staff returns from the USS *Omaha*, with a 30-day furlough. We welcome both these men to Philadelphia and hope they will prove excellent additions to our happy family.

Corporal Eckert, our long time N.C.O. in Charge of the Fire Department, had to return to the Naval Hospital for further treatment for the boils which required his hospitalization last month. We wish Eckert a speedy recovery, but advise him to re-

(Continued on page 56)

RECEIVING SHIP

Navy Yard—New York

By "Tony"

On the scene of the ill-fated *Hindenburg* we find our Marines displaying in grandest style their famous "Semper Fidelis." The world's largest air ship went down at 7:20 p. m., and three hours later one hundred Marines from Cape May Rifle Range Detail and all points east were performing their duties. Among them were Cpl. Guice, Pfc. Rudd, Pfts. Walkewicz, Burch, and Mirachver from the Receiving Ship. Nice work, boys.

Before a large crowd, who, despite chill winds and low temperature found warming influence in the victory of the Receiving Ship here a few weeks ago. The New York Firemen were ousted to the pleasant tune of 10 to 3 despite the beautiful home-run placed in the forward stacks of the *Seattle* on the first trip to the plate. The fire-fighters turned on their burst in the fifth, went into a few high dives and broke out their best fire engine, but to no avail. Ruben Dailey, the Hubbel of the "Wallabout Dodgers" tossed a splendid game, fanning 13. The Rube repeated this splendid showing by topping the USS *Reid* and striking out seventeen. Walker, Labyak and Kerdoek are the big guns for the squad.

Among the Receiving Ships "Something to shoot at" we find PL-Sgt. Rudder disking 332 and Pfc. Ward with a total of 320 (Not bad—Not bad at all!).

"Von Hindy" Ellenberger is really and truly in his element as he stands by for his first step in sea-duty, when he goes to Cape May (20 miles at sea, savvy?). Sgt. Grossman and Cpl. Guice were seen going into their dance the other morning (did you get inhale a sniff from the Wallabout, Yes?).

Never in a million years; will "Red" Walker refuse a beer—will Hinsey (Human barometer) refuse a trip to the Park—will A. Brock mention China Khaki to Land.

Just imagine; "Chubby" Torbert losing 20 pounds from his waist line and pitching for the soft ball league—Steff, Milkiewicz, Mirachver, and "Bo" Baker not making a single baseball bet all day—"Red" Baker without glasses and a pipe—or Hancock not head orderly.

The USS *Seattle*, the barge which we are so proud to be a part of, got under way for a trip to the drydock, free beer was handed out in honor of its voyage (didn't think the old tug had it in her!).

HINGHAM SALVOS

By Jack H. Martin

Hello, Hinghamers,—here we are again to talk over the events of the month. It's so darn hot now-a-days I am having a hard time applying myself to this blazing literary trails for the dear old Hingham. So help me—I've never seen such weather.

Talk about energy—Huh? there's none in evidence here. The only diversion that has succeeded in stirring up a little life into these guys is the trip to Nantasket beach every afternoon. One of our trusty trucks has been put into use for transporting those who are desirous of relaxing on the beach for a couple of hours. I can't say that everyone spends his entire time lolling in the sun, as several appear to be scouting the beach in search of the fair sex. Some seem to have been successful to a certain extent, but I haven't seen or heard of anyone who really "Went to Town."

Although the weather is plenty hot the water beach is cold. It gets better after you once get up enough courage to venture out into it enough to get completely soured. Cpl. Sankus initiated a replica of the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade" a couple of days ago when he succeeded in getting about eight of us to participate in a mad rush from the beach into that turbulent water. All went well until feet hit the water and then complete mutiny resulted. Morgan seems to have been the ringleader, as he beat a hasty retreat which all the rest of us were quick to do likewise. When Cpl. Sankus re-organized his expeditionary party he found many gaps in his ranks. Having hastily decided that the water was too cold we then decided to take a jaunt down the beach—you know—one of those conditioning workouts. All went well for awhile except for a couple of locomotives that soon gave out of "Puff." Several hundred yards down the beach we came upon a mass of split grapefruit rinds that were floating to and fro with the tide and consequently a war resulted. The war waxed hot for several minutes and finally came to an abrupt end when this writer let go one with no apparent direction of flight in mind. It caught Pvt. Norris squarely on the side of the head, which gave him a headache for a few minutes. The blow startled the initiator as well as the receiver and the initiator was all set to beat a hasty retreat into the tall timber had the receiver decided to seek revenge. The initiator was very much relieved that the receiver decided the episode was purely accidental, but he is still wary and very much on the alert lest he be the receiver one of these days.

Privts. Morgan, Kesner, Gunnin, Speight, Montigne and Holt have been spending a considerable portion of their liberty at the playgrounds of Nantasket Beach. They seem to have taken over the skating rink and they also have taken over the pressing irons due to the fact that the skating rink floor proved the victor. I haven't heard of but a few who have summoned up enough courage to tackle the roller coaster at the playgrounds. Can't say as I can blame them as that first drop looks like one of those mountains you read about.

Last May 22 and 23 the regular guard routine was interrupted for the purpose of holding the annual field meet. Two days were allotted for the meet so that it wouldn't interfere with the regular functioning of the guard. We had two-and-one-half-kegs of beer on hand for the occasion. The beer seems to have been the backbone of the meet. However, the other events are not to be passed up lightly. Plenty of edibles were on hand, so no one suffered a delinquent appetite. Soft drinks were for the guests and also for those husky Marines that do not partake of alcohols in any form. The meet consisted of athletic competitions that were enjoyed by all, and every participant received an appropriate prize for his or her efforts. The soft ball games seem to have held the spotlight, due to the fact that Ch-MGun Whitesel conceived the idea to place a pitcher of beer on second base with the ruling that every runner who chanced to obtain this base had to partake of one full glass of beer before he could advance himself any further. All went well, for a short period, and then things began to take on a hazy atmosphere as most of us managed to reach that base too many times. Sgts. King and Fleck led the field in the process of refueling while Privts. Kane, Gerrior and

(Continued on page 56)

SANDS STREET SOUNDINGS

MB. Navy Yard, N. Y.

By S. M. & L.

It has been some time since there have been any sounds from the so-called "Broadway Marines," so this time we are forced to plumb to the very depths to make even a little sound.

May 1st saw the first Range Detail underway, but they little expected the hectic two weeks that awaited them at Cape May, N. J. High hopes and great expectations went with them, but they brought back tales of woe and not such good qualifications. Only one man in the money. Still, however, the experience afforded them when they were rushed to Lakehurst, N. J., to guard the wreckage of the once proud *Hindenburg* was felt by many to be worth the loss of qualification money. Better luck next year fellows, there always is a "next year," you know.

It is said that names make news, so Herbolzheimer, Nastochowski, Szalkevitz, Kehrwieler, and Lingenfelter should make the headlines. However strange it may seem, we have been unable to discover just what they do with their spare time, so they are not in headlines this time. We might have luck though.

"Jittery" Sam Peacock used to try to evade pay guards, but now he volunteers for trips to Dover. Could it be True Love, "Jittery?"

Pfe. John Simon came into the First Sgt.'s Office the other morning with a forlorn look on his face. The Top looking over his glasses asked, "Well, what do you want?" Rather bewildered, John replied: "Well, say Top, I would like to put in for a transfer." Knowing this to be very

much unlike Simon, the First Sergeant said, "Why, John?" And John replied: "Since they have closed up Minsky's and the other Burlesque shows I don't like New York any more, there's no place for me to go to spend a quiet evening."

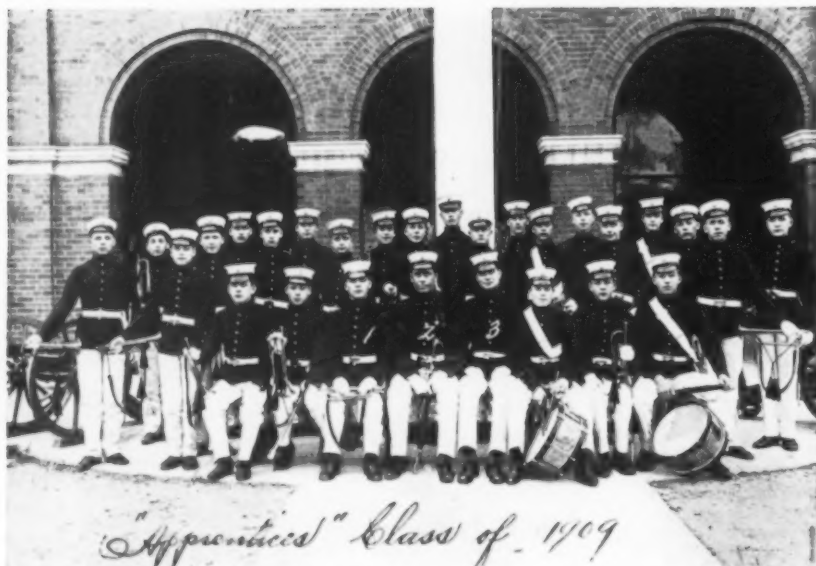
Since we've moved into our new Mess Hall, there is plenty of room. So much room in fact that the men think small tables seating about four each would be more comfy. Ten newcomers arrived from Parris Island on the 18th, and did those boys take on the groceries. There have been times when the Mess couldn't have stood it, but under the able guidance of St-Sgt. Lamusga, the boys were able to eat until they had their fill. They are getting the wrinkles out of their stomachs now and are really blossoming out into some real material for the Corps. The Chief Cook, "Spic" Marrero is very much upset, two members of the command have made cracks that they couldn't tell the difference between Roast Beef, Roast Veal, Roast Pork and Roast Lamb. I ask you, "Was that nice?" "Spic" says that he'll find a way so that there will be no mistaking one for another. It's a secret, but one of the "G" alley men thinks it has to do with different colored gravies.

"Jughaid" Jurgensen has been expressing a desire to see a bit of the "Dear Old Southland." The desire was approved, and now "Jughaid" is on furlough with permission to report in at NAS, Pensacola, Fla. Careful of them there 'Gators, "Jughaid." . . . — . . . "FLASH!" This doesn't come under our heading, but it is too good to keep: "Word has just been received (by Snail Courier Express) that a certain private from the Rec. Ship De-

(Continued on page 56)



RECEIVING STATION BASKETBALL TEAM, NAVY YARD, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Front row, left to right: Pvt. Willis S. Travis, Pvt. Jacob Fisher, Pvt. Herman F. Magee.
Second row, left to right: Field Cook Wayne C. Bish, Pvt. Branislave Dumbrovsky, Ensign John B. Cline, USN., Sgt. James E. Farrell, Ensign Holman Lee, Jr., USN.



APPRENTICE CLASS OF 1909, M.B., WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Drummer Louis Occhionero, 2. Sergeant Gilbert E. Frazer (in charge), 3. Edgar M. Ramsey (assistant). Apprentices: Otto C. Adams, Ralph S. Baer, Walter S. Baer, Robert M. Barr, Edward Bruner, Charles E. Cameron, Jerome O. Crabtree, Armand M. Franck, John A. Giovannini, Howard G. Gregory, Frank M. Grossman, Edgar S. Hammond, Matthew L. Hill, George L. Kelly, Gottlieb W. Krauth, Edward O. Little, George R. Moore, Louis B. Moore, Russel L. Neal, John F. Ness, Walter F. Place, Cassandrew C. Sands, John J. Tritschler, Clarence Valentine, John M. Williams, Albert B. Winkler, Albert J. Wunderle.

WAR COLLEGE RAMBLINGS

By J. E. L.

So long as no one else will stop pounding their ears long 'nough to slip you the low-down, I have taken it upon my humble shoulders to dish it out:

The complement of this detachment has been changed and now calls for one Platoon Sergeant, one Sergeant, two Corporals, seventeen Privates or Private First Class. The duty is a combination of orderly and guard duty, with special duties in handling vital records during the playing of Games. This calls for and requires of every man a high degree of intelligence, tact and attention to duty. Here they are constantly in daily contact with high ranking officers of the Navy, Army and Marine Corps, many who habitually wear civilian clothes. One must be able to recognize them all, and know where they can be found when College is in session. Carelessness on the part of a single Marine during the playing of a game would result in a temporary slowing up of the War College routine.

The men are having a let up in their work during the month of June. The officers' class of 1937 having graduated in May. The new class now forming will not get under way until some time around the 5th of July. Consequently, the fellows are having it somewhat easier and quite a few have taken advantage at this time to grab off some well deserved furloughs. Namely, Pvt's. Higley, Arnold, Klein, Lancaster. Arnold went to Philadelphia; Higley to New York; Lancaster to Bogalusa, La.; Klein to Chicago and by the way this happens to be a honeymoon trip for him and his bride of a month. The Pfe's. Costello, Hopkins, and Vaughn have each taken ten days, and will spend them nearby.

"Whoopie" Ewing is still holding down that high position as the Admiral's Chauffeur.

four. The Gods have treated him kindly in the line of a promotion to the rank of Sergeant on the 1st of April.

Many changes have taken place and there are but few of our plank owners left. But there is one who should be classed as the sole owner. "Napoleon" Twohey by name (Harris F. to you). Twohey, first got a glimpse of the island 'way back in 1914 as a Naval Recruit. He then tried a hitch in the army and not caring for an army career, he hooked up with the Marines and has been with us ever since. He eventually wound up with this detachment back in 1930; was transferred during the month of August, 1932, for Final Settlement and rejoined us same month, remaining until December, 1933, at which time he decided it was time for him to vacate for a change of scenery. He applied for transfer and was sent to the MB, NYd., Cavite, P. I., and after a brief sojourn of two years and nearing the completion of his enlistment, he was shipped back to the Navy Yard, at Portsmouth, Virginia, to receive his discharge. Reenlisted for Newport, R. I., and upon reporting in from a furlough received orders not to unpack his bags for he was slated to join us again. Upon reporting here, he was handed the job as Police Sergeant. The "Gang" gladly welcomes him back to the fold.

Colonel Hugh Matthews, U.S.M.C., from the A & I Department, paid us the annual visit and inspected the Detachment. He arrived without forewarning, as we did not expect him so soon. However, it did not take all hands long to prepare for inspection as clothing and equipment on the bunk had been scheduled for the day on which he arrived.

Colonel Matthews, as you all probably know, graduated with the Senior Class some three or four years back, here at the

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KAPITAL KAPERS

Marine Barracks, Wash., D. C.

Since January of this year, Dame Rumor gathered in small groups of us. She painted vivid word pictures, both good and bad, of what was in store. Col. Thomas S. Clarke, a grand man, splendid soldier, and able C.O. was to be transferred and his relief was to be a famed Marine Corps athlete, Col. Joseph C. Fegan. Col. Clarke left, and ringing in his ears was "Auld Lang Syne" played by the Marine Band. He too carried with him the best wishes of all—from officers and men alike. Our barracks lost a good C.O., but has been enriched in pleasant memories and times recalled.

Several weeks passed with Lt. Col. Hunt assuming the duties of C.O. Then, one day at drill, we saw a middle-aged man, dressed in civilian clothes talking to Col. Hunt in front of No. 3 Quarters. When given rest, some of the old timers smilingly said, "There's Colonel Fegan." We eyed him for a while and mentally we looked forward with pleasantness and dreadfulness to our first meetings with him. Now we are acquainted, we are more than glad to have this opportunity to welcome him and to serve with and under him. He is an understanding C.O. and will meet the men three-quarters of the way.

Quartermaster By Key Wee

Major Beckett is now glad that "Boss" Chandler has returned to aid in the reconstruction of this post. "Silent" Dowdle and "Twitely" Schmidt with the aid of "Steve" Stephens filed all orders and piled them on the boss' desk. Now Paul has to work long hours over time to find where that other penny went. "Stuff" Kay and "Zow-Zoe" Czoper, after months of priming and painting for the A&I have to move their pride and joy to parts as yet unknown. Their smiles are forced, but they are still smiles. "Buster" Keeton has returned from the red clay district of Lawrenceville, Virginia, and has found strange finger prints all over his stock. He too has to take his gyp-joint to a more suitable location. "Jeep the Jaro" and "Blotto" Franklin still walk the lane hand in hand, but they have missed the pleasing company of Johnny Ward. Frisch, the big boy of the plumb shop, has yet to disobey an order from "Sweet" Keyes and Benton makes so much noise in the Locker the Schoolgirls search the heavens for an approaching storm. "Pete" Petrusky, the model from which dirigibles are built, puffs around the compound empty handed and following in his wake are Cody, a wild west Cocoa drinker, and Halbach, a strong, silent he-man of Tarzan fame. Coleman seldom visits his place of business, but rambles around with a ruler and a bored look.

Roberts and Few are learning a trade under Deibert, and when ever "Eagle-eye" Deibert quits watching, these two drop their tools and race to the softball field to get the errors out of their system. As yet they have many more in their make up. "Smiling" O'Malley had his picture taken. His address is being sought; he knows some grand looking gals.

"Truck" Taylor is proving a good blocking back for Chambers, and Fossi, the segar pitcher, wanders in the open all by himself. He can make a dime look like a dollar, but Jantz knows that it won't go as far.

Your correspondent's comments may seem far fetched, but use your grey matter and

by the time the next issue arrives you will know that truth is often hidden under the cover of words.

We Musics By Blow Chw

Additions to our ranks have been made. Dmr. Phais came from Quantico and Dmr. Rushmore from the USS *Arkansas*. Our welcome was sincere and lasting for we now stand less watches a week.

Our favorite police sergeant, Stanley J. Kulbacki has to share his fun with Cpl's. Hessert and LeBlanc. "A sad tale," says Kulbacki. "I can't put youse guys to work every day now, cuss and curses."

Sgt. Weaver and Tpr. Chop acquired a grave English accent at the Coronation. A review of the exercises are held in the gym every afternoon.

Private Franklin "Daniel Boone" Healy is still undecided as to which is his left foot. But LeRoy Powers can't find his right foot, so the two are getting together with the high hopes of arighting the left and alefting the right.

Special notice will be paid to Tpr. Bozant. He has relieved Dmr. Lankow in the telephone booth by spending three or four hours in conference. What goes on behind closed doors? Novels is getting gray hair counting the days until he gets paid off.

Flash! Sherry has been relieved as squad leader and is available for work. He does not like the arrangement. Haimowitz is doing his road work around the parade ground now. The Hub (Wagon Wheel to you) is still a favorite high spot for Francis. Are Hagan and Kolinsky in love. Nosey Poker has taken a grip on Lawton—he loses often and what a beating that beak takes!

Taps are sounding so off to the beer keg.

M. C. I. By Hobo

Ho! Ho! keep guessing, little school girls, and maybe sooner or later you'll guess who writes this column. It's pretty good to sit here and write when you blame someone else.

The barracks is a scene of spring moving. The library now occupies a portion of the balcony in the Band Hall. Our senator, Senor Hodgdon, can be seen browsing this corner each morning as the members of the Band tune up. Rumor has it he is learning to truck. The long hike to this far-a-way spot has lessened literary ambition and has our librarian scratching out hair for customers. (A rolling dome gathers no floss, Hodggy.)

Two of our star soft ball artists, Pemberton and McElroy, have sore and damaged legs. It is fortunate to come at this time for the colonel is having our diamond and parade ground sodded.

Humanity is divinely imbued with an insatiable desire for experience; to gratify this worthy craving many have set out to sound the depths and shoals of our Corps. We mention but two. Goodspeed and Boyer have gone back to the soil for their experience, slightly touched as they are. Every day, these two dress in faded blue cover-alls, grasp pick and rake, rush to our garden spots, and by the hour thoroughly enjoy themselves 'mid scents of pansies, geraniums, and ashes. These topiarists now know that the wages of toping is work.

Joe Cook's short short story is so lousy its odor is what an odor should be (Wohn-

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THE JAMOK POT Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C.

By Frijole de Cafe

Well, fellow Marines, countrymen, etc., the time has come for all good men to come to the aid of THE LEATHERNECK. The first of the month always means a lot of work for me as I am a very poor news reporter and although my stuff is terrible I still enjoy the effort necessary to get out this column.

I have a bone to pick with "YE EDITOR" for not printing our mascot's picture last month; but perhaps the fault is mine as the photo that I sent in was not very clear and possibly no reprints could be made. (Right you are—the reproduction would have looked like a cross between a baby mouse and an undersized chihuahua. Also, please don't paste your pictures down—send 'em loose.)

We have recently obtained authority to take pictures at the Marine Barracks and we fully intend to deluge THE LEATHERNECK with plenty of pictures of our Reservation. All the new flowers and gardens that were planted last spring are now in bloom and it is a beautiful sight. Our fish pond in front of the barracks has been well stocked and has lilies growing in it. When the pond was first started many derisive remarks could be heard around the barracks; but I notice many of the men around the pond, frequently, admiring its beauty.

Our baseball team came back strong last week and defeated one of the City League's weak teams to place them in a four-way tie for the lead in the league. The Army

team from Fort Moultrie had defeated us the week before and pushed us into second place. The material seems better in the league this year and it looks like a tough fight for the team that wins the City Championship. However our team is expecting to be in at the finish and if we do not win, the team that does win will know that they have been in a fight.

I have an idea that the picture accompanying will not have much meaning to present day Marines or sailors but I am submitting it in the hope that somewhere there may be an old "SALT" or "LEATHERNECK" who might possibly recognize one of these old salts from the USS *Hartford*. Many of the men who have served in Charleston in recent years are well acquainted with the history of the *Hartford*. As can be seen from the picture a ship's barber in those days must have been broke most of the time.

Congratulations of the entire command to Private First Class James I. Strawbridge and Private Poole upon their fine showing in the spring preliminaries and upon their selection for a tryout with the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team. Keep plugging, fellows, we have all the confidence in the world in both of you to make the "BIG TEN."

The new Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars that was organized by the members of this post is moving right along and we hope that in a few years they will be able to take their place with the best in the country. A dance is being organized for the purpose of purchasing out "POST COLORS" and for the purpose of sending a delegation to represent us at the South

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No! We refuse to say anything about "Iron Men and Wooden Ships." Some of the old salts aboard the USS *Hartford* fifty years ago. The correspondent from the Charleston Navy Yard says perhaps some of our readers might recognize some of the above gents. The whiskers look familiar, but maybe we're thinking of some of the jokes we publish.

DOVER DEVIL-DOGS

By Cocky

Hello, everybody! It has been three months since you have heard from Doverites. We are situated high above the mountains of Lake Denmark, a wonderful place the year around.

We regret to say that last month Captain O. C. Dowling, the Ordnance Commandant, retired to civil life. Captain G. C. Logan replaced him, and we wish him a very pleasant tour of duty.

Our Commanding Officer, Capt. E. U. Hakala, is assisted in carrying out the numerous duties of this post by Lt. G. C. Ruffin, Ch. Mar. Gun. Henry Boschen and 1st Sgt. G. T. Green.

Pfe. Schoning and Pvt. Boston have decided to go out in the cruel cold outside. We all wish them much success.

Sgt. Charlie Goff, who was on temporary detached duty at Quantico, Virginia Rifle Range, has returned and we are all glad to have him back. How about a steak, Charlie?

This will be a shock to some of you old fellows: Sgt. McNeil, with the assistance of Pfe. Kane and his aqua-velvet pal, Pfe. Johnny Buens, has taken an interest in planting beautiful beds of invisible flowers around our Barracks.

Pvt. Lineberger has been promoted to the rank of Pfe. Nice going. "Rebel," how about those beers you promised us?

There has been a rumor that our Mess Sgt., "Ski" Stefoneik, is going to leave us for a tour of Asiatic duty. We all hope and pray that his transfer is "dis" approved because his Polish stew is simply DELUMPFUL!

Our softball team has been very successful winning six out of eight games. Keep up the good work, boys, for we can use the trophy again this year.

The boys are a bit worried over Cpl. Hopkins for if he does not stop drinking beer he will have to extend two years for his other half.

Our new and very efficient Chief Phar. Mate Stroud has taken a liking to his new surroundings. We wish him a very happy tour of duty here.

Now we come to a very interesting part. As you know we have a nice crew here with us and with the help of "BABY FACE Stevie" Banashek, who keeps our mirrors well occupied we often wonder why the scouts of Hollywood pass him by.

Pvt. Micky Zuzulock is leaving us for Quantico and we all wish him success on his next cruise.

Our well known frog hunter, Pfe. Chubby Mangum, has now recovered from his attack of poison ivy and has decided he had better leave the little frogs to themselves. How come Cpl. Koverman escaped the ivy—or maybe it is because he takes those hikes to Mt. Hope to see his true love.

It is getting so complicated here lately with Pvt. Pryzby taking lessons in the art of making love and Pvt. Smutko taking dancing lessons through the mail that we wonder why you boys do not speak to the Great Banashek about such important matters.

One of our plank-owners has once more resumed his training exercises by building a sea-wall at McNeil's Turnpike. Take it easy "Burky," you might strain a muscle.

We wish to compliment our new laundry queen, Pvt. Mike Speak, on his efficiency in his new position.

The Cross Country flight of the Stork was interrupted by a stop at none other than Pvt. Miller's residence, leaving an

eight pound baby girl. Congratulations, "Baldy."

Pvt. Cerone has left us for the Quaker City and was replaced by Pvt. Ingrassia, who came to us from the West Coast.

Pvt. Iannello, our "Little Caesar" of Mulberry Street, New York, has found a hiking partner none other than the "Wounded Marine," Pvt. "Yosnick" Rolka.



ORIENTED NEWS FROM THE SECOND BATTALION, FOURTH MARINES, SHANGHAI, CHINA

BY L. GUIDETTI

DEWS in this part of the world has been sort of scarce in spite of the rumors of wars here and there, so in this issue we just give you the regular news of interest to the many readers of THE LEATHERNECK in all parts of the world. Letters are requested from buddies in the various companies and we all know that a letter from an old buddy will be very much appreciated, so come on, all you old timers, drop a few lines to some of your buddies in the Orient and cheer them up.

Headquarters Company Via "Joe"

Somebody said "It's Spring" but the Chinese weatherman must be a hard one



to convince. Here it is the end of April and it's rained for a week.

Overheard in the Squadroom—"I buy a 4-2 double and a 2-4 comes in; Three points on the second leg and I couldn't secure; And Ichaso comes up and takes him out." Hai-Alai enthusiasts post-morteming it the next morning. The old master, "Freddie" Cushman, now has two pupils under his wing, Marinelli and Dunn, and between the three of them they manage to bring home the bacon, in small quantities.

Again there is that lull in athletics. Rugby and basketball have long gone and baseball has yet to start. Handball is on tap every afternoon, with the Battalion singles championship just about half through. Lt. Asmuth, Rehfield and Cushman are still in the running, with odds-on chances of one of 'em coming in the winner.

Two new additions to the company in the persons of Privates Kurecaba and Glyde-

Pvt. Stoo, who has been noted for his fast liberts, has changed his destination from Washington to Philadelphia. Love is a funny thing, isn't it, Sammy?

Pfe. Tony Koteh, our carpenter, is having rather a hard time keeping up with his social activities, due to numerous duties. How about taking time out for a party, Tony?

Cheerio fellows, until next month.

well, have taken over as signalman Dunn's assistants. Welcome to our happy family, men.

By-lines—Tureotte—"Acy-Duey;" Cushman—"Dios;" Rooney—"Rooney speaking;" Marinelli—"Wish these women would leave me alone;" Conyers—"Was that chow bumps?" Elliot—"How about a little Fourth Class liberty tonight, Smith?" (A pair of field glasses and a telescope out the squad room window).

A few nicknames, on the spur of the moment—

Cushman—"Freddie"
Field—"Lige"
Lock—"Baby"
Taylor—"Tomme"
Tureotte—"George"
Sherman—"Pappy"
Conyers—"Rojo"
Cuney—"G-Man"
Blanchard—"Bayou"
Dill—"Pickles"
Hamrick—"Freckles"
Hanson—"Happy"
Lungaard—"Swede"
Marinelli—"Nino"
Nivorsky—"Skee"
Rehfield—"Dutch"
Rooney—"Chick"
Zito—"Goomba"

"Das is Allus."

Company F

Heah we are again with mo' trouble than ever befo'. It seems that misfortune and trouble are always knocking at our door.

First our Company Commander is showing off for the good old State-side. We hate to see our Skipper leave us, and we will certainly miss him, for a better soldier and leader, well thar' jist ain't any.

Next our top-kick is leaving on the July transport returning to the States. We will miss him also. In him we had a good top, always willing to lend a hand when needed. We do not know yet who will relieve our Company Commander or First Sergeant. The Company wishes both "Bon Volage."

The F Company shooters are still shooting. Pfe. D. L. Smith is still high man in the regiment. Keep up the good work, Smitty. The rifle team will soon be leaving for Peiping and we are expecting them to bring home the bacon.

The track team is getting in fine shape now. They just gained an 81 to 60 victory over St. John's University.

A few promotions are being distributed in the regiment now. A couple of weeks ago Pfc. Potts made Cpl. and Pvt. Smith made Pfc. A few days later another promotion wave struck the regiment taking a few F Company men with it. Pfc. Boston made Cpl. and, boy, did he spread his wings and strut his stuff (and Coronas). Right proud of your two-pieceee, eh Boston?

We hope to have more for you in the near future so, AU REVOIR.

Company H

By S. J. T. Price

At this stage the company comes through with her share of promotions. We doff our hats to the following men who recently obtained ratings from the preceding inferior rating. Gy-Sgt. Petrie, Sgt. Anderson, Corporals Hupprt, Flattery, Sylvain, Shaw; Privates First Class McMillam, Pfc. Livingston and Bloodgood. We hope to see these and even more of the company take that extra step higher in the near future.

In our fold we also have a number of champions in their branch of sports. Lt. Laster, that cyclone of the cinder path, while performing at the Philippine A. A. U. track and field meet last season, established two new records in the hundred yard dash and two-twenty. He also participated in other fleet footed events.

The following champ is none other than Lt. Nickerson who excels in javelin, discus and shot-put. The China record was slashed to ribbons last fall by this hercules of the javelin.

In the recent bowling meet held at the Foreign Y. M. C. A., J. A. Kelly took first place in the "B" Division of the ten pin classic with a high single score of 238. Another champion. Kelly is also a distance runner.

Once more returning to track we find over one-half of the entire regimental team comprised of H Company men. By the end of the present season we expect to be well recognized by the remainder of the regiment.

Today is the day when all baseball players will dig down into their trunks and retrieve old ball's and gloves and start getting into shape for the Inter-Battalion team. After a long dreary and sloppy winter we at least may steal a glimpse of old Sol faithfully struggling in his effort to usher in Spring.

Soon will be heard the crack of that bat, while the runner will be dashing madly for the initial sack. Fielders in flight, mad crowds, good pop bottles being thrown at rotten umps, hard steady pitching, close fielding all go to make up the world's most popular sport and the company ballers will be in there bringing the bacon home—watch them.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

By Hubert C. Graves

I am glad to report that the following named men of this organization were promoted recently: Sgt. Stephen Lesko to Staff Sergeant, Pfc. Leslie W. Forsberg to Corporal and Privates, Mathew T. Samardjie and James C. Latham to Private First Class. The usual cigars were enjoyed by all.

We welcome back from the Los Banos radio station at Cavite Staff Sergeant James D. Gay, who has been undergoing a course of instruction at the Asiatic Fleet Radio School at that station. Gay together with Corporal Eldon J. Campbell joined us via the USS *Augusta*.

Pvt. Lee J. Rand who has been holding

forth as Billet Post Exchange Steward for quite some time will soon go to the Regimental Exchange as bookkeeper. We will miss Rand as he always has a cheery smile and good morning for all customers. Rand will be relieved by Cpl. Murrell who is at present assistant navy mail clerk.

About one-third of the communication platoon are on the tentative sailing list for the *Chaumont*. Most of them are glad to go for anyone knowing the Orient will admit that two years is long enough out here, as the Shanghai climate is not conducive to good health. We will be sorry to see them go homeside and wish them the best of luck at their new stations.

Headquarters Company welcomes First Lieutenant James M. Masters, Jr., who arrived on the SS *President Polk*. We are sure that you will enjoy your tour of duty in this unusual city.

Our company commander, after three years in the Orient, has finally received orders for home via the *Chaumont*. Captain Yost is Regimental Provost Marshal in addition to his duties as company commander. We regret very much to see the captain leave, but can't blame him for looking forward to the arrival of the transport after such a long time away from home.

Everyone in the regiment feels like we are a little closer to the States now that regular airmail and passenger service has commenced from Shanghai to San Francisco. Practically everyone in the company got a letter off on the first flight. The stamps on those letters will be valuable some day to philatelists, so you had better tell your folks in the states to hang on to the stamps you affixed on the first flight cachets.

As I have been in the hospital for the past month news is naturally scarce this time.

COMPANY A

By "Blackwell"

Former Two-Bitters now scattered to the four corners of the earth, will be interested to know that your old outfit is still running true to form. In the recent Regimental

Demonstration we were graded par excellence, but that's the way it was when you were here and we're just keeping up the good work. I know you will remember Otto Lindermann who is now back in the Co. and has the billet looking ship shape—that Zerkle, our mascot, has a son whose name (given by Plat. Sgt. Reeves) is Thunderbolt. Poor Zerkle sure takes a beating for old age is upon him and his son is as wild as a March hare—there's several new additions to our rabbit family—Gy. Sgt. Turner, Music Carlson, and Heusel are going state side next *Chaumont*. Bon Voyage.

Lady Luck smiled upon us as we made a very successful debut in the Handball Tournament, and "Frenchy" Lavoie, "Skid" Goodrich and "Dutch" Otto are among those responsible for the win. Otto's fast and brilliant playing sure causes the boys plenty of grief, we hope he goes a long way in the Tournament. I know all hands enjoy the soft ball games between the platoons on the Company's parade ground, but I know we enjoy more the stellar ball playing of "Charlotte Hornet" Carpenter. So long, gang.

COMPANY D

By Nick Carter

Since last month we have had more promotions. They're not unusual in D Co. any more. Dudley and MacDonald now rate three stripes. Lynn is a Corporal, while Erb, Juhre and Howard made Private First Class. Nice work, fellows, and may you be taking the exams again soon.

Glad news to the female population, but sadness and woe to the dashing penniless romances of D Company is the arrival of the Asiatic Fleet in Shanghai. Paulos and Graziano carry on regardless, which is quite a mystery to us all.

Probably before this is in print the "Shack" Welter Trophy will be awarded to some fine upstanding youth of this Company, the horse! In this sport of kings, Corporal "Charlie" Condo leads the series with quite a batting average. Cray and Koning may upset the dope, for they are



Chinese children begging on the docks, Chungking, Szechuan Province.

throwing caution to the fair winds and pushing hard to catch up. Results in this contest of the ages will be furnished by the D Company Amateur Athletic Association.

A possible successor to the vacancy left by Fred "Big Six" Lenkoski is Battling Brooks, a newcomer from Cavite, P. I. Only recently Brooks took an easy decision from Usoff, a local Russian scrapper who, while being no champion, does not get pushed over by many. With more polish and experience we think Brooks should hit the high spots in China boxing circles.

MOTOR TRANSPORT COMPANY NEWS

By Deacon Pines

Our little organization of seventy men is under new controls now. In the last two weeks we have come under the command of a new pilot and co-pilot when Maj. M. J. Kelleher relieved Maj. Fred S. Robillard as Transportation Officer and Captain John S. Griebel relieved Captain James M. Ranek, Jr., as Company Commander. The best of wishes of this outfit go with Maj. Robillard and Capt. Ranek, as they are a pair of real officers.

The only other change during the past month was the transfer of Pvt. George P. Dean to Hq. Co., 1st Bn.

Summer has finally settled down on Shanghai, and with a vengeance.

The fleet has been in and gone, but they're coming back soon, so we're looking forward to some more fun. Which reminds me of the two sailors coming out of the Canidrome after the fights the other night. They were due aboard ship before long and were evidently very broke, for they almost threw their thumbs out of joint before they realized that hitch-hiking is not as profitable in Shanghai as it is in the States.

Promotions are coming thick and fast in this regiment, but our company has not received any since the last writing.

The depth of something or other was discovered the other day when Pvt. Carl H. Neiswender was seen about halfway to his knees in front of the pressing table doing his best to press his field scarf without removing it from his neck. I probably wouldn't have noticed this except for the smell of burning hair. He was singeing his beard at every stroke of the iron.

RECONNOITERING

By Forest L. Berry

Boys and girls of radioland, once more you are going to hear from Headquarters Company, First Battalion. We are still located with the "Fighting Fourth" in the Far East where the men wear dresses and the women wear pants, and the muddy Whangpoo rolls on with Father Time.

At present writing the days are getting rather on the hottish side of the thermometer and we're getting to the serious point about going into khaki, but that's still in the threatening stage. However, we no sooner get out of one rainy season when we begin another. So they're managing to keep the old heat stick from going up too high.

On April 20th we welcomed our new Battalion Commander, Lt-Col. William H. Rupertus, to our company. Colonel Rupertus was relief for Lt-Col. Harold C. Pierce, who went to Regiment as Regimental Executive Officer. Major B. G. Jones is still with us as Battalion Executive Officer and Bn-3. Captain Francis H. Brink, at present our Battalion Adjutant, will depart for homeside in the very near future. He leaves us with the best wishes of the entire command. First Lieutenant Sidney S. Wade is still at the helm of the company and will take up the duties of the Battalion Adjutant when Capt. Brink leaves. His only other jobs are Billet Commander, Battalion Communication Officer, Battalion Quartermaster and Battalion Gas Officer. These are hardly enough to keep one man busy, says he.

The next on our list to be introduced is none other than Sergeant Major Arthur H. Steele. The Sergeant Major has recently completed twenty years and leaves us via the next *Chaumont* for the States and the good old outside. We are sorry to see you leave, Arthur, but you've earned it and you leave us with every man in the outfit wishing you all the luck and success in the world. Come over and look us up when our "Ship" docks at NOB.

Now folks we will introduce you to the one and only First Sergeant of Headquarters, First. None other than 1st Sgt. Lucien N. Hudson, who tells us that he was in China in '29 and '30. We believe you, Top. Now don't get us wrong, men, we

have great confidence in our 1st Sgt.

Another fine and upright young man who came to our little group not so many moons ago is Plat-Sgt. John F. Pessino, better known as Tony to us. He is our Professor in school and at drill, and a past-master of the intricacies of MCO No. 113.

The following men are listed for the next home-going detail via the *July Chaumont* and will be missed by all:

Cpl. Charles S. Cram—Post Exchange Steward.

Cpl. Fred Hoppe—Manager NCO Club.

Pfc. Joseph B. Emmons—Chief of Bn. Visual Section.

Pvt. Alexander Delkus—Bn. Telephone Operator.

And, by the way, Delkus recently became the proud father of a bouncing baby boy. Thanks for the cigars, Delkus.

RADIO PEIPING

By Paul Watson

Looking out of the window here in the Radio Station, we see a fine spring afternoon, and though the birds haven't begun to sing as yet, the trees are beginning to blossom. In a short while Spring at its best will be upon Peiping.

John Wallace Webber, Bellevue graduate, operator, man of parts, fumigated the radio quarters recently with good clean manila hemp. He made sure that a good job would be done by issuing lengths of hemp to every man in the signal gang, and, as good manila hemp is not an every day comfort or necessity, the men jumped in with a will and made the smoke rise to a fare-thee-well. Inference must not be drawn that the quarters needed fumigating; John was promoted to the rating of staff sergeant, for which occasion he donated the hemp. We extend our congratulations and hope that he continues his progress and makes his next rating as soon as possible.

We have heard a lot of people claim a fondness for the farm and have heard them extol the virtues of a life upon the farm. They would declare that upon the completion of their present cruise they would travel as far from the service as possible and direct the rest of their lives to a closer association with Ole Mother Earth. Yet they seem to forget all about that when the day comes for them to sign or not to sign

(Continued on page 52)



DO THE MOVIES GET THINGS RIGHT? WELL, YES AND NO!

Here we show the Marines in "real" life and the Marines in "reel" life. On the left a trio of liberty loving Marines make merry with the Hula maidens. They are Bishop, Kemp and Murphy. Show that in the movies and the patrons would say, "Tain't so." Now on the right we show a scene from "The Singing Marine," Warner Brothers' latest First National Picture. Dick Powell is being admired by a quartet of comely lassies (we can't think of the Chinese equivalent for the Scotch term, but "lassies" will do). We prefer the "real" life, where as one Marine recently said: "We don't need no chain to keep the girls out; we can protect ourselves."



HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, FIRST BATTALION, FIFTH MARINES, FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE

By Little Willie

"HURRY on, get your LEATHERNECK news in," said Simon Legree, "or you'll miss the final edition." Not much danger of missing anything with Riewe, our rampageous acting sergeant major on the job, says I.

Petersburg, we are here! We came, we saw, we conquered—at least most of the men did. Although we lost the "Battle of the Crater" to the "Rebels" from VMI, it seems that the men from the FMF must have won the hearts of the populace because the past weekend saw the highway packed with men in blues headed back that way. They say that there were more men there on liberty than there were when we were camped there at Camp Lejeune.

So far this year, this organization has fired one hundred per cent qualification on the range. Our training has been interrupted by the disaster at Lakehurst. Yours Truly being on a little "special liberty" was fortunate enough to miss this detail.

When the men get back and start their "liberty gab" two or three days after it is over, maybe I missed something but liberties always "sound better later."

Tech-Sgt. Mooney has carried his talents to the West Coast. Well, our loss is somebody else's gain(?). The First Signal's loss proved to be a gain for this organization. Staff Sergeant Thomson has joined us and proved to be as good a coffee drinker as Mooney(?).

Another new addition to the company office is that "tall, dark and handsome Marine Kelly." He is acting First Sergeant and performing his duties with much respect from the Sergeant Major's office.

Well as it is getting late or something, that's all for this time.

COMPANY A

The Battle of the Crater is now just another notation on a muster roll. And Petersburg, Virginia, is listed mentally



Photo by Dalton

Gen. Lyman being decorated with the Order of Military Merit, by Andres Pastoriza, Dominican Minister representing President Trujillo of the Dominican Republic.

among all hands as an A No. 1 liberty center. From now on it won't take a sham battle to get the Marines to come to Petersburg. For some of the fellows it would almost take a real battle to keep them from week-ending up that way.

Pfc. Everett Davis has transferred to Philadelphia and Sgt. John S. DuRant has left for Hampton Roads, Va. In replacement we were lucky enough to get Sgt. Milton B. Rogers. Incidentally Sgt. Rogers was the high gun of the Corps for last year. Possibly the proximity of a man who actually fired 342 will snap some of the fellows out of the lower brackets into the money. Here's hoping the entire company shows the spirit of "keeping up with the Jones'" with Sgt. Rogers the local Jones boy. To date only 27 men have fired the rifle for qualification. Results: 4 ER, 14 SS, 8 MM and only 1 unqualified. Which takes us off to a good start and we hope a still better ending.

COMPANY B

By "Willie"

Old B Company is just full of news since you last heard from us. Five of our men were promoted from privates to privates first class. They are "J. J." Quigley, Taulbee, Cole, Knott and Blanton. We have a brand new corporal too, "the Casanova Kid," Ray Russell, a modern Marine, who has gone in for plucking his eyebrows.

When Quigley was only a private, says

GENERAL RAFAEL LEONIDAS TRUJILLO MOLINA

President of the Dominican Republic,
Benefactor of his Country.

Number 1787.

In the exercise of the authority conferred upon me by the third clause of Article 49 of the Constitution:

In view of the law creating the ORDER OF MILITARY MERIT (Number twenty-one, promulgated the fifteenth day of November, one thousand nine hundred and thirty):

Considering that Major-General Charles H. Lyman, a commanding officer of the United States Marine Corps, during his stay in the Dominican Republic rendered effectual service of a military character, cooperating with signal merit, in the reestablishment of normal conditions in the Eastern District,

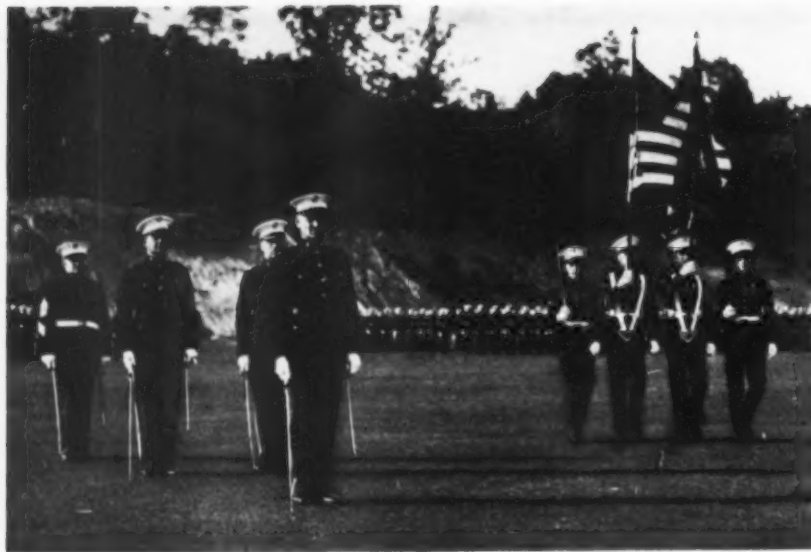
I decree:

That there be conferred upon

MAJOR GENERAL CHARLES H. LYMAN,
Commanding Officer of the United States Marine Corps, the decoration of the ORDER OF MILITARY MERIT
first class, with red insignia.

Given at Trujillo City, Capital of the Dominican Republic, the second day of the month of January in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven.

/s/ RAFAEL TRUJILLO.



Quantico bids farewell to General Lyman.

Photo by Dalton

he, he bought a razor blade and a bar of soap each payday. Now his lockers boast an array of toilet articles fit for a prince.

Right now a friendly feud exists between the first and second platoon on one side and the third platoon on the other side. About a week ago the first and second platoons accused certain members of the third platoon of plucking their eyebrows and even sleeping in garrison caps to preserve their well groomed hair. Last night three members of the first and second platoons came in slightly "beered up" and rendered a song or two. Their efforts received the Bronx Cheer. So that makes us about even.

Well, I gotta go out for a little snapping in now fellows, but I will be back next time and give you all the dope.

COMPANY C

Ho Hum! These nice warm days of this beauteous spring weather we are having certainly get a man down. It makes a fellow want to do nothing but press blankets the live long day. But you know the old slogan that one must "carry on," so in answer to and to keep up the good old traditions, here comes another attempt to inform you of the latest news of this organization.

We have had quite a few promotions made in the Battalion lately. Two of the bright and upstanding young gentlemen of this company were compelled to pay a visit to the Post Exchange and buy the "segars," John E. Walters, the company mechanic, and John J. Schloegel both sewed on a one-piece stripe, and are now strutting their stuff. Congrats, boys, and keep up the good work.

We spent a very nice vacation at Camp LeJeune, in Petersburg, Va., the latter part of April. The purpose of this vacation was the reenactment of the Battle of the Crater. A good time was had by all (so they say), but much to our chagrin we had to fight a losing battle again.

Who said the Marines' life isn't just one picnic after another? We had no more than become settled in the barracks until an order came out to get ready to head for Lakehurst, N. J. Boy, I mean the seabags and clothing were flying in all direc-

tions that morning. Said one old salt in the midst of his packing: "We didn't have all this excitement when they were getting ready to go over-seas."

Well, folks, I guess that will be all for this time.

COMPANY D

D Company, at the printing of the last issue of THE LEATHERNECK, had quite a nice schedule of training planned. However, we hope to plan another soon which possibly will achieve the same results as our other might have.

Upon our return to Quantico we started about half of the company on the rifle range, and they qualified one hundred per cent with the caliber .30 rifle.

During the forenoon of May 10th, we received orders to fill up A Company to full strength as they were being ordered immediately to Lakehurst, New Jersey. We did so. Then, at about noontime, we received orders to pack up at once as we also were being called upon to help guard the wrecked *Hindenburg* until after the various investigating committees had completed their work. This called for us to join officers and men from Brigade Headquarters Company of the First Marine Brigade, as well as from Headquarters, B and C companies of the First Battalion of the Fifth Marines. However, we were on our way at five that afternoon and arrived here at the Naval Air Station close to midnight. Our first guard went on at four o'clock on the morning of the eleventh, or just a short time after they had eaten, put away their seabags and set up their cots. Since then all hands have been standing guard four hours on and twelve off. Of course the necessary police of the barracks and grounds, and details required to pull ships in and out of the hangar are performed by men during their twelve hours off duty. Naturally there are not many requests for liberty, as men are only allowed liberty from 4:30 to 11:00 p.m. when not on duty.

We don't know how long we will be here, or where we will go when our duty here is completed, though we hope it is back to Quantico. However, we hope all of you readers will continue to address

mail to us at Quantico for you may be sure it will be forwarded on to us where ever we may be.

During the past thirty days the following men of this company were promoted to the ranks indicated: Sergeant Fred L. Turner and Privates first class June B. Begalla, William T. Higgins, Joseph W. Lanzen, Raymond Tallman, Lewis E. Waters and Eugene F. Zacharias. That probably (we hope) indicates that Corporal Anthony V. Clark will shortly be receiving his promotion to the rank of sergeant, and we hope to see the names of Sergeants Kenneth E. Harker and John Hoffner on the next list for promotion to the rank of platoon sergeant. Both, in addition to their other accomplishments, are Expert rifle shots, and whereas, for foreign duty, one only served in Santo Domingo, China and the Virgin Islands, the other has served with the English Army in France, the United States Army in Siberia and the Philippines, and with the U. S. Marine Corps in Haiti and Nicaragua.

BRIGADE WINS ELLIOTT TROPHY MATCH

The personnel of the First Marine Brigade, Fleet Marine Force take pride in announcing that the Elliott Trophy Match was won by the team representing the Brigade for the second successive year. The Commanding General of the Brigade, Brigadier General James J. Meade took great pleasure in congratulating the members of the team on their excellent shooting. Such an event as this is just another outstanding example of the high state of training and proficiency of the personnel of the Brigade.

The following are the scores of the three highest teams:

First Marine Brigade, FMF	1108
Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.	1101
Marine Barracks, Parris Island, S. C.	1091

The Brigade team was composed of the following named officer and men:

Marine Gunner William A. Lee	269
Corporal Russell M. Catron	277
Corporal Valentine J. Kravitz	284
Private 1st Class James C. Hardy	276

The highest possible score for a team is 1200; for each shooter, 300.

First Lieutenant August Larson was Team Captain with Sergeant Kenneth E. Harker as Team Coach.

Last year the Elliott Trophy was won by the Brigade with a total score of 1067. Marine Barracks, Quantico and Parris Island came in second and third with scores of 1052 and 1048 respectively.

GENERAL MEADE LEAVES QUANTICO

On 1 June, 1937, Brigadier General James J. Meade, Commanding General, First Marine Brigade, Fleet Marine Force, said farewell to Quantico, after a twenty months' tour of duty; turning over the command of the Brigade to Brigadier General R. P. Williams. General Meade's new station will be at the Naval War College, Newport, Rhode Island.

General Meade has served at Quantico on three occasions and has always been interested in the advancement of the Post. In 1923 he was placed in command of the 6th Marines and later served as chief of staff during the commands of Generals Butler, Fuller, Cole and Dion Williams.

As Commanding Officer of the 6th Marines, his command built many of the frame quarters here. These quarters, as

is well known, have served their temporary purpose for a long time. He was also Chief of Staff of one of the biggest Marine Corps advance base exercises held up to that time in the Marine Corps. This exercise was conducted with the Fleet at Panama and Culebra in 1924-1925.

He returned again to Quantico in 1930 as Chief of Staff and for a period of this time until General Russell took over the command, he was commanding officer of the Post. He was the first President of the present new Officers' Club, and as such instigated the building of the present golf course. During this tour as commanding officer of the Post, he was responsible for the starting of the men's swimming pool.

During his last tour of duty at Quantico, General Meade has been in active command of the First Marine Brigade of the Fleet Marine Force, and has taken part in two important exercises with the Fleet.

BRIGADE MEN WIN HONORS AT FORT BELVOIR

In September, 1936, Corporal Raymond G. Carlsen, who was then a draftsman in the Intelligence Section of Brigade Headquarters, and Private Harold F. Bluhm of the First Engineer Company were selected to attend the Enlisted Specialists School at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. Corporal Carlsen attended the class in Surveying and Drafting and Private Bluhm attended the class in Electrical, Motors and Water Purification. Both these men stood high in their respective classes throughout the course of instruction and upon their graduation the following letter was received by the Commanding General, Brigadier General James J. Meade signed by the Commandant of the Engineer School:

"In forwarding the inclosed reports of the final standing of the Enlisted Specialists School, this station, it gives me pleasure to call to your attention the uniformly high standing of the men detailed from the Marine Corps, particularly that of Harold F. Bluhm, who led his class in the Electrical, Motors and Water Purification Course, and that of Corporal Raymond G. Carlsen, who was No. 2 in the Surveying and Drafting Course.

"These men, by their conduct and bearing and their application in their respective course, were worthy representatives of the Marine Corps. The care evidenced in the selection of candidates from your service of such suitable qualifications for the detail, makes their continued acceptance well worthwhile from our point of view."

In forwarding the letter to the men concerned, General Meade added his congratulations for their excellent record attained at the Engineer School.

Corporal Carlsen was also awarded additional qualification as topographer.

HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY

By Clements

After all we aren't going to get away with anything. We missed maneuvers on the West Coast but a sort of private maneuver now confronts us, if a maneuver in Parris Island can be called private. But perhaps it will be well to tell you of what we are going to do, so far as we know now, and upon our return and with another issue of the LEATHERNECK tell you about what we did.

We are going to Parris Island for our Annual Service Practice, the firing batteries have been putting in quite a few

problems on our local impact range and are considered by all who know anything about artillery, to be in top shape. Then, too, there have been details to arrange: coordination of plans, movements, and schedules; the brushing up on drills, inspections, and other activities that have been found conducive to efficient handling of such service practices. At this time there remains, other than many minor last-minute changes and adjustments, the more difficult and ticklish job of properly loading the military impedimenta onto our iron horse. Then, at an hour when all ordinarily are in the middle of deep sleep, approximately 15 officers and 150 cannoners will entrain for our destination, hoping to arrive there according to schedule.

All officers and men are to make the trip down via train this year with the exception of a Pilot Model tractor, which is to be tested under the supervision of Stepka, our mechanic, and a forward echelon under the command of Captain Clark and consisting of 2 officers, 17 en-



Photo by Dalton

Cpl. R. G. Carlsen and Pfc. Harold Bluhm, honor graduates of Engineers School, Ft. Belvoir.

listed, and 9 trucks. It was hoped that men who possess cars might be allowed to travel by highway as in other years past for no one can dispute the desirability for liberty transportation in Parris Island or other comparatively isolated spots where we of necessity must fire our heavy guns. But the new policy seems to indicate preference for compact groups.

Captains O'Neil and Gerard and First Lieutenant Bowser have bid adieu to one of the best outfits in the Marine Corps—you said it, my fran, the "10th"—and we wish them happy landings on their stations. Captain Gerard and Lieutenant Bowser go to sea and Captain O'Neil goes to Asiatic Station. All three officers were well liked in this Battalion and their absence will be noted. Five of our second lieutenants recently completed their probationary examinations and speculation

flies back and forth as to whom will go the number-one place in the Battalion and, also, how each will stack up on the list as compared with others of their class. The perturbed expressions which might be seen, or imagined, during pre-examination days have been replaced by those evidencing confidence, and it is safe to assume now that all are on first base with the road to home plate stretching long and difficult before them.

There should be some justification for the heading of this article so here's a little dope on the gang: First Sergeant Waldrop, Battalion acting sergeant major non pareil, has no doubt in the privacy of his home and at a time when the Missus was shopping, exercised his vocal chords in preparation for the coming maneuver. It is understood that his excellence in rendering such songs as "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" and "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" will continue unabated provided conditions are favorable. However, for further particulars it would be better to contact one Gunnery Sergeant Smith, who, at his worst, runs Sergeant Major a close second. More details could call for more explanations and explanations are some times difficult. First Sergeant Larsen, battery first sergeant, will be long remembered as the hard-bitten veteran who, after a liberty involving the opposite sex, would say: "Ah! She is a nice kid, but she talks about a ring." Yet, only last week, Charley came in from a short furlough with a sheepish grin on his mug and confessed that he had fallen under the arrow of Cupid. He and his ball and chain now make their home in the vicinity of Stafford, Va. Grafton, too, is catering toward the opposite sex and his present hunting ground is Petersburg, Va., where he and Misiak, the boy who doesn't believe any of 'em any longer, spend occasional week-ends. Ragland and Dillard, since the trip to Warm Springs in March, can seem to think of nothing to talk of other than what a great state Georgia is. Perhaps they are partly right. Jeffrey is rather quiet these days and offers no explanation. Dillard and Lowrey, not content with the little bit of sea they get on an occasional maneuver, have taken to Washington and moonlight boat rides down the Potomac. Sullivan has returned from Post Sick Quarters none the worse for his experience and will make Parris Island with us, and we can certainly use that boy to snatch radio messages from the ether. Joe Newland's booming laugh will greet us again each meal while we ah down in South Calina. We'd surely miss Joe if he should suddenly take off over the hill, which is not probable.

To be frank, the love bug has got us and we're swingin' high, so while we're swingin' we'll swing this gossip sheet in Uncle Sam's mail and get it off to the editors so that they may swing it right into THE LEATHERNECK, in time for you to swivel your eyes on it in the next issue. Adios.

BATTERY A

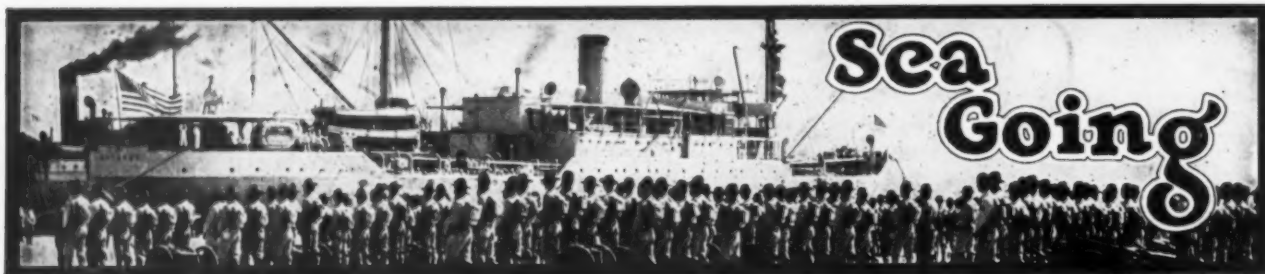
By "Wincy" Gambill

Here you have the latest dope from the outfit (not you, the news).

Am forced to report a rather quiet month for the cannoners. But no one seems to mind. This is the time of year when inactivity is the favorite activity for the lads with the hairy ears. Ho Hum! So much for the past, at present.

New arrivals from the recruit depot at

(Continued on page 54)



THE CORONATION CRUISE

USS *New York*

By A. N. Cook

TE of the old *New York* Marine Guard consider ourselves very fortunate in being able to make the cruise to France and England for the Coronation. Before we shoved off from Norfolk, our guard was increased to eighty men. We also carried several passengers, among them was First Sergeant Hodges, who was attached to the Marine Guard aboard the *New York* during the World War.

We arrived in Cherbourg, France, on May 4th. This is a quaint little city; the people are of the old France and did everything in their power to show us a good time. The men were especially pleased with the excellent food and wine, which was very reasonable. A full course dinner could be purchased for about six francs, or thirty cents, and a good grade of champagne could be had for about \$1.25 a large bottle.

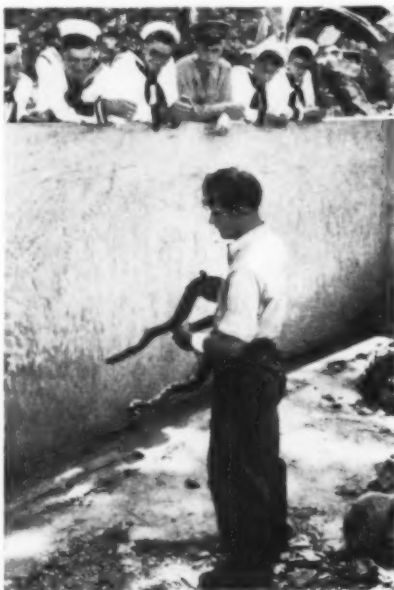
Two trips to Paris were arranged, each time half the crew spending a seventy-two in the city of gayety. Paris is well named when it is referred to as Gay Parée. There is always something doing and when one grows tired of Paris, one grows tired of life. While in Paris several excursions were arranged for us to points of interest. Some of the men visited the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Eiffel Tower, the Paris Art Galleries and the Notre Dame Cathedral. In the evening those who wished (most of us) visited the infamous Montmartre district. The following morning several of the men chartered a bus for an all-day trip. We first visited the old city of Paris and saw the Louvre, a one time palace of French kings, but now a museum.

The road we left Paris on was the same over which the French army was rushed out of Paris in taxi cabs in 1914 to stem the German advance. We passed Lucy La Bocage, where the Marines hopped off June, 1918, for the Battle of Belleau Woods. By the order of Marshal Pétain, "Belleau Woods" had its name officially changed to "Bois de la Brigade de Marine." Here we climbed a long hill and finally reached the battle field itself. Belleau Woods is now the property of the United States and except for a few trees that have been replaced, this reservation is much the same as when the Marines left it. A museum is there and in it are many relics that were picked up on the battle field. We spent a very interesting time seeing the old machine guns and field pieces in the same place the Germans left them.

Leaving there we headed for the place all Marines wish to see, the place that added another chapter to the glorious history of the Marine Corps, "Chateau Thierry." At the American Cemetery there is a beautiful chapel with stained glass windows which

looks more like a miniature cathedral than a chapel. On the walls are carved the names of all men declared missing during this battle. The cemetery itself is a sight one seldom sees; first there is line upon line of white crosses of pure marble. These crosses are washed and polished every day, in fact the whole cemetery is beautifully kept. Leaving, we passed the cemetery where the German dead lie. This is not as nice as the American cemetery, but it is well taken care of.

We then passed a memorial for all Amer-



Snake pit at Tropical Zoo, Old Panama, USS *Quincy*.

ican troops who lost their lives at Chateau Thierry and in the Valley of the Marne. Passing the village of Chateau Thierry we crossed the new bridge that marks the spot where the Second Army Engineers built a pontoon bridge in the face of heavy German fire. The Engineers were backed up during this operation by the machine gun fire of the Marines. On our way back we stopped at an old chateau where an English lady, who was a nurse attached to the French Army, now conducts a pension, or boarding house. This chateau, incidentally, was the headquarters of General Pershing during the battle of Belleau Woods.

Returning to Paris we traveled through the beautiful valley of the Marne which has

(Continued on page 54)

THE QUINCY LANCERS

By "Wake"

In case any of you readers happen to have been lost in a New York subway, the wilds of Parris Island, or on an expedition to the North Pole, you do not know that the Fleet has been on maneuvers for the last month or so and that it has returned to United States in a blaze of glory. Prior to the return to the mainland the Hawaiian Islands were the focus of the naval tactics. Problem XVIII was the plan of war and the attack and defense was the gist of the plan. Aside from the military angle of it the Islands were a great success.

Looking back now it flashes through one's mind like a kaleidoscope of scenes, scents, faces, and events. The first day, the first light after 13 days at sea—grey dawn, Diamond Head, ships in the distance, entrance to Pearl Harbor, saluting and paying our respects to the old timers, the battlewagons, and trim, efficient cruisers. We moored with the *New Orleans*. Here we saw the Pan-American trans-Pacific "Clippers" take off on regular weekly schedules. The cameras were taken by storm. Waikiki Beach, trips around the island, pineapple canneries, walks in the parks and along garden lined streets.

While in Pearl Harbor the Marine detachments of the Scouting Force snapped in for the San Francisco Decoration Day Parade, the parade ground of the Marine Barracks being the scene of this activity. Very few, if any, of us missed the hula-hula shows which are so typical of the Island, even having one troupe perform on board for us. Quite a few purchases of grass skirts and leis were made for sentimental reasons, or maybe just to snow 'em under back home. However, everybody enjoyed the diversion and all were a little sorry on leaving this island of delight.

Tempus was fugiting, so figuratively playing leap-frog and hide-and-go-seek we cleaved the Pacific for 2100 miles and sighted the California coast at 0900, May 28, and prepared to take over another city and help this metropolis dedicate her newest gem, the Golden Gate Bridge. One of the wonders of the century was commissioned with the amazing coincidence, or cooperation (we're not sure which), of the Fleet taking the period of the opening celebration as its moment of entry. Like a skilled playwright, Admiral Hepburn guided his warships with precision and perfect order under the golden bridge, which spans the Golden Gate, into San Francisco Bay.

The importance of our mission in the Pacific was drowned out by the accomplishment and fulfillment of an engineering dream, as far as the public was concerned, but down inside of us we will never forget those maneuvers. Long night watches on the guns, destroyers, cruisers, battle-

THE LEATHERNECK

ships, turning and twisting, laying smoke screens, and rushing headlong in seeming chase after an imaginary enemy, speeding planes doing their tricks. Yes, the maneuvers are over for another year or so, but for most of the Fleet much work is yet to be done. Long range, short range, night battle practice, small arms target practice, will keep us busy for the summer months, with a cruise to northern waters thrown in for good measure.

Here are some more facts about the newer of the two huge, mammoth, colossal, stupendous, longest, strongest, deepest set, highest built, costliest, safest, etc., etc., indescribable bridges. This is not for you members of the Fleet who have seen the bridge and already know the facts, but mostly for you Marines in the further reaches of the earth who won't see for yourselves this feat of engineering, until the *Chaumont* or *Henderson* rolls through the Gate, it is more than a sight, it is a spectacle. The Golden Gate Bridge is stretched from The Presidio on the south to Fort Mason on the north, being 8,940 feet long. The suspension towers are 742 feet above the water sustaining a 4,200 foot span, the bottom of the center of the span is 220 feet above high water. Construction was begun on February 26, 1933 and opened to traffic on May 27, 1937, it took 25,000,000 labor hours to accomplish this. At present it is a golden-red color. The opening was celebrated with a week-long fiesta as only Californians can celebrate.

The *Quincy* Guard formed a Platoon in company of combined Scouting Force Marines of the Decoration Day Parade. All hands were complimented for their good performance by Captain McQueen and Lt. Wight.

Anchors aweigh, Friday, June 4, for Long Beach. Sgt. Wood says that anything west of Boston (except Minnesota) is not worth the breath it takes to name it and further states that he'd rather be in jail in Boston than on a 72 in California. Cpl. Latimer and Pfc. Ferguson disagree so violently that sometime it looks like a real fistie battle will settle matters.



Belfry of church at ruins of Old Panama, USS *Quincy*.

July, 1937



Searchlight display of fleet, at San Francisco Bridge Fiesta, May 29.

NOTE: In the June issue a picture was published showing a color guard at Guantanamo Bay rendering honors to the colors. This was titled the *Quincy* Guard, erroneously. However, all credit for this ceremony must go to the Guantanamo Marines.

MARYLAND MURMURS

By Tex Berryman

We have just dropped the mud hook in the swirling waters of San Francisco Bay. The echo of "Blue Hawaii" is still ringing in our ears, but now we may listen to real American Jazz and swing, and we find that Bob Burns is still talking about his relatives in Arkansas as well as throwing it at Bing about his folks in Washington. Yes, the cane and pineapple fields of Hawaii are behind, Diamond Head is behind, and we are back in God's Country.

While at anchor in Lahaina Roads, the Mary's Marines made the most of the opportunities that were offered to see Maui, and there were Marines in every boat that carried swimming parties to the beach. One excursion was into the cane and pineapple plantations where many interesting scenes were to be looked upon, as well as a few stalks of cane to be chewed (I've tasted better cane in Texas and Louisiana). Another interesting tour was to the crater of an extinct volcano. The group that went to Maui's "Grand Canyon" had an enjoyable afternoon, also Sight-seeing if you rated liberty—shuffle-board on the galley-deck if you had the duty and were off watch. It wasn't so bad.

During those ten days after we left Lahaina we paid for the easy time we enjoyed while there. General quarters, condition watches, and darken ship—say, the ship was darkened so many nights we forgot the old tub had a lighting system. But someone once said every cloud had a silver lining, and sure enough Fleet Problem eighteen had an end (We still don't know who won the war).

About forty per cent of the Guard had never been to Honolulu. I think it's an honest statement that three or four hundred photographs were procured while on the cruise. Waikiki Beach was a favorite

hangout for these first timers. The tours around the island were very interesting and nearly everyone went on one of their liberty days.

On Saturday morning, May fifteenth, we were stepping on one another's toes preparing for Captain's Inspection. At Schofield Barracks that day there was to be a horse show. To make a long story short, Sgt. Hemm, Pfc. Van Gilder and ye scribe got to go to it. Major Larsen arrived later in the morning. I'm not qualified to say it was a good or bad show, but the Major expressed his opinion that it was all right. Anyway we enjoyed it, and there's no question about good "hoss-flesh" being on display there.

The most common expression here these days is Short timers SOUND OFF!! Ye—ooo—ooo? How often we have heard that, and these happy howls! Well, maybe not so many times, but we have heard them before. We listen patiently, but there will come a time when we may throw out our chest and say in that sympathetic, superior tone of voice: "Buddy I'm short!"

Mail has come up five times tonight—big bundles of it! Ike seems to be the most popular man here so far. I think he is second to Robert Taylor only when it comes to fan mail (Sorry, Bob).

Last promotions in the Guard went to Stanley and Ramsey, erstwhile privates.

Best news lately: Gy-Sgt. Mandel, Sgt. Wyrick, Pfc's. Harris and Lister, and Drum Private Trotta and Yours Truly leave for the Rifle Range soon. Second Best news (Yes, I am sticking out my neck now) those sounding off most are Fleagle, Wilcox, Rowell, Brown, Cole and Hall.

Our Detachment Commander, Major A. C. Larson, is being transferred to Washington, D. C., about the fourteenth of June. We wish him a pleasant tour of duty at his new station. We sincerely regret his leaving.

Second Lt. Schoetel is with this Detachment now. At present he is training the race boat crew.

(Continued on page 55)

PICAYUNE TIMES

USS New Orleans

By LeRoy Craig

With Fleet Problem XVIII practically on the shelf, we "Morines" of the good cruiser *New Orleans* again appear in print to muster our soundings for your knowledge—Knowledge is power, Time marches on—So Wot?

Most of the gang will agree with me when I say that the maneuvers were an effective up to date stream-lined game of tag for several weeks steaming on the blue Pacific, of course condition watches prevailed now and then but (thanks to the weatherman and his climate) they weren't hard to take. All men had opportunity for liberty while in the Islands. All seemed to have enjoyed the two "Grass Skirt" performances aboard ship put on by the Hawaiian groups.

Cruiser Marines had opportunity to contact old acquaintances and buddies on the parade ground at the Marine Barracks while in Pearl Harbor. Yep, we had drill from squad to battalion movements and even that went over O. K.

On steaming back to the States we start our Short Range practice and some of the pointer groups show their fitness of being in the front with some good scores.

Arriving in Frisco, we find Fiesta week underway 'cause it's Golden Gate Bridge week for all and sundry. Everyone is making fun and having a big time. It's a great event and the Bridge itself is a feat of engineering that would be hard to surpass. Yep, we do parade and it's a good one as there are no horses nor reviewing stand for said hike.

Transfers and changes finds Captain W. E. Maxwell aboard the *USS Portland* for temporary duty as a member of a board of officers to assist in coordination and detail of organization and administration of the Heavy Cruisers combined Anti-Aircraft and Broadside Gunnery School. Lt. E. A. Law will be detached to Quantico, Va., for Base Defense Weapon School; Lt. L. M. Ryan reported aboard 14 April from Basic School, Phila., Pa., and will be in command after the 15th of June. Sgt. Harry Carrigan is a patient in the *USS Relief*. Pfc. Harry A. Houlton has orders for transfer to FMF, Marine Barracks, San Diego, Calif.—Good luck to you, "Mo," from the gang. With greens all pressed and sea bags practically locked, ye scribe heads the list of plank owner

short timers; Cpl. Woodrow W. Finch comes second; Pfc. Duncan W. Barnes third. Yep, it's the last of the commissioners as we three were aboard when Old Glory was hoisted for the first time. So-long Mates, we are due for some land lubber life.

"Earn" alias "Hungry" Merriek ripped off the Pfc. chevrons so as to adorn ones signifying the rank of Corporal. Boy, did he beef about passing out see-gars? I got mine though, as I helped him wet 'em down in Kailulu, T.H. Pvt. J. F. Bowen sewed on the "Cooky" rate and is fast learning the art of being a greense-ball.

I'll scam 'cause times a 'wastin.

USS CHESTER

The visit of the fleet to Pearl Harbor from 9 to 20 May afforded a golden opportunity for a Marine get-together. Consequently, on 11 May, Lt.-Colonel S. A. Wood, Jr. called a conference of all Detachment commanders of the Cruisers, Scouting Force and announced a schedule of drill periods, and detailed officers to act as staff officers and company commanders.

The Marine Battalion as organized consisted of the following:

Lt. Col. S. A. Woods, Jr., Bn Commander; Captain W. E. Maxwell, Bn Executive Officer; Captain K. B. Chappell, Bn 1 & 4; Captain J. C. McQueen, Bn 2; Captain A. T. Mason, Bn 3; Captain C. W. Kail, Communication Officer.

Company Commanders—Captain J. A. Stuart, 4th Company (*Pensacola*, *Salt Lake City* and *Northampton*); Captain C. G. Meints, 5th Company (*Chester*, *Louisville* and *Portland*); Captain V. W. Earnshaw, 6th Company (*Astoria*, *New Orleans* and *Minneapolis*); Captain W. J. Stuart, 7th Company (*San Francisco*, *Tuscaloosa* and *Quincy*); Hq. Company (*Indianapolis*); Res. Platoon (*Houston*). Total, 25 officers and 381 men.

Each morning from the 12th to the 19th the Marine battalion landed, marched to the parade ground at the Marine Barracks and under their leaders, had drill for one hour and a half. All hands seemed to enjoy the feel of turf underfoot instead of hard deck planking and the spirit of competition brought on by trying to "show what kind of a guard we have on our ship" added to the "stuff" the men put in their work.

Battalion parades, assisted by the music of the very excellent band from the Marine

Barracks, were held during the last four days of drill and a street parade was practiced in preparation for the forthcoming parade in San Francisco.

We have practically given up all hope of procuring a photograph of this battalion for publication in this issue, but if the Chinaman who runs this sort of thing will rush one out, we will forward it.

TUSCALOOSA RAMBLINGS

By Company Clown

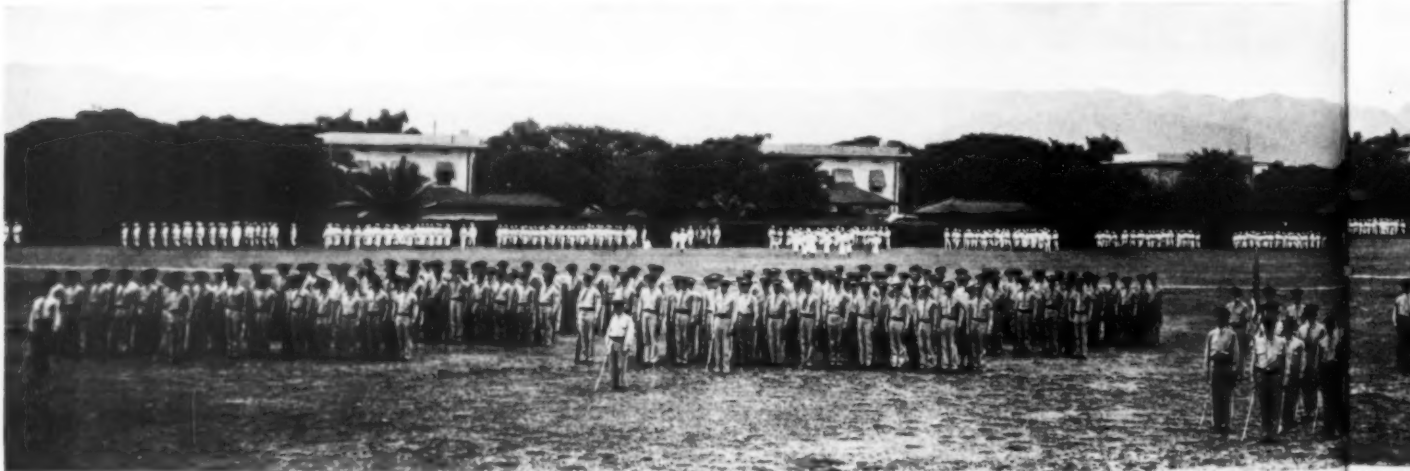
"There's nothing like the good old United States" is our belief after returning from maneuvers that took us as far as Midway Island. Liberty at Pearl Harbor, Lahiana, and Honolulu interested the boys more than maneuvers (just ask Tfc. Vance). Those who had never been to the Islands satisfied themselves about at least one thing; namely, you can find girls wearing grass skirts if you look for them.

We left Pearl Harbor May 20, and after a few days maneuvering arrived at San Francisco for the Golden Gate Bridge Fiesta. The *Tuscaloosa* passed under the Golden Gate Bridge at 3:20 P.M., May 28, as crowds on the Bridge yelled and waved. You should have seen those Leathernecks "rubberneck." Boys, are your necks still cramping? A few minutes later we passed under the Oakland-San Francisco Bay Bridge and anchored about two miles from China Basin.

Liberties galore! Everybody seems to think "Liberty Call" has changed to "Abandon Ship." Who wouldn't after being away for six weeks? Let Singleton tell us in his own words, "Boys, liberty here is 4.0." One question, Red, "What was that you were carrying under your arm the other night?" Oh, yes! You had the toothache that night too. We won't embarrass you for answers; we understand.

It is with regret that we announce the transfer of Captain Wulbern, our Commanding Officer, who is going to the Marine Corps School at Quantico. We are happy to welcome First Lieutenant Weller as our new Commanding Officer. Second Lieutenant Stafford has been with us for six weeks. He will take the place of Second Lieutenant Nilan, who is being transferred to Pensacola, Florida, in the near future. We are losing a good Marine and officer in Lt. Nilan, but are getting another in Lt. Stafford.

It might be interesting to note that



MARINE BATTALION, SCOUTING FORCE AT PEARL HARBOR

THE LEATHERNECK

"Farmer" Bryant has been relieved from the mess hall by "Porky" Hodge. We're yelling at you, Porky.

Simpson is no longer a Private but a Private First Class. Good work, Simpson.

Several of us would like to have Pvts. Ison and Scarbrough give us some pointers on "How to get early liberty." How was the party, boys? What Sergeant in the Detachment hired a taxi to drive him from Vallejo to Oakland? Nice riding, Sarg.

The "questions of the month" for ten Marines are: What is the dope, Top? When do we get transferred? Have my orders come in yet? How about my leave papers?

Sgt. Hamman, who was recently promoted from Assistant Mail Clerk to Mail Clerk, was duly initiated in that capacity when he was head over heels in mail upon our arrival from the cruise.

So long, until next month.

THE YORKTOWN YOUNKERS

USS *Yorktown*

By "Shank"

A vuestra salud! fellow leathernecks. It is a pleasure that I am able to announce to the readers of THE LEATHERNECK, the forming of a new Marine Detachment for duty aboard the Navy's newest aircraft carrier, the USS *Yorktown*.

On February 1, 1937, the detachment was organized at the Sea School Barracks, Portsmouth, Va. Our commanding officer is Capt. W. B. Onley, assisted by 1st Lt. F. L. Wiesman, former athletic officer at Quantico, and 2nd Lt. P. J. Negri.

The full complement authorized is seventy-eight. A sergeant's vacancy, due to the loss of H. C. Leroy, who remained at Quantico to join the rifle team when we fired the range in April, will be filled. We regret his leaving us as in the short time that he was a member of the outfit he proved to be one of the most popular N.C.O.'s. In the company office we have 1st Sgt. B. B. Kindig and in charge of drill and instruction there is Gunnery Sgt. R. F. McCoy. The three remaining Sergeants are C. A. "Pop" Dettenbach, J. S. "Burr-Head" Snider and T. C. "Tommy" Fields (No relation to W. C.). As the bulk of responsibility for watching over us falls on the Corporals, the fortunate individuals whose misfortune it is to (try) keep an eagle eye on us are W. L. "Lenny" (of "Of Mice and Men") Kinsman, Charlie "Swede" Horyna (the Mustache King), C. S. "Admiral" Bowers, whose habitual "let's go,

men," isn't going to help his popularity any too much, E. G. "Tiger" Shaw, to whom we are grateful for the ever blaring radio, L. C. "Pistol Pete" Price, who has yet to miss the butts; J. D. "Flash" Gordon, all the way from Sea School, San Diego, and in the caboose L. W. "Cun'nul" Rich, who has that look which all men have after the love bug gets them. The only one striper in the outfit is Tpr. D. J. "Dead Eye Dick" Bonner, who gave "Pistol Pete" a run for his money in the butt demolition contest recently.

With the possibility that twenty-seven privates will be promoted to Pfes. after the ship goes into commission the men have much to work for.

Since the day the detachment was formed there have been a number of dates set for the commissioning but none have materialized.

We are getting our full quota of guard duty and police work as there are thirteen privates, three corporals and one sergeant on watch every day. With the outfit broken up daily there is no opportunity to go by a schedule and the remainder of the men are out for police work continuously.

During the latter part of April we were at Quantico to fire the range. In the end the results were not perfect but maybe it was the weather. Mr. Wiesman proved to the boys that he could shoot by turning in a score of 322.

The month of April proved to be one which we are glad to know will not be repeated for a year at the least. The annual A&I inspection took place and for some time prior to his visit there was much preparatory work. The same week the yard was honored by a visit from the Asst. Sec. of the Navy, Charles Edison, and the detachment furnished six squads for the guard of honor.

Well, so much for the routine dope and next time I hope to have some information on the commissioning and the possible shakedown cruise.

IT'S A FACT . . . Pvt. "Slugger" Bixby is proudly upholding the position of company clown, as is Pvt. Stahl in caring for the company property . . . Pvt. "Wop" Spina is impatiently waiting for the day when we reach the West Coast and Diego . . . Cpl. "Lenny" Kinsman revealed his love for horses (Hobby) at a local carnival recently . . . Pvt. "Big Time" Bartnicki says he is going to keep quiet for a change (A dollar gets two that he doesn't) . . . Pvt. "Pasgoodnaek" Michalski can give

Astaire plenty of competition in squadroom dancing . . . Cpl. "Tiger" Shaw DOES envy the Swede's Gableic mustache . . . Sgt. Snider was seen in a local "pay as you earn" jewelry store . . . Looks like another man going wrong . . . Our "Bazooka" Burns states that he will soon startle the music loving world with a new contraption whose sole purpose it is to combine swing and rippling rhythm into one . . . Result unknown yet . . .

PRUNE BARGE DOPE

USS *California*

By G. Hoff

We've been to the Islands and nearly back again. What a time we have had! We did a lot of running around—if we weren't dodging a dozen dark-skinned lei-selling maidens, we were pursued by a squad of cab drivers who insisted that we go back to Pearl Harbor immediately. But we found time to snap a few pictures. Probably more pictures were taken of the Hawaiian Village and Diamond Head than any of the other places. However, old King Kamay-a-sopa (or somethin') posed for his share of camera shots. Then, of course, we had to see what made Waikiki Beach and the Tin Roof go 'round.

Fleet problem 6 7/8 is well under way, as we are 'Frisco bound, and it can't end any too soon to suit us. This breaking out at 0230 for G. O. is breaking our hearts. But the mail must go through!

We *California* Marines have been blessed with an abundance of promotions in the last few weeks. T. A. King has added one stripe to his corporal chevrons; Lester V. Shirah, Jesse Frye, and that silver voiced "Battling Bill" O'Keefe are pleased corporals. John Beeler, the Iowa orator from Grinnell, Ross Thelen, Ray Heston, and "Big Boy" Jack M. Davis have helped swell the ranks of Pfc.

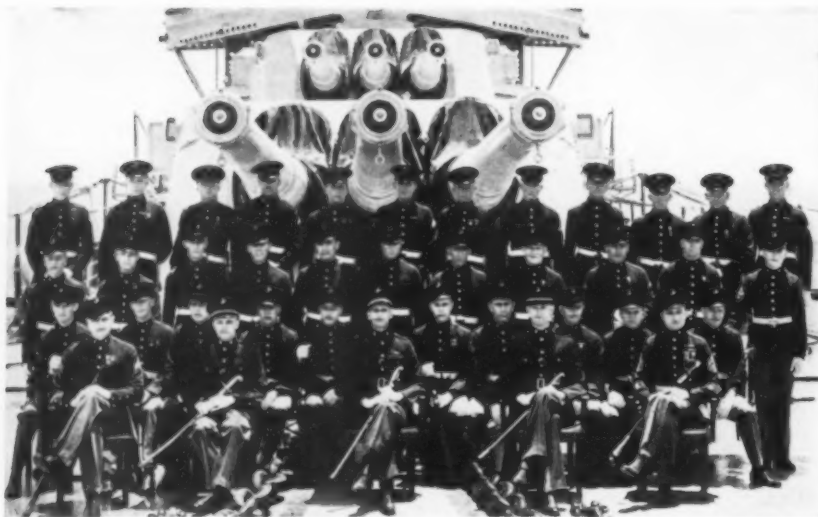
We regret to report that our skipper, Captain J. D. Waller, is getting short. He will leave for Quantico when we hit the States, and will take over the rank of major.

The days are being counted! All hands will stand by for abandon ship liberty party when we again touch the shores of the good old U. S. A. Guess you know we'll be testing—if Annie lives there anymore.

Usually when we ask for leave we keep quiet about it so our buddies won't beat us to it. However, since we left Pearl Harbor we've been invading the sanctity of the Top's office in squad formation. Well, he who deserves shall receive.



AT PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII, MAY 18.



MARINE DETACHMENT—USS NEW ORLEANS

Reading left to right. First row—Sgt. LeR. Craig; Lt. E. A. Law; Capt. W. E. Maxwell (Commanding); Lt. L. M. Ryan; 1st Sgt. B. M. Rowold. Second row—Cpl. W. L. Simpson; Pfc. B. W. Foster; Pvt. H. C. Parsley; Pvt. P. L. Kornhoff; Pfc. H. E. Holmes; Pvt. E. F. Fleckiger; Cpl. A. Merrick; Pfc. R. E. Lamb; Pvt. M. E. Fergot; Pvt. W. T. Grindatti. Third row—Pfc. D. M. Blithen; Pvt. S. F. Hunter; Pvt. C. Jensen; Pvt. L. B. Howard; Pvt. J. Fiasconaro; Pvt. W. A. Metcalf; Pfc. J. H. McNeal; Pvt. K. G. McKinney; Pfc. C. J. Bailey; Cpl. W. W. Finch; Tpr-1cl. L. A. Waters. Fourth row—Pfc. A. T. Harris; Pvt. F. T. Whiffen; Pvt. W. McK. Lay; Pfc. L. J. Harris; Pvt. M. Kasarda; Cpl. J. L. Ptasek; Pvt. L. A. Allen; Asst. Ck. J. F. Bowen; Pfc. D. W. Barnes; Pvt. E. A. Jones; Pvt. H. Busk; Cpl. E. K. Law'or.

Even the most primitive savage responds to music. "Sweet La lani" and "Blue Hawaii" seemed pretty smooth at the Hawaiian Village, but when the band sounded off "California, Here I Come" we blew a fuse. Which goes to prove there's no place like good old home.

Until we show you again in a future issue, here's hoping we all ship over for gun striker in a sub-caliber battalion.

NOMADIC NORA USS Northampton By R. F. Smith

In view of the promise made in our last news item, we will try to pick up where we left off, even though we are still a bit groggy from the effects of Material Condition Baker, Condition II and III watches, General Quarters and Hula dancers.

Our first assignment was convoy for the train. Although we were not in the group making the attack, we got our share of darken ship and condition watches. It is believed that we successfully accomplished our mission.

We then anchored in Lahaina Roads. Only a comparatively small number of men were given liberty, daily, as though no preparation had been made ashore. A large number of the men who did get ashore were seen going to Wailuku, a city located near the mouth of the Iao River. A trip up the Iao valley—a miniature Yosemite valley—is something not to be missed.

After leaving Lahaina Roads we headed North? East? South? West?—you tell us. We must have headed mostly west because we passed the French Frigate Shoals, and my geography shows them located west of the Hawaiian group.

Then the war really started. We were in the attacking force, and our objective was to demolish a defending force and land our troops somewhere on the island of Oahu. Condition watches and darken ship became as common place as going to bed. However, every war must end, so after a "fierce

final engagement" Sail Hipo William was finally hoisted to the yard arm. We then steamed in and moored alongside of the *Astoria* in Pearl Harbor (The Doctor says the Navigator's wrist is slowly getting back to normal. He must have sprained it charting our course).

During our stay in Honolulu, a great many men took advantage of their opportunity to see for themselves the many places they had read or heard about. Many of them were overheard denouncing the guy that spiked their Coca-Cola when they saw the "upside-down" falls for the first time. It is believed that a number of them have a Notary's seal on a statement to the effect that they saw a place where water runs up the side of a cliff. Quite a large amount of money was spent on souvenirs, which, strange as it may seem, were not as expensive as one would imagine.

In spite of the fact that a large number of men were overheard declaring that they were going back to the "Paradise of the Pacific" and go native after they were paid off, it is not hard to believe that all hands were very glad to get back to *Estados Unidos* once more.

Now for a few remarks regarding our detachment. As we expected, Platoon Sergeant Schaeffer was transferred to San Diego for retirement. Our best wishes for a long and pleasant life on the outside, Top!

Platoon Sergeant E. T. English joined us as Schaeffer's relief. He's a regular fellow and knows what it's all about. He says he wishes the ship would do its sea-going on land because everytime the ship rolls one way, his stomach rolls the other way. From the appearance of our schedule, your stomach is due for a lot of rolling, Sarge.

Cpl. Carney and Pfc. Baker were transferred to shore duty after more than three years of sea duty. They were excellent pointers on the Anti-aircraft Battery, and we hope that they are equally successful on

(Continued on page 55)

SARATOGA SCANDAL

With Fleet Problem Eighteen behind us, the Golden Gate Bridge opened to the public, and the grass skirts which were purchased in Hawaii distributed among the current girl friends, the *Saratoga* Marines settled down to some serious "liberty-making" before we blast the old anchor out of the Long Beach mud and point the nose of this pig iron tub into the land of tall fir trees and "goose-ducks" for annual overhaul.

By the time this appears in print the writer will no longer be a member of the *Saratoga's* Marine Detachment, but will be "shoreside" with only a few days to do before tackling the cold, cruel outside.

For whom was the "Top" buying grass skirts in Hawaii? . . . 'Stu bad Iler can't wash up in the office any more. . . . No wonder the First Lieutenant says our Police Sergeant has been drawing too much wax for the decks—notice the new shine on McBurnie's head? . . . Peterson prepared for his homecoming from the cruise by reading all the latest *Whiz Bangs*. . . . Chipps has been very fortunate during the past few months—he has acquired a new wife and some red stripes for his trousers. . . . The Frenchman wants a place to sleep that is eight feet long—that's a lot of bunk. . . . All hands are anxiously waiting for Granath to be transferred from the ship so that they can confer the name of "Yap Yap" on its rightful owner, Morris. . . . Short: "Now, if I was in that office—" . . .

Whitlock wanted to put the red stripes on his khaki. . . . Cirinelli is beginning to recover from that haircut—his head now looks like that of a teddy-bear. . . . Did someone hear Deany say that tailor-made cap frames look snappy? . . . Is Eckberg's middle name Rubinoff? He's been "singing" a lot lately. . . . When Hardy returned from Hawaii he had all the furnishings necessary for his five-room house in his locker. . . . Flash! Texas cowboy falls for Hula Girl—see Hillis for details. . . . Don't feel so badly, House—the *Saratoga* also has a Flag. Walk aft on the flight deck sometime when she's at anchor and see for yourself. . . . Jernigan must keep in touch with his political friends. . . . Lovett certainly is lucky—has one face and a place cleared on top of his head for 'nother one. . . . Wanna buy a suit, Moseiario? . . . Well, Patterson, let's trade horses. . . . When did the NRA go out of business, Strauss? . . . Winge can sew, but he can't cook. . . . Somebody should tell Woods not to put his discarded love letters in the drip can. . . . Flop, flop, little ears—I'll be a trumpet corporal in a few more years. . . . Clinch says you people persist in mussing his hair. . . . What Englishman, whose initial are Colcord, paid eleven dollars for a four-dollar kimono? . . . Pauls made only one mistake—he led with his chin. . . . Johnson, W. F., will give hula lessons to anyone who is interested. . . . Kulcheyki is the Don Juan of Fort Street. . . . Rittenhouse has a quintuplet mustache—and all five hairs are doing nicely. . . . Schaeffer, it costs nothing to think—so long as you don't think aloud. . . . Let's take a few days and go to Dallas again, Snyder. . . . When is our soda fountain cowboy going to get a new pair of spurs?

In closing—this has been a pleasant cruise with all of you. And, I'm deeply grateful for your generous donations toward the purchase of a typewriter and various other articles which will be useful in pursuing my studies during the next four years. So long, fellows.

THE LEATHERNECK



Field day aboard the *Wyoming*.

SILVER SLIVERS USS *Colorado*

By C. R. Weppener

After spending ten eventful days roaming about on the oft dreamed of "Isle of Paradise," the Marines of the USS *Colorado* bid Honolulu "Aloha" and cruised to San Francisco to participate in the opening of the San Francisco Golden Gate Bridge.

The celebration was a true fiesta and included massed flights of naval aircraft, day and night parades of the men from the various ships of the fleet, searchlight displays by the battleships, cruisers and carriers; marine sports and special exhibitions and fireworks.

Following the fiesta the *Colorado* steamed northward to Seattle, Wash., where the first contingent of the ROTC from the U. of W. reported aboard. The second unit was picked up at San Francisco a few days later and the second cruise to the Hawaiian area began.

First Lieutenant Richard P. Ross was detached 1 June, and had been ordered to the MD, USS *Reina Mercedes*, Annapolis, Md., for duty. Lieutenant Ross completed his examination for Captain before being detached.

Captain Max D. Smith has also been listed by the selection board for promotion and will soon take his examination for Major.

Second Lieutenant George W. Killen has reported aboard and will replace Second Lieutenant Norman Van Dam, who will leave the ship for duty with the Fleet Marine Force at San Diego upon completion of examinations.

First Sergeant John A. Burns was transferred from the Recruit Depot Detachment, San Diego, and came aboard 23 February and relieved First Sergeant Arthur Gaines, who retired 1 April, 1937, after twenty years' service in the Marine Corps.

Privates G. T. Fearnough, Charles Gebhardt, K. N. Irwin, R. A. Gunsallus and C. R. Weppener recently received appointments to Private First Class.

Private C. W. Dickerson, USS *Colorado*, and Private W. T. Dameron, MB, Pearl Harbor, made an exchange transfer while the ship was at Pearl Harbor. Dameron was a former member of the detachment and is glad to be back again.

About twenty men were given furlough during the ROTC cruise to make room for
(Continued on page 55)

WYOMING WISDOM

By Doro

Clouds of cigar smoke hid the pipes and cables that decorate the overhead of our present living space, amidships, starboard side on the berth deck. Keeping lockers clean is not one of the problems of the Police Sergeant aboard the *Wyoming*. When the first of June comes along our compartment is vacated for the Midshipmen. The lockers we move out of, as well as the lockers we move into, must be presentable, therein lies the solution of that problem, our lockers are not ours long enough to collect a lot of debris.

But the clouds of cigar smoke come as a result of June promotions. The misfortune of Sergeant Clyde J. Monlezun, he was detained at the Norfolk Naval Hospital and thus missed the 1937 Midshipmen's Cruise, became the good fortune of three of his old shipmates.

"Monny," we all wish you were with us. And we wish you all the good health in the world and hope that you make a speedy recovery.

The transfers of Sgt. Monlezun, Sgt. Riddick, and Cpl. Kincaid, during the month of May, found, as the new sergeants, Walter A. Chesnausky and yours

truly. It found that Privates First Class Emile H. "Charlie" Noble, John "Mike" Mesko, and William E. Harrison had become Corporals. On the same day Privates James L. Jones, Woodrow W. Corbett, Edward B. McNeill, Jr., and Ernest W. Ratliff, took over the heavy and varied duties of Privates First Class. Good going, fellows. It's a dandy start for a trip to Europe. I'm wondering what the Quartermaster will say when he sees this month's gratuitous abstract of clothing issued.

But do you wonder that the non-smokers are gasping for air, and that the place looks like some "Brass-rail" at two o'clock in the morning? It does tend toward a congenial atmosphere.

During the month we were given some good replacements. Pfc. James H. Edmonson, Privates Wallace G. Fleissner, James D. Groover, Jr., Lester D. Hill, and Paul A. Nash have joined us. Private Michael Nebesni, fresh from the Quantico Radio School, is the detachments newest member. Welcome to the *Wyoming*.

In a few hours we will be underway (We will be on our way from Germany to Athens, Greece, when this reaches you). We finish up the famous Annapolis June-Week by carrying many of the participants away. The future admirals put on a show that is worth seeing.

The participants (mentioned last month) in the tonsilectomy came off well. I know whereof I speak, they took mine too. After a family history review, a respiration, pulse, and blood count, an uncomfortable chair—looks like a barbers chair—surrounded by an array of instruments of torture, was shown us. Then the doctor went to work.

Injections of procaine, or cocaine—whatever it is called, it raised Cain—were made to numb the entire throat, and tongue. The tools, big enough to trim a tree, pushed down the throat sounded like a dull knife cutting potatoes. For no reason at all the whole chair seemed to shake, but it was only my knees causing the vibration by knocking against each other, and another operation had been performed.

The stay at the hospital was pleasant. I've not a single unkind thought for the Nurses, the Corpsmen, or the Hospital. I was surprised at the consideration, efficiency, and attractiveness of the Ward Nurse. I didn't expect so much pulchritude in a Naval Hospital Ward.



The *Wyoming* with a bone in her teeth.



Wyoming Marines at San Clemente Island.

We even established a rare friendship with a number of gray squirrels who have built their homes in the sycamores and elms that make the hospital surroundings so pleasant. Peanuts built the friendships.

The Information Booklet telling of the Cruise Ports promises us many interesting old-world scenes.

ROAMING GATOR

USS *Pensacola*

By R. W. Taylor

There has been about 3 years since the *Pensacola* has had a news item in THE LEATHERNECK. Therefore we have come to the conclusion that it is time for this ship to be represented in our monthly magazine.

We are happy to have as our genial skipper Captain J. A. Stuart. I do not think a finer C.O. can be found any place in the Marine Corps. We have as our junior officers 2nd Lt. E. M. Mallory and 2nd Lt. B. D. Godbold. Lieutenant Mallory will leave us soon for flight training in Pensacola. We take this time to wish him success in his new job.

First Sgt. Whipple D. Thomas is the Detachment First Sergeant. He is an old Haitian campaigner and still says that it is the best duty he has ever done. Why is it that every time that our Platoon Sgt. Donald (Duck) Morgan comes up to the Marine compartment all hands get him a soap box. Donald says if he could not talk life would not be worth living. That point of view I will have to agree with on that subject.

We have as our store room keeper Sgt. Charles W. Dean who has high hopes of leaving us soon. The best of luck to you, Charles. I hope you can make it. Sgt. Wyatt McDowell joined us while we were at the Navy Yard in Mare Island. Best wishes for a good tour of duty.

We are sorry to say that we have just lost Cpl. Clyde W. Shealy, who was transferred to FMF in San Diego. Cpl. (Admiral Poly Pony Buster) Ratliff says he has the finest of horses in San Bernardino Valley that any man could want. He also has a couple of full Arabians in his stable. Ratliff came aboard in March, 1933, and has had a continuous tour of duty. The detachment's clerk is one of the Massachusetts aristocracy and none other than Cpl. Richard W. Sinclair.

We welcomed aboard Pfc. Ritter from

Mare Island just before leaving on maneuvers. Also just in time to sew on another stripe a few weeks later. What Pfc. from Louisiana they came no dumber than him? Yet the first of June he sews on another stripe. How about it Cpl. Samuel R. Stewart?

Why does Pfc. Sammy W. (Boot Clatter Ears Sheik) Bradford always slay the women that he meets? Maybe it is that southern accent. Pfc. John J. Quinn who has been aboard since March, 1933, says he could not put her in commission but he sure could place her out of commission. What is that great love gleam that we see in our Asst. Ck. Water Tight Fulghum eyes for Tacoma?

The remaining Pfes. of our detachment are James (Pop) Shivers, Lloyd (Champ) Price, Alfred (Killer) Shield, John (Maxie Hev Sister) Forger, Eugene (Whiskey Brains) Spear, Leslie L. Parker, and our two new additions the first of June, Roy Kardell, and none other than Elmer (Dog Stevie Stan) Underwood.

What is this great power that our Tpr. Cpl. Jack Faulkner has over smiling Frankie Gordon in L. A.? Everytime that he sees our famous Faulkner his smile turns to frown and scowling look. He is now considering on taking him in as a partner in his business to stop his worries over him.

Now that maneuvers are over we are finally back to the States again. We arrived here in Frieso on the 28th of May and just in time to open the Golden Gate Bridge. This will make the second bridge that this fair city has opened in the past seven months. It is now having a gala fiesta in celebration of the marvel that they have and it is worth a fiesta, as it is the largest single span in the world.

At this point I bring to conclusion this eye view of the *Pensacola* Detachment. Until next month I bid you adieu.

SEA APACHES

USS *Arizona*

By James M. Glass

Many moons have passed over the bow since these pages have carried the "Mummerings of an *Arizona* Madman"—so—"Here's to giving our avid followers (those who can read) a few choicy morsels to digest, censor and perhaps find undeleatably, veraciously close, 'ter home."

(The more it hurts the better they like it for censorship is the outlet valve and only the sure requisite of happiness. Did I say censorship or griping?—same difference no how).

Way back on May 1, 1937, the *Arizona* Marines, with eager gleams in their eyes, with strong backs, n' with nimble brains and willing hands turn to all day rolling light marching orders, cleaning mess gear and checking rifles in preparation of being an asset and model company in the maneuvers that launched the *Arizona*. Tennessee, Oklahoma, and Barracks detachment Marines against Fort Lewis' thousands May 2nd. Here's the picture—we were on our way up Puget Sound, "At 'Em" all night—the b-r-r-r in the air and the thrill of the realistic conditions of this particular mimic war kept us awake, alert and anxious to leave the line of departure—at a predetermined point we changed our tugs for landing boats, (Blam! that was Pugh falling in the boat). We reached the line of departure imagining the crashing of our own imaginary cruiser's projectiles overhead as they lay the perfect imaginary barrage—the zero hour arrived; we left—crouched below the gunwale, pieces loaded and locked as all boats sped toward the beach—the boats scraped bottom—a terse command was given. (Blam. Splash! that was Pugh falling out of the boat.) We were all out and headed for the beach through chilling wet water that failed to dampen our initiative—in a perfect line of deployment we started up the beach over sand, a railroad track, through gas and underbrush and up the hill right for the Army—when t'was seen we meant business the Army had one of their buglers call us off through the medium of "Recall"—who won?—one of Seattle's larger papers gave us a decided victory and far be it from me to contradict anyone's word or decision on anything. Anyway it was a gala day and fun was had by all so let us move on to other notable deeds, accomplishments and happenings.

None of which is more noteworthy than the advancement of men. In giving you these I almost give you the muster roll for not one of the "eligibles" failed to swing the scythe (razors to youse guys), and make hay when the sun shone. To Ex-Pfts. Kolling, Miller, Gabbert, Howes, Frost, Conley, Shealy, Holcomb, Johnson and McFadden we extend congrats and must admit your new Pfc. stripes fit perfectly. Our new corporals, Perry and Christopher, not only obtained their stripes but attained the rate with the warmest regards and good wishes of all the detachment which is something—orchids to you. The sergeant "polish" was filled by the invincible Cpl. Yoder who can fill it and fulfil it ably. The best warrant of all is a confirmed warrant, isn't it Cpl. Smith and we're with you, for you. To all our new non-coms we extend bouquets of Forget-me-nots which have orchids beat by a mile, and remember, forget-us-not for you too once were just—one of the fellows.

Gy. Sgt. Blalock of late has a flair for pipes. Methinks he is just snapping in for the life of a retired gentleman of leisure. The *Arizona* will never have a better Gunny; I was once a gun-striker and ought'a know.

Time not only marches on, it also changes the order of things in spite of the seeming stability of it all. The biggest change in the last few months in our circle was the transferring of two of our Marine Officers, Captain Dodge and Second

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Tropical Topics

GUANTANAMO BAY

By Farmer

As this is being written all hands are looking forward to the last leg in our current soft ball tournament.

The first leg went off with a bang, team 3 showing 1,000 per cent with the other three teams showing 333 per cent. This leg consisted of only twelve games.

The second leg, just completed, was won by team 1 winning 4 and losing 2. Teams 3 and 4 tied while team 2 carried away bottom honors.

Each team was composed of some twenty men including five pitchers. Pitchers had to be rotated in their respective order and no team allowed to use but two pitchers per game. This arrangement kept the ringers from having the series in the bag.

The third, and I think the final, leg of this tournament gets underway in June with 18 games to be played. Of course each team will be cut down to 15 men each and no substitutions allowed. This should be a hard played series for the prize is at stake.

During the month very few changes have taken place. Pvt. T. E. (Cotton Picker) Barr has relieved Pfc. J. M. Brown as Post farmer. Brown is due to return to the States in June and hopes that he will finally arrive in the old home State, South Carolina. Brown has been a good farmer and knows his hogs.

Last month we wrote that Captain L. S. Hamel reverted back to his Boyhood occupation, that of farmer, but he did not remain long for he had departed from our midst to attend school at Quantico. Captain (Post Exchange) McKelvy, Jr., is now, in addition to his other duties, Post Recreation Officer. We hope the captain is a good farmer as well as Post Exchange Officer.

Chief Pay Clerk Dee is assisting Captain McKelvy, in that he is Athletic Officer. He will have a job on his hands keeping mass athletics in progress and trying to satisfy the many whims of our erstwhile athletes.

Our picture of Guantanamo, which appears in the June issue was greatly appreciated by all hands. This month we are publishing not "the one that got away, but the one that was actually landed and pleasing to the palates of all hands.

Well, here is good-bye to May and a welcome to June and June brides. Sorry but we will have no brides as they are not, as yet, in season in this part of Cuba.

WITH THE GUAM MARINES

By Argent

From the "almost forgotten land" with the low ceiling, whispering palms, beautiful women and never-to-be-forgotten sunsets, we send a bit of Marine gossip:

With the beginning of the range season the first of April, *fanijis* and Guam eagles were ousted from their cozy nests in shooting blouses and the usual procedure for obtaining all the comforts of home on the range was soon under way. As usual the heavy rain began with the first day on the

range, although it does let up a bit in the afternoons and actually ceased completely one Sunday—for a short while. The range is in especially good condition this season and as everyone seems to be in an ambitious mood we expect to have a "tol'able" number of the qualifications that make you smile—when you make 'em.

The first platoon gave a dance the second of this month and it was quite a success. It's the first we've had here on the post for some time and appreciation of it was evident. Plat. Sgt. "Buck" Neville, Sgt. Lange and Cpl. "Here's the dope" Stevens were in charge and they, with the rest of the First Platoon, deserve plenty of



A 160-pound Jew Fish hooked by Asst. Cook Loxas at Guantanamo Bay.

credit. A few specialty numbers as novel as they were good, added to the gaiety of the evening. We are now curious to see if the Second Platoon can put on a better one in the near future.

"Abie" Akers, our radio operator par-ex, has just moved into his new "home" and having re-installed all equipment informs us that everything is working even better than expected. "Abie" says (in that "from the South" way of his) that he is being bothered a little bit by static, but we didn't think he'd be able to get rid of Charlie Earsom so we hope he can bear up under the strain. I fear Charlie is too consistent a reader of *Esquire*.

Congratulations are in order for three men of this command who received warrants for promotion last month, with the following net results: Sgt. J. J. Humkey, Cpl. J. E. Liggett and Pfc. H. I. Aunsbach. Little more can be said than that we were glad to see them make the grade.

Since the cessation of baseball season, athletics are considerably varied—everything

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VOICE OF COCO SOLO

Canal Zone

Since the last time our friends in the States heard from our Detachment in the columns of *THE LEATHERNECK*, we have grown to be quite an outfit. The old Marine Barracks has just overflowed and the surplus men had to find bunk room elsewhere. One of the Navy barracks was used and the men up there in old "No. 2" are making themselves right at home and everything has been looking shipshape. Among our guests are the men due for transfer to the newly established detachment at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Balboa, C. Z. The Special Service Squadron has had quite a number of their men stationed here for further transfer to the ships of that outfit or men due for transfer to the U. S.

The rainy season has just set in proper and it was just the other night that the movie goers were given an extra helping of Panamanian H₂O. There was plenty of howling and weeping and one of our men was heard to say, "They ought to make swimming trunks uniform for the show." Though there is plenty of showers the detachment has managed to dodge the showers and get in quite a bit of drill.

The basketball season is upon us once more since the rainy season has started and the old soft and hardball fields are about deserted. This year it is expected that the Marines will have an outstanding basketball team of their own. We have imported a few players from Quantico, including Pmts. Gleason, Pawlowicz and Gennaro and in this last detail that just arrived here there seems to be quite a bit of material.

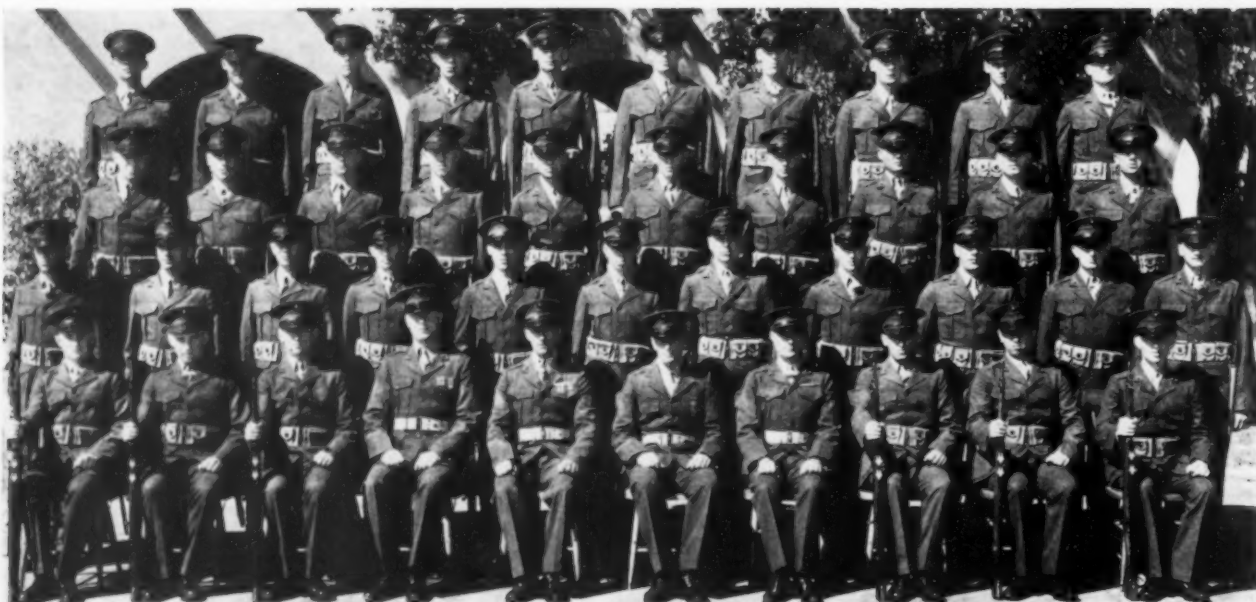
Though there are few horses in Panama, we still have those old farm hands that can swing a mean shoe, and naturally, we had to have our own horse shoes made here on the base. What horses we do have here, by the way, are Kentucky Hill-billies that wear no shoes. Well, anyway, there was a horse shoe pitching tournament staged here and Pvt. Lusecomb and Pfc. Selby were right in there pitching for the Marines. Just like old times, eh, boys? Pvt. Linder was a "mule skinner" at Parris Island but he turned to mess cooking of late so the lure for his old sport is no longer with him.

Pvt. Rogers, the Detachment Clerk, and Pvt. Crill, the honorable Boy Scout Leader and Bus Guard, held the winning ticket when it came time for rates. They will have you know they are Privates First Class but, what, no cigars?

First Sergeant A. W. Kessler, the First Sergeant of the Marine Detachment, N.A.D., Balboa, C. Z., has been with us for a while but is now on Detached Duty at Balboa, C. Z., with a few of his men. He is getting things shipshape for the establishing of that Post before very long. Capt. A. H. Butler will be the Commanding Officer of that Detachment.

On 10 May, 1937, the Marine Corps lost a well-known friend. Sgt. Maj. Joseph K. Roberts was transferred to Class II (d), Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, and has left us for El Salvador, C. A.

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Platoon 11, San Diego; instructed by Sgt. F. J. Iversen, Sgt. J. F. Travis, Cpl. E. C. McVittie, and Cpl. M. Hill.

WEST LOCH LOCHUS

N.A.D. West Loch; Oahu, T. H.

By J. J. Logan

After years of peaceful seclusion in our little home way out here amongst the cane fields and the Alegobra trees, a spirit has risen to communicate with the rest of you guys and gals. With this intent in mind we think we have enough news to fill a couple of pages—and our history—Oh, volumes and volumes!

To begin with we'll tell you all about our little home in the west—way, way out west. A long ride through the waving cane brings us out to the little town of Waipahu—that's where we spend a lot of our time—and picturesque?—Oh, yes, natives in their printed calico dresses—model 1910 Fords—tropical hats—little shops where you can buy Saimen—pretty little Japanese girls—some big ones, too. A short drive over a country road where prevails the quiet somnolent peacefulness of a Sunday afternoon back home—and then—West Loch—that's where we live! Pretty?—picture an old southern mansion set in the middle of a grand green lawn—and a big lazy river out in front—that's it!! Only our mansion isn't big—it's only a one-story piece of advanced architecture—and the big lazy river is only an arm of the bay—but heck, it looks like a river!

And inside it's even more like a country home—hospitality and everything. Johnny the cook, and helper Steele see that these boys are well fed and happy. That's their job—to keep the boys happy. Mr. Lundt, he's got another job—he's got to keep the boys contented—and that he does, mates—with Sgt. Jacoby, as top-helper he succeeds very well. Then there's McKee—he's got a job, too, Mae does the work around the poultry yard—the chickens like him—except the rooster that he court-martialed and put in solitary confinement last week for getting fresh—When it comes down to it, all the guys around here have jobs that keep them occupied:—Cavasos and Cpl. Walters make the flowers grow, they've made a dandy hedge around the place—looks like a rich man's home now—Anderson and Miller, they

run the firebarn—Ball, he's head truck driver—Cpl. Olson sells shoestrings and beer in his canteen—Cpl. Hockenberry does the gardening—nice garden, too—Knock, the bugler, is the boy that wakes us up in the morning—Oliver and Jensen cox'n and engineer the boats—Corkran, head photographer and photo developer—and then there's Pixler (Kayo, we call him)—he can do anything, truck driver, gardener, painter—he'd be a good man to have around, girls!

And you ought to see our volley ball teams—they're good! The Possum Faces and the Grey Backs—we play Tennis, too, and Softball—and in the evenings there's bridge, Acy-ducy, and pool. Did we say anything about the swimming parties?—no we didn't—and that's something to mention—you should see those Wahines jump in the water with all their clothes on—that's really sump'n'. Jennings and Wee Willie Wilson, who just made Corporal, by the way, are the fishing experts—you should see them spear fish in the true Kanaki fashion!

We can't say anything about Turner and Johnny Milet because they're out at the rifle range and it wouldn't be fair to talk behind their backs, but they're good guys, too. Lyshan and Corkran just came from the range—and with sharpshooter medals no less. And the newcomers out here—we've got lots of newcomers—Let's see there's Private Hano, Hitler, the one-eyed cat, a whole flock of little chicks down at the farm and then Blackie the dog-mascot of the place sneaked away the other day and brought back a bunch of little mascots.

Zuback, he's the guy that carries the red flag in one hand, a sickle in the other and yells "Viva Utopia"—and Breneman, and Frye—they're the sheiks of the post—good lookers, the ladies say—but it's Widmer the girls all know as "Bennie."

Ardent Arnold is the main letter-getter around here—he says she's good looking, too—but the genius of the place is Johnnie Dearing—you should see that boy run up the bridge and pool scores—he's a champ. Stewart's a champ, too—he holds the record of being the youngest Marine.

Now that you know all the guys mebbe

next time we'll tell on 'em; but then that wouldn't be fair, would it? Somebody might read this column and then the boys would feel bad.

Johnny the cook just came in with the news that supper was about to be served—roast veal, candied sweet potatoes, iced tea, peas and carrots—and he says we'll have cherry pie, too—Boy! Say who was that guy that said, "Go West Loch, young man, go West Loch"?

HONOLULU NEWS

By C. E. S.

On June 5, Col. John R. Henley will be relieved of command at the Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor Navy Yard, Honolulu, T. H., by Col. Roger W. Peard. Colonel Henley will sail from here that date on the SS *Lurline* to San Francisco. From there he will travel across the States to take command of the Marine Barracks, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Virginia. Col. Andrew B. Drum will sail from San Francisco aboard the SS *Lurline* June 15 and will arrive the 22nd to take over the command here. The officers and men are sorry to see Colonel Henley leave. We hope he will have as good a tour of duty in Portsmouth as he had here.

When the fleet sailed away she took with her Sgt. John J. Kasperek who was relieved by Sgt. "Dupe" Dupler, stationed aboard the USS *Saratoga*. For five years Dupler was one of the leading blocking backs and linemen of the coast. Playing with the Marine Corps Base, San Diego last season, he was one of the best offensive players on the "Sara" and Coach Jean Neil will welcome him with open arms. We expect big times from you next football season, Dupler.

Sgt. J. H. Neil is back with us after a two months stay at the Naval Hospital and we are sure glad to see you again, "Cheesy." Neil is assisting Coach Ray Sadler with the baseball squad. His fighting spirit has lifted the moral of the squad considerably. The Marines haven't lost a game since his return.

Cpl. "Dousey" Baker is again back to duty after a two-week stay at the hospital undergoing a minor operation. At present he is stationed at Puuloa Point Rifle Range and he says he likes the duty fine.

Cpl. C. E. Johnson was relieved as Fire Chief and is at present property sergeant of the Barracks Detachment. He relieved Cpl. Richard Crietz who thinks he will like a few months in the States before being discharged. We'll miss Crietz for he is a fine soldier and a great conversationalist. Don't forget to throw that lei over the side for then we'll know you'll be coming back.

Cpl. Raymond was promoted to sergeant last month and is now the non-com in charge of the Old Naval Station. It's a well earned promotion. We all enjoyed the beer. Pfc. M. C. Hansen and Pfc. E. A. Sieber of the Navy Yard Patrol were promoted to corporal and are now doing duty in the line with Company B. Pfts. Richard Eme and John W. Burns were also dealt in when the last warrants were given out. They now wear the one stripe of Pfc. Congratulations to you all!

The post band was kept busy when the whole Scouting Force and Battle Force Marines paraded on our parade ground every day during their stay at the Navy Yard. Many acquaintances were reopened over a cigarette during the rest periods between formations, when the men of the barracks met those of the Fleet.

VO SQUADRON 9M, FMF

Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, Virgin Is.
By VO-9M

May has been a month of changes for VO-9M. We have changes in faces, changes in chevrons on arms, changes in weather and even have been notified that there will be a change in the designation of the squadron on the first of July. The flight order men will become scouts instead of observers.

On the first day of May, Leslie H. Row, aviation carpenter, and Harry L. O'Hey, plumber and diesel engineer, were promoted to Staff Sergeant. Eugene J. Bracci, crew chief, was given a Sergeant's warrant and Ross E. Varnum, parachute man, and T. G. Rose, of propeller fame, became corporals. R. L. Jonasson and G. D. Poitras, the former of the RD crew and the latter an armorer, were made Pfts.

Among the specialists we have Roy Wise, police sergeant, to third class from fourth, G. D. "Windy" Moon to fourth class. Moon, by the way, was in charge of the garage during the time this squadron was waiting for the new men after the old had long gone. John Stinson, coxswain of the VO-9M navy, went to fourth from fifth, while C. W. Horton and "Mike" Bogucki were both rated fifth. All of these promotions were well deserved and the cigars were all very fine.

On the fifth of the month, all of the old VO-9Mers went back to the States with the exception of six. They sailed at midnight aboard the *Catherine*, which now stands as a symbol of contact with the outside world to the Marines down in this neck of the woods. Most of the VO-9M was out to wish them *bon voyage*, and the only hitch in the affair was the fact that the remaining outfit had to get off the boat and watch it sail away. Well, we'll be looking over the fantail one of these days too.

On the eleventh, twenty-five men reported in from Quantico as replacements for the men that went back. We hope they enjoy their tour of duty at this post, at the gar-

den spot of the West Indies, the Gem of the Caribbean, St. Thomas.

During the interval between the old and the new, many of the shops were inactive, having no personnel. There were two men in the garage for the trucks, none in the photo lab, ditto for the prop shop, and there was no key turning for the armory. Most of the activity for that week was on the construction projects at Bourne Field. However, with the new men here, and now pretty well acquainted with every-

thing, all the departments are back to normal.

QM-Sgt. John S. Hale was transferred to the Reserves on the sixth of May, and is now in St. Croix, where he is a director of the C.C.C. outfit. He visits St. Thomas and the Marines quite often and looks like a Rear Admiral with all those ornaments on his collar. Hale spent twenty years in the Corps, Nicaragua, sea-going, and various other places in this world. He seems to

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HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 2nd MARINE BRIGADE, FMF

HEADQUARTERS HAPPENINGS

By Poche

SINCE our last appearance in THE LEATHERNECK our company has changed considerably. Colonel Floyd, Major Craig, Major Robinson, Captain Coffman and Pay Clerk Jones were detached. Colonel Floyd and Pay Clerk Jones to Headquarters Marine Corps, Majors Craig and Robinson to Quantico and Captain Coffman to Cavite. First Sergeant Mullen who had been with this company for a year and nine months was transferred to Pearl Harbor, T. H., where we hope he will have a swell tour of duty. "Good Luck" Top.

Promotions and furloughs were many. Privates that were promoted to Privates First Class are: Graham (the two months' wonder with the rifle, and incidentally a recommendation for private rifle instructor to Heintz who falls down at three hundred yards rapid-fire, so I have been told), Harris, our flag waver of the dit dah ciphers, Hardin, commonly referred to as "High Gear" Homer, and Roberts of baseball playing ability. Cpl. Altfather, Pfc. Hardin, and Pfc. "Eddit" Bates were among the lucky ones to get the much wanted furloughs. "Eddie" went to Wiggins, Miss., and "Homer" went to Noo Ahweens, Louzianna.

Among the numerous joinings from the 1st Battalion 6th Marines were: Pfc. McKee, Pfts. Black, Koller, Mitsitis, Saucier and from Mare Island, Pvt. Apodeca.

At the rifle range at La Jolla, where everyone in the first detail enjoyed himself for a period of three weeks, Old Sol beamed down to give many of the fellows sun-tans and of course "sun-reds" too. Pvt. Hanson got it in a spot that made it hard for him to sit down in comfort and partake of his repast of those delicious beans that were part of the "three squares" a day. "Tender" luck, Hanson. Platoon Sergeant Nelson lead the Company scoring with a "measly" 328 followed by "Tender" Hanson with a beer winning score of 324. All in all we managed to garner 6 Experts, 15 Sharpshooters, and 9 Marks-

men out of 31 men having fired. Darn good I calls it.

Shots at Random

Pfc. John Ottis O'Sullivan Poochie Speedy Coe, of the Royal Order of Turtles, taking exercise to reduce his too prominent bay-window. Nice going, John.

Pvt. Cantwell walking like a cowboy after seeing a horse for the first time in his life. It seems that he is acquiring an English sense of humor due to the amount of laughs he gets after rendering his idea of a really comical joke. Teeee Heeee.

Rhody Payne 'fessin up that he bought a key chain for himself to play with when Cantwell (of horse fame) asked to play with it. Wot nex? Tsk. Tsk.

Buckley taking off to Los Angeles to see his "Heart's Desire." Hunt running him a close second.

Jeffries doing a dansant captioned the "Donald Duck." Whoops, mi deah. Reilly (my pal) attending Mass of his own "free will."

Graham catching a fish so-o-o long (Extending up, to his "shiny chevron"). He says he is going to hang a couple of sacks of "twist your owns" where everyone can roll one on him (such unselfishness, can you spare it?).

Well, it is time to knock off so will see you next time. Adios.

H.Q. COMPANY, 1ST BN., 6TH MARINES

This month finds us at the Rifle Range with the rest of the 1st battalion and from the predominating attitude, everyone seems more or less glad for this annual opportunity to demonstrate his skill with the rifle. With those extra dollars for an inducement along with the fun we derive therefrom, such a feeling isn't without foundation.

Then, too, our stay here at the range brings us within close contact of the nice benches of La Jolla. One particularly with which practically every Marine who has seen much duty in San Diego is familiar with due to the generous amount of secluded freedom which it affords. Our pri-

vate beach we call it . . . or has it another schriquet? At any rate it's a grand place to swim and bask in the sun, even though the precipitous cliffs surrounding it does render it rather difficult to reach. No need to say that we're looking forward to a pleasant thirty-one days here with very little skepticism.

Headquarters Company takes this opportunity to submit to you, the reader, another of those peculiar coincidences which occasionally takes place within the ranks and which we believe is great fun to note. Robert Ripley might use this one in his Believe It or Not script.

Privates George Little and Robert Short are the two tallest men in Headquarters Co., both men exceeding six feet in height. If names could possibly influence a person's growth accordingly, we agree that this would certainly be an exception to the rule.

So that a portion of our noncommissioned officers would fill the capacity for line coaches when the remainder of us fire, they came to the range several weeks before we did and now—as per usual after a group has shot for record—tales of woe and a few of exuberance are being told. The case of Sgt. Travis Shaw, for example, who tells us that he will live to top the three-forty mark. Now, if it hadn't been for that thirty-nine at two-hundred offhand a few days ago. . . . Especially after getting two possibles and three forty-nines. Some people just refuse to be discouraged with a mere expert score. You have our sympathies, however, Travis. Perhaps next time your ambition will be realized. You too, Sgt. Kummerer; fran of da peoples.

So much for Headquarters Company this month.

CO. A, FIRST BATTALION 6TH MARINES

By "Fergie"

Since the transfer of "Two-Bits" Kohn to MB. NAD., Oahu, T. H., whistles don't blow so long or so hard and we doubt if we ever find another Gy-Sgt. who can blow a whistle like "Two-Bits." His transfer

left us without a reporter so don't expect any great stuff from an amateur.

There have been a number of transfers, both into and out of this company, since our last report. Gy-Sgt. J. F. Kuhn and nine "Asiatie" privates joined us shortly after the Hendy Mary hit Mare Island. For the information of other "Asiaties" who missed us, they are: Privates L. F. McMillan, A. J. Petokas, H. W. Riggs, Wm. B. Colton, D. M. Langston, B. C. Potter, R. L. Scott and J. W. Durfee. We lost our popular Top-Kick, W. R. Hooper, to MBNY, Mare Island. Sgt. Wm. Wallace, Jr., and R. W. Stansbury shoved off to the Far East, while Privates A. A. Cianeanelli, Jonath Dick, and Wm. A. Smith departed for that lost Paradise of the Pacific (Guam), where the days are the sunniest and the men get the balmiest. Ah, for a good drink of "tuba" and a brown skinned maiden sitting beside me on a sandy beach. Let Omar Khyam take his "jug of wine, a loaf of bread and thou," and go sit in the wilderness, while the Marines sing "There's no place like Guam."

We had the pleasure of a three-week visit from Lt. James E. Mills and we regretted very much to see him get transferred so soon after joining us. Our loss is the gain of the Tenth Marines. We are also about to lose our Commanding Officer, Captain R. D. McAfee. He has been with us a long time and his popularity is well deserved. What this Marine Corps needs is not a good cigar but more men like the officers we have had for the past several months.

Examinations for promotion came off last week and it is the "straight dope" that one Private Walter J. Baranski slept with his Marines' Handbook three nights before the crisis. Good luck, "Bran." That noise out on the parade ground which sounded like an old time drill Sergeant was none other than "Wimpie" Wamscott taking the last part of the examination.

"Rusty" Mattson says that the next time he wants to make a speech in a dance hall he will use a soap box and get the

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COMPANY B, FIRST BATTALION, 6TH MARINES

After much snapping in at the Base for the rifle range, the Company finally arrived at the La Jolla range amid a cloud of dust preparatory to firing the course.

Now is the time for all good men to take out the rifle and bear down for a "One hundred per cent qualification, and the old smoke pole is going to put many of the gang in the money this year, as this outfit takes only the best of the bestest. Yea man; hold 'em and squeeze 'em is the motto of these FMF'ers. Watch our smoke for a good shooting.

Semi-finals for the base championship in the heavyweight class were taken by our "Battling B" champ Csandadi who took all the honors with flying colors. In the finals our champ took the count in the first round with a K. O., but in the future we expect Csandadi to take all the titles in the heavyweight class.

Once more Lieutenant Cain Joins Co. B after a sojourn in the hospital recovering from an injured hip.

Did we say that we have lots of news to talk about? Well this is our off day as the news reporter for this outfit was left in the lurch and the gang had very little to lay on our editor's desk. But as we ramble along and say much about nothing we shall start the next issue off with a bang with more news and all the dope for all hands.

Scoop on the deadline. We have in our midst new additions for Company B, among the newly arrived are Pfe's G. W. Clark, C. M. Leevce, T. R. Vandermark; Privates G. D. Henwood, B. J. Kerbleski, R. C. Thacker, C. D. Hertlein.

To Mess Sgt. Giddens who is on his way to Mare Island we say "Best of Luck." And for Cpl. Meek who is on his way to Guam, bon voyage, may your duty be of the best.

COMPANY C, FIRST BATTALION, 6TH MARINES

The ratings came thick and fast during the last month and we have now promoted



Platoon 12, San Diego; instructed by Sgt. G. R. Ingersoll, Sgt. J. A. Tillas, Cpl. C. E. Brickle, and Cpl. F. R. Deal.

to sergeants J. T. Elliott and Hans Johnson. As Corporals there are D. I. Bengs, J. B. Smith, and A. K. Fine; while C. B. Reid, C. P. Trexler, M. P. Fenton, and Berry Phillips are the new Privates First Class.

The company has left the warm conveniences of the Base, and are freezing to death by degrees at the rifle range. They have just completed firing the B.A.R.'s for record; and out of twenty there were nineteen experts. Pistol qualifications are to be fired in the coming week; thus the reason why the shooters are praying for their luck to hold out.

There are joined from Mare Island, Cpls. Percy Wilson, and J. C. Terrel, which brings the non-com. quota up nearer normal. There have also been examinations in order to replace and reconstruct the promotion lists that were well plumbed on the last siege. The fellows here were deathly afraid of losing Sgt. Sam Bashekin to the USS *Oklahoma*; but due to an unusual exhibition of high pressure salesmanship, "Sammy" is to remain with us indefinitely.

Pvts. R. H. Rear, George Hosenberg, and C. A. Brown are on the local track team and have to leave the range at various times to run for the Marine Corps colors against competing schools and colleges. Duty at the range is a snap if we only could get acclimated. This tapers all the dope off for this month so until next month. *Semper Fidelis.*

COMPANY D, FIRST BATTALION, 6TH MARINES (William J. Gunst)

Here we go to press again with more news and knocks than you can put in a seabag. First of all let me tell you that Fred Astaire has little or nothing over "Can't Handle It" Weisenberger. Yes sir, there isn't a night out of the week that Weezy isn't waltzing around the barracks with a pillow in his arms and a "How to Dance in Ten Easy Lessons" book in his hand. He says that when he has finished his ninth lesson he is going down town to Ratliffs or the Parris Inn and snow them under.

Loose-Ears Rose the fighting guidon for D Co. has had his usual share, in fact more than his share of bull throwing for the month. But do you think that he has stopped? Heck no, he is just like an old timer's locker-box you can always put just a little bit more into it.

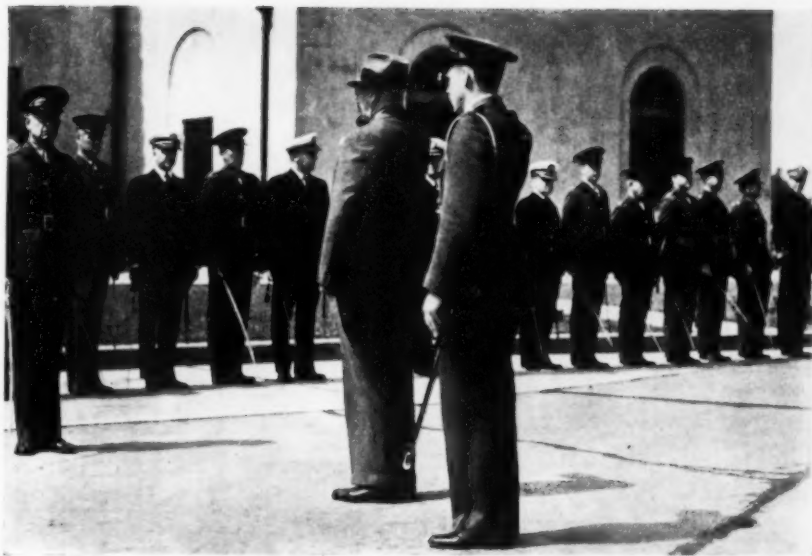
Cpl. Harry Kuhns joined this company from Mare Island recently, and at the same time that Kuhns joined up, Orval Raymond from the USS *Chicago* and Lawrence Robinson formerly of the Cas. Co. at the San Diego Base also were put on this company's rolls.

Private Mustard Jacks tangled with a pair of bum tonsils and had to have them yanked out. It was sometime before we had Jacks back with us, but we are glad to say that he is again pulling a machine gun cart with rare form.

"Stepin Fetchit" Sproule is at the present engaged in the line of work at which he excels, namely, pressing blankets. Sproule says that he is not really tired but that he is just waiting and resting so that he will be in good condition when opportunity knocks at his door.

Of promotions there has been plenty in the last month or so. To start the list Gerald Carr made Ass. Cook then along came Hal Lindfelt with a promotion to Pfc. Instead of having the following men

(Continued on page 53)



Goodbye salute to Brigadier General Douglas C. McDougal when he relinquished his commands of the Fleet Marine Force and the Marine Corps Base at San Diego on 18 May.

CRIST FROM THE SECOND BATTALION MILL

WITH the exception of a few promotions, life has been going on very quietly in this battalion during the past month. Preparations for an excursion to the rifle range and Camp Kearney this summer are taking up all the available time and men snap in at the slightest provocation. The battalion has completed grenade firing and bayonet qualification with an exceptionally high percentage. If the men do as well on the range, we might set an all time high for qualifiers.

Sergeant Major "Petey" Owens is still receiving the congrats of his numerous friends on the base for having received the ultimate reward of a hard-working Marine—that of promotion to the first pay grade. The sergeant major is one of the most popular men in the Corps and it is a pleasure to see him get ahead.

Gunnery Sergeant Ward A. Rolfe is another well-liked man in the battalion who has been promoted within the past few days. He, too, has compiled an enviable service record since the war and deserves his promotion.

Second Lieutenant Weber, now commanding G Company, had a nice trip when he received orders to Guam, started for Frisco, and then had the police of thirteen counties looking for him to notify him that his orders had been revoked. While on the subject may we be permitted to digress for a moment and pay a little tribute?

The writer happened to be in the office when the orders detaching Mr. Weber were received. He had about forty-eight hours in which to get ready, sell his car, and pack his household goods. Very calmly he picked up a telephone and told his wife all about it. When she received the news, nary an objection did she raise, but went about getting ready as quickly as possible. We certainly take off our

hat to the wives of the officers and enlisted men who can take this bouncing around the world with the greatest of ease.

Now back to business again. The battalion baseball team got off to a flying start by beating the Naval Hospital by a score of 6 to 3. This team is one of the best fielding teams to ever represent a minor organization. With Sergeant behind the bat, Cate, Hunter, Killeen, Davis, Harmon, Webb, and Stull in the field, any pitcher has an easy time throwing strikes past the batter. Harmon, Webb, and Hunter rang the bell with two hits each against the hospital while Quesenberry chucked a fine game, limiting the losers to six scattered hits.

Life in the rough is on tap for First Sergeant McCorkle and Corporal David Sobey when they take furloughs after shipping over. Each has the idea of taking a bit of mountain life where the trout run in great numbers and no bugler will disturb their slumbers. According to advance dope, Topkick "Peggy" O'Neal has been doing that thing for the past three months and liked it so well that everybody else wants to do the same.

SECOND CHEMICAL COMPANY By Ralph Kregoski

Due to the fact we had several men transferred into the company recently, our ranks are almost filled to capacity. Asst. Cook Carr joined our company the tenth of May, from the first Battalion. Private Kurtzman, who has just completed some thirty months in China, joined the third of May. The fourteenth of May, three recruits joined our ranks from Sea and Music School, they were Privates Miller, Van Blaricum, and Watson. We're glad to have you with us, fellows, and we sincerely



Platoon 10, San Diego; instructed by Sgt. R. L. Tyson, Cpl. J. W. Goodall and Cpl. R. R. Inks.

hope that you will enjoy your work and associations while in the company.

Three men in our company are answering the call of the cinder path, and have donned their track shoes for regular workouts. Pvt. Lomax, our sprint man is working on the quarter-mile, Pfc. Umbenhow, has been showing up very well in the broad-jump. Pvt. Coleman, looked very good in the sprints, but had to ease up, due to the fact that he received a bad injury in his leg sometime ago.

Private Bankston, just returned from the Hospital, where he has recently undergone an operation on his right knee. It seems to be improving slightly, but he will be on light duty for some time yet.

At present we have only one man on furlough, Pvt. Buity, who was called back East because of sickness in his family. "We hope it's nothing serious."

May twelfth, three Corporals, two Pfc.s, and eight Privates took examinations for promotions, which lasted for nearly a week in all. These examinations consisted of written work, extemporaneous speeches, and practical field work. They turned out to be very interesting, and some decidedly keen competition was shown.

The entire company has been "snapping in" regularly for some time in preparation for the rifle range. "Well, there is one satisfaction at least, in knowing that we will have the facilities for getting a good sun tan, if nothing else."

FLYING CASTLES

By Froeschle

This has been a banner month for the Engineers. The scheduled work is being taken care of with the smooth efficiency that we've all been striving for. Among the completed projects are the training barge which is to be used for practice landing exercises, and a hoist to facilitate motor repair on the motor launches. Rapidly nearing completion are the Camp Kearney Survey, and the winch to be used in pulling the various boats from the water.

As an added adornment to the already

impressive fifty-foot motor launch—corporal chevrons now grace the sleeves of Coxswain Heinrich. Congratulations, Heine!

Staff Sgt. Erickson has turned his talents to still another field and is now constructing a drafting table which will be sufficiently large enough to take care of mapping projects.

Pvt. Lawson has the rare distinction of being one of the few Marines capable of eating an apple while at "Attention."

Ranger, the German-Police company mascot, has become quite arrogant since his discovery that none of the Base dog population will follow him when he jumps on the company truck. He suffered an acute embarrassment when the truck left him last week.

The ultimate in range alibis has been achieved. Each man in the company has found at least one deficiency in himself upon which he can heap the entire responsibility for his failure to make at least expert. If he makes it he does so in the face of a tremendous obstacle—if he doesn't he needs only to say—"I told you so."

Pvt. "Sea-Bag" Messer has not yet decided what to do about the "millionaire's daughter" he's been seeing lately. He's not sure that he'd be happy with that much money. And what's more important than happiness?

Pvt. Schieroth just returned from a furlough and is recounting tales of travel and adventure. More than anything he enjoyed the bus accident he was in. It seems the baggage telescoped, people were scrambled, women screamed, everyone was injured and no one killed. A regular picnic.

RECRUIT DEPOT—MARINE CORPS BASE

By C. J. E.

In comparison with our last few reports the Recruit Depot has not lived up to its usual busy hum of activity as recruits have not been coming in as fast as was originally anticipated. However the Depot has received 104 recruits out of an un-

limited quota. We have received our share of 17 year old musics. A total of 19 for the month so I don't believe that we West Coast Marines need worry about reveille being sounded each morning.

On May 24th Platoon Sergeant Robert Thompson was promoted to the rank of first sergeant. We wish to congratulate him on his new rank and are sure that he will fill his new rank as faithfully and well as he has performed his duties as platoon sergeant.

At present we have on schedule the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th Platoons. The 17th Platoon is on filling week and the 18th platoon is filling. The Honor men of the 9th, 10th, 11th platoons respectively, are as follows: Private Henry M. Foster, Private Stanley T. Tyszkiewicz and Private Trevor V. Howells.

At present the S. S. has a problem to solve in preparing approximately 200 men for transfer to the fleet by 20 June and another 100 or so by the end of June. Credit for the efficient handling of Sea School training is due Capt. J. N. Frisbie, Gy-Sgt. Martinez, Gy-Sgt. Wolfe and Corporal Macey. At present we have a total of nineteen 17 year old Marines in the Field Music School undergoing training as Drummer and Trumpeter.

Todd Walker, a recruit who enlisted but a few short months ago has established a rifle qualification record for recruits with a 333 out of a possible 350 points. In partial reward for this extraordinary shooting Walter was transferred to duty with the Rifle Range Detachment.

Everyone is looking forward to the completion of the new barracks. The weather has been unusually fine for drill purposes and although a few of us might not be well we're still one big happy family.

BASE SERVICE BATTALION

By E. F. Wilson

The departure of your ex-correspondent, Marvin D. (Gabby) Andrews, to a new desk in the Post Exchange has left west 7 Barracks and the immediate vicinity 30 degrees quieter most of the day. As a result of this new found peace and quiet, it

THE LEATHERNECK

is believed that the local checker addicts will find concentration much less of an effort.

Captain Harry E. Leland was recently transferred from the rifle range to Base Headquarters Company to take over the reins as Company Commander. Captain Leland, with a well chosen team of riflemen whose names adorn the Marine Corps Base's roster of crack shots, will participate in the State of California Rifle and Pistol Matches to be held at San Luis Obispo this month.

Captain Oliver A. Dow and Captain William Ulrich were relieved from all active duty and ordered home to await retirement, May 1st.

Second Lieutenant Frederick S. Bronson was retired from active duty with the Marine Corps on 1 June.

Gunnery Sergeant Sidney O. Patterson was recently transferred to the east coast, via the USS *Henderson*, for duty.

Personnel of the Base Service Battalion are at present engaged in firing the range for requalification. To date, the details that have completed the record firing have turned in a number of fine scores, and it is expected that the Base Service Battalion will finish up its session on the range with a high percentage of qualification.

In addition to keeping the wheels of progress turning over around these parts seven days a week, the outfit puts on its other suit (the clean one), on Fridays, to do a little parading alongside the Fleet Marine Force.

John L. (Killer) Dean, Headquarters Company's fast mit slinger can be seen heading west, bright and early most every morning, with an arm load of books and an apple. Looks mighty like "school daze." The squadron commentators predict that, in time, and if conditions remain favorable, the mighty Dean will emerge the proud possessor of the title "Motion Picture Sound Technician," or something.

Police Sergeant "Broomsandswabs" Abramovitz, once notarized by Mr. Ripley as Sergeant "A-to-Z," applies what he adequately terms the "Human Element" to the art of Police Sergeantry with highly successful results. In fact, it's a revelation.

And for the hottest tips and straightest dope on the horses, see Marcum and Green.

RECEIVING SHIP, SAN DIEGO

By J. G. Underwood

They tell me it has been quite some time since this detachment has been heard from in *THE LEATHERNECK*, and in my humble opinion this is all wrong and although I have never before attempted any job of this nature, I believe it is a necessity as the remainder of the Corps might want to know what we are doing.

Our Commanding Officer here is Captain C. W. McLeod, the top-kick is First Sergeant "Buck" Blissinger, Platoon Sergeant Pearlstein is Brig Warden of the Receiving Ship Brig; our duties here are guarding the Destroyer Base and the Receiving Ship Brig and considering the small complement of the Detachment this stacks up as a pretty big job, but ably handled by the Marines as usual.

When not on duty, a whole lot of our time is taken up by MCO No. 113, however there is still time for Athletics; a Destroyer Base Soft Ball League was opened here on 2 June and the Marines backed up Vanditti's two-hit pitching by playing errorless ball and smacking that old apple for a total of 14 hits and 10

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THE HAIRY-EARED TENTH MARINES

HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY

This Battery greets you again in a mood mingled with happiness and sorrow. Happy we are because we are back after a long and strenuous month on the rifle range and also because of our firing ability: 8 experts, 11 sharpshooters, and 12 marksmen—and listen—100 per cent qualifications. Sorry we are because we are losing Lieutenant Colonel Leech, our Battalion Commander, and Captain Rixey, our Adjutant and "Skipper." We wish both of these officers "Good Luck" from the bottom of our hearts.

However, our faces light up again in a welcome smile to Captain Stillman, our new Adjutant, and Lieutenant Wagner, our Battery Commander. In the same breath and spirit let us welcome Lieutenant Van Orman, who joined us from the 2d Battalion of the 6th Marines.

It is with sadness that we bid farewell to our old close and tried friend, Staff Sergeant Charles D. Curtin, who went "West" on the 22nd of May. The funeral and last salute were held on the 29th at Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery here in San Diego, and he is now at rest.

BATTERY D VOLLEYS

By "Shag"

A new scribe takes his pen in hand this month to tell tales, in and out of school, of the incidents and incidentals of Battery D. The former composer of these articles is temporarily detached from the Battery for a bit of "Boot Camp" instruction on the Rifle Range at La Jolla.

For the first headline news of this article, we regret to state that our Battalion Commander, Lieutenant Colonel Lloyd L. Leech, was detached for duty in the A and I office at Headquarters of the Corps on the 25th of May. That he will be greatly missed is hardly enough to say of such a fine officer and gentleman. He is replaced by Major William H. Harrison, who, as the British say, "Is a bit of all right," himself.

We lost Lieutenant Wagner to the Headquarters and Service Battery, and gained Lieutenant Mills from the First Battalion of the 6th Marines. The Battery has gained a number of new members in the enlisted ranks: Pfc. Le Roux, Hammill, Pfc. Beckett, Thorne, Geyer, Ball, McCollom and Vose promise to fill out the organization in a fine manner. Pfc. Engle and Snyder and Pvt. Costa left for the Asiatics; happy days to the boys.

Marine Gunner Haubensak has a right to be proud of himself these days: final tabulations show that 100 per cent of the Battery qualified with the rifle. The Gunner and his hardy crew of coaches deserve plenty of credit for the excellent way in which they brought the men into the qualified columns. And there was a surprisingly small number that did not get into the money this year.

These final bits of observation were gleaned from the scuttlebutt:

Blumer was finally caught coming from town. Two girls were putting on a wrestling match at the Coliseum.

Everyone is wondering when the Bat-

tery runner is going to finish work on his bicycle.

The Battery bomber, Jimmy Graves, is mourning his lost love. Cheer up, pal, you will find another one some one of these days.

The telephone booth Romeo has disappeared and in his place we find:—what? Now it's the Tijuana Firefly. We are wondering just what did happen.

BATTERY E SALVOS

Well, the gang is back from the Rifle Range, and from the way they talk to one another, you would think that they were real rifle shots. "Wop" Mercurio always "Bouncing a rifle ball off someone's pumpkin haid." Some of the scores out there indicate that some of the boys are perfectly able to do just that. The Battery average is not so bad: 26 per cent experts, 40 per cent sharpshooters, 31 per cent marksmen and three unqualified. General average is 96 2-3 per cent. In case of doubt, see 1st Sergeant Lee Moberly, who figured these out, with the assistance of "Wop" Mercurio.

Captain Stillman has left us for the Battalion Staff as Adjutant and was replaced by Captain Ferguson. It is a pleasure to have Captain Ferguson with us, even as much as we regret the loss of our old Battery Commander.

The famous "Ole" O. B. Wells has now no more Oregon acres, no money, no chow, no bed, and what goes with it. "Cash" LeNoir has suddenly made himself conspicuous by his absence during the dark hours. We are reliably informed that a certain Ford returned from Pennsylvania this past week end.

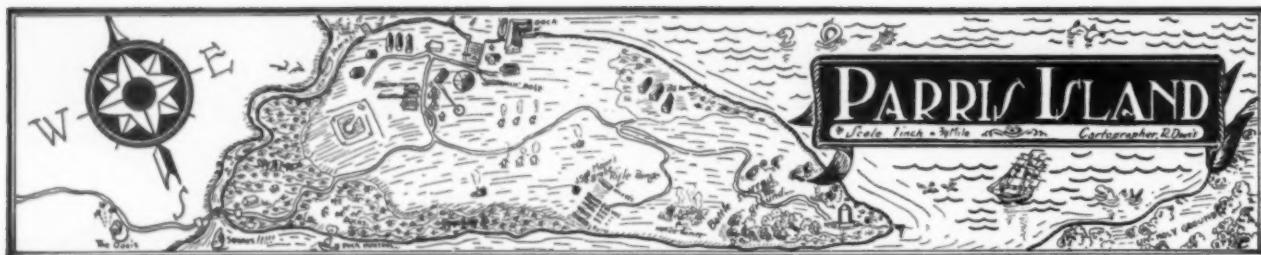
So all of the boys are now ready to go to the Naval Training Station for Memorial Day Services. Honestly, it was a scream to see the way every Sergeant in the detail stepped forward when the Skipper asked if any had an especially important engagement next Sunday.

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS ONE? Monday morning when everyone had an opportunity to get a good look at Sergeant Oss, no one seemed to know him. His story is this: He was coming home peacefully and minding his own business when he decided to take a short cut through the alley. And how was he to know there was a step there? The sudden step down plunged him off balance and he fell. Of course, he couldn't see in the dark so how was he to dodge the G. I. can that ups and looms too close to his eyes, thereby giving the doctor a job of putting two stitches over the same eye? You know, friends, a person with such an imagination should be the Judge Advocate General.

Then Lee Moberly tries to teach "Goofy" Bailey how to play tennis. He says that he has had many a hard job but he has forgotten where. Well, be that as it may. There is a story going around that Bailey will be beating the "Top" before the year is out. Wait a minute—no one said what year.

We have recently been blessed with the addition of some new men in the battery. Some of the gang refuse to recognize them as blessings but we have no immediate kicks on the additions and we are certain that most of the boys are

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ALTHOUGH the reenlistment gratuity will not be paid during the year of 1938, we have plenty to keep us in good spirits. Many of our old friends whom we have not seen for several years are back to Parris Island with the First Battalion, Tenth Marines. That battalion is now conducting service practice at their new range in this post. Their presence has given new life to local activities.

Platoon Sergeant Fred Spraul was retired on June 1st, after more than thirty years in the Army and Marine Corps. A parade was held in his honor on May 20th. The officers of the Non-Commissioned and Petty Officers' Club made an unsuccessful attempt to have a party for him on his last Saturday night in the service. They tricked him into coming to the Club, but could not get him into the Dance Hall to take a bow. He hid behind his stein in the Sales Room and requested the orchestra to play "Turkey in the Straw."

Mrs. India Tyree, former hostess of the Post Inn, and well known to hundreds of Marines as "Mother Tyree," mother of Sergeant Frank Tyree, suffered from a paralytic stroke last month. On the morning of May 11th, she was found in a paralyzed condition in her room at the Gold Eagle Tavern in Beaufort where she was visiting a friend. She was brought to Parris Island where she remained in a critical condition for several days. At present, she is making rapid recovery.

Mrs. Stuart Woods, wife of Paymaster Sergeant Woods died at the Naval Hospital on May 22d. Her remains were taken to Alexandria, Virginia, for burial.

Master Gunnery Sergeant Henry Bailey and Gunnery Sergeant James Tucker were transferred to Quantico and Wakefield respectively early in May. Sergeants Samuel Slocum and Lloyd Williams and Corporal Carl Probst have returned to Parris Island after competing in the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Matches at Quantico.

Aviation Chief Machinist Amos Barton, U. S. N., who has been the petty officer in charge of the mooring mast at Parris Island for the past three years has been transferred to Norfolk, Virginia. He was relieved by Chief Ship Fitter Peter Goode, U. S. N. Another transfer to Norfolk is Chief Cook Herman (Abie) Levine, the Bronx Indian. He was relieved of his duties as Mess Sergeant at the Rifle Range by Staff Sergeant Knut Hakanson.

In 1922, Private A. J. LoGuidice was serving in Guam. At the annual Adjutant and Inspector's inspection, he was ordered to survey a mess spoon because he had scratched his initials on it. LoGuidice is now a Gunnery Sergeant and in charge of the Post Quartermaster's Armory and individual equipment storeroom. Several days ago he opened a box of mess gear that he had received for issue to recruits. As he tore away the boards from the top of the box and looked down at the lot, he was surprised to see a spoon with the initials "A. J. L." the same spoon that he has surveyed fifteen years ago.

Sergeant Clifford Heller, Non-Commissioned Officer in Charge of Receiving Station at Yemassee for the past seven years was transferred to the Reserves after twenty-six years active service. The strenuous duty of meeting two trains every day

proved too much for him so he decided to give the outside a try. He owns a farm in Virginia and has bought a truck with which he intends to use to haul farm products from Virginia to Philadelphia and New York.

"You think that you can swim—just ask your mother to open that black trunk and show you the medals I won at swimming meets when I was younger." It was the well-known Major H. Benjamin Hoople talking about his athletic prowess to his son Godfrey. The lad decided that he would like to see the medals so he asked his mother to open the trunk and show him the medals. Her reply was "What are you talking about—winning medals for swimming? I couldn't get him to go into the bath tub on Saturday night."

Corporal Paul Holmes, who has been the company clerk at Headquarters Company for the past year, was transferred to recruiting duty at New Orleans early in June.

Recent arrivals from San Diego are Master Technical Sergeant Levis Giffin and Privates Milton H. Cooper and Frank McCaskill. Giffin is our new Band Leader, and the others are bandmen.

The following named men were accepted for enlistment in the U. S. Marine Corps during the month of May, 1937, and assigned to Recruit Depot at Parris Island for training:

Robert H. Le Breton, John C. Brock, Charles W. Gamble, Vincent Krsek, James L. Boyle, James E. Brown, Otis H. Ashley, Weston A. Hartman, Grady F. Smith, Wilton W. Smith, William B. Norton, George E. Goldsmith, Jr., Lawrence R. Dambrino,



Platoon 6, Parris Island; instructed by Sgt. Pulliam; Sgt. Klizes; Cpl. Smith, and Cpl. Scott.

Walter C. Mesinar, Arpod J. Sisko, Jack T. Richardson, Alfred L. Hind, Wayland A. Massengill, Joseph S. Adamik, Thomas E. Polk, Reuben E. Murray, Jr., Norwood Edmundson, Bernard L. Miskinis, Cecil E. Pantall, George W. Ashley, Ray W. Patterson, Albert J. Yamolovich, Philip I. Goldberg, Willard C. Holland, Dan K. Monroe, William A. Rouse, Emil J. Venezia, Frederick C. York, Walter W. Arendt, Edward R. Perome, John J. Rouse, James E. Cottrell, Shannon H. Gifford, William L. Bostie, Albert M. Elksnis, Andrew H. Bubanas, Raymond P. Frizzell, Henry R. Shipp, Charles A. Plastridge, Jr., Leo Carrier, Richard L. Allen, John T. Brown, Shelby O. Jones, Joel H. Sharp, Jr., Robert J. Dawson, John P. Daly, John Konecny, Rose Whittington, Irvin E. Tate, William M. Keltner, William T. Akers, Andrew Thomson, Charles C. Myers, Jr., Joseph K. Howell, Louis S. Petriello, Wesley R. Williams, John Chichilla, Jr., John M. Lacey, William M. Palmer, Albert L. Seale, Rawlin M. Carter, Thomas M. Adams, George A. Ne Smith, Arthur H. Kroper, Perry P. Alperovitz, Robert D. Radney, Michael La Vita, William P. Fecchin, Philip J. Thiae, Jr., William J. Niece, Kenneth M. Glenn, Charles I. Jeciewicz, Charles D. Cooper, Emil E. Gardner, James A. Butcher, Reed A. Lanoux, Anthony Labello, Marcus W. Jennings, Morris Shenker, Lloyd D. Harley, Jr., Walter E. Krostek, Harry J. Seckman, Ezra L. Williams, Russell A. C. Sumner, Lilburn L. Haddox, Daniel R. Heller, Clarence R. Cartner, George E. Forest, James E. Waters, Alley C. McCullough, Jr., Stephen E. Pobuta, William T. Farrar, Jr., William R. Duane, Mario G. Tessicini, Fortunato J. Anzalone, Joseph Martin, Michel L. Doiron, Louis L. Russo, George R. Hart, Leon B. Williams, Earl A. Tittle, William M. Durno, John H. Walston, Lionel R. Paradis, Carmen J. Perseo, Gilbert T. Richards, Dominic Massaro, Jacob Perry, Albert J. Romer, Albert J. Babin, William M. A. Dujcik, Walter G. Beckwith, Shelton D. Nave, Wells E. Kennedy, Norman O. Benoit, John McAdams, Maurice L. Richard, John G. Combs, George W. McGhee, Jr., Wesley B. Mayhew, Jr., Ernest R. Restaino, Ray P. Domingue, Frank M. Holder, Clyde C. Pitts, Fred E. Fletcher, Uriel C. Nash, William E. Kohut, Carl E. Bennett, Jr., William B. Scott, Jr., Charles L. Smith, Rocco P. Mele, Robert H. Sommer, Cyril J. Larkin, Sol I. Lawres, Preston O. Farr, Louis J. McDaniel, William F. Green, Herman L. Harvey, Thomas P. Ballard, Nicholas Robin, Samuel M. Cockrell, Robert L. Hughes, Walter E. Blount, Jr., Elmer G. Clagg, Jr., George M. Boyd, Earl W. Terwilliger, Arthur N. Dumican.

RECRUITS HOLD FIELD MEET

One long and three short. Before you could say more, Platoon No. 6 was outside the Barracks and ready to go. After riding for about fifteen minutes we arrived at the picnic grounds, ready to do duty to the beer and soda. Sergeant Kliszes and two other members of our platoon, who had preceded us, had the beer and soda all cold.

If you have never seen a two-man carrying team, the six who started the race were about the finest seen around these portals in a long, long time. Both winners were from Platoon No. 7, first winners being made up of Privates Ollinofsky and McWade; second, Privates Bachala and Burnette. Prizes were good old cigarettes.

Three legs (or was it four?), flashing in the dim light and two athletically in-

clined bodies crossed the line for the first prizes in the three legged race. Men were scattered hither, thither, and yon along the course, but alas and alack, two must need finish in order to make a race of it. Privates O'Keefe and Baller finally managed to trek across the line, the winners by a foot. Good old Platoon Seven. We couldn't leave Platoon Six out so in came Privates Breen and Padgeth, weary but happy to arrive together and gather in

second money. Cigarettes again. Are you ready, Hessie? They're lining up, now they're all set, and they're off! Along the course came six or is it twelve, men. The famous wheel-barrow race has begun, and they're churning up the dust in the big race of the year. One is down two down, in fact, they're all down, but they rise to the occasion and keep lugging their burdens along. They're into the stretch,

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Miscellany

MARINE CORPS RIFLE MATCHES

COMPETITION of Marine Corps shooting teams for the Elliott, Lauchheimer and other trophies, has been completed at Quantico.

The Elliott trophy, shot for by teams representing eighteen posts, was won by the Quantico FMF shooters.

The Lauchheimer trophy, rifle and pistol aggregate, was captured by Cpl. W. D. Linfoot, Quantico, when he established a new record with 564, rifle; 544, pistol, for a total of 1108. May 18 must be a lucky day for shooter Linfoot, for on that day, in 1934, Linfoot shooting for qualification at Peiping, China, made the world's record for the qualification course, under qualification conditions. He went out of the black only three times for a 347 score.

Cpl. A. N. Moore was second in the Lauchheimer shoot, with a score of 1074. Capt. W. W. Davidson took third with 1072.

The M.C.I. Professors and line-troops representing the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., walked off with the Wirgman Trophy, with a score of 1091.

Sgt. Waldo A. Phinney captured top honors with the rifle in the Marine Corps Match, turning in a 567, nosing out Bartlett by two points. Cpl. H. W. Reeves did right well considering it was his first year of competition. Setting a new rec-

ord of 551 in the Western Division Matches on the Coast, Reeves arrived in Quantico, stendied down a bit and hung up something to shoot at, 555.

Summary:

ELLIOTT TROPHY MATCH F.M.F., Quantico, 1st

Larson, A.—Captain	
Harker, K. E.—Coach	
Lee, W. A.	269
Catron, R. M.	277
Kravitz, V. J.	284
Hardy, J. C.	276
Total	1106

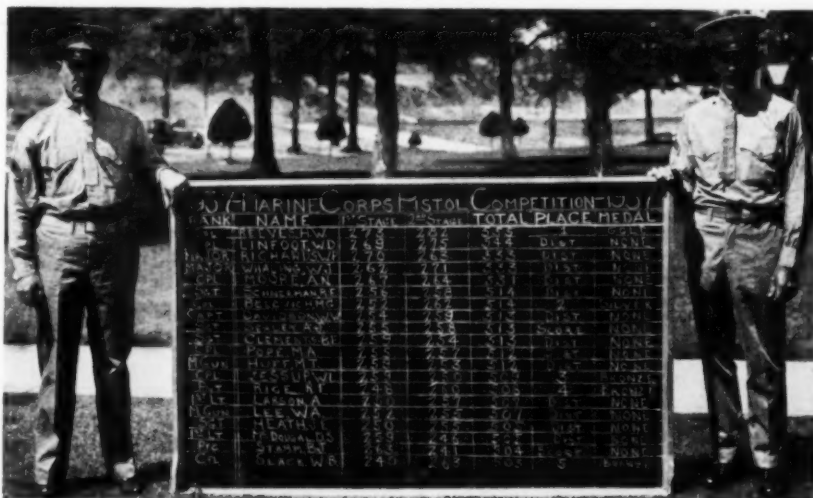
Winner Elliott Trophy

MB., Quantico, 2nd

Lucander, E.—Coach	
Davidson, W. W.	273
Linfoot, W. D.	277
Rawlings, C. W.	276
Stamm, B. J.	275
Total	1101

MB., Parris Island, 3rd

Richards, W. P.—Captain	
Wiggs, O.—Coach	
Reinecke, F. M.	278
Clements, B. E.	272
Stocum, S. L.	269
Haley, O. W.	272
Total	1091



High Pistol Shooters. Cpl. Reeves (left), who shot a new record, and Cpl. Linfoot, winner of the Lauchheimer Trophy.



TOP LAUCHHEIMER SHOOTERS

Left: Cpl. Linfoot, who established a new record; Cpl. Moore, and Capt. Davidson.

MB., Washington, D. C., 4th	
Winner Wirgman Trophy	
Thompson, A. W.—Captain	
Heath, J. E.—Coach	
Hudson, L. C.	276
McMahill, R. B.	275
Orr, E. W.	266
Slack, W. B.	274
Total	1091

MARINE CORPS RIFLE MATCH

Medal Winners Only

Standing	Name	Score	Medal
Dist.	Phinney, W. A.	567	None
Dist.	Bartlett, S.	565	None
Dist.	Linfoot, W. D.	564	None
Score	Strawbridge, J. L.	564	None
Score	Biffle, R. L.	560	None
Dist.	Davidson, W. W.	559	None
1.	King, H.	559	Gold
Dist.	Larson, A.	558	None
Dist.	Catron, R. M.	557	None
Dist.	Hannaford, E. T.	555	None
2.	Slocum, Samuel L.	555	Gold
3.	Rusk, D. R.	554	Silver
Dist.	Clements, B. E.	554	None
Dist.	Jones, T. J.	554	None
Dist.	Potter, D. J.	554	None
Dist.	Orr, E. W.	552	None
Dist.	McDougal, D. S.	552	None
Score	Jaco, W. H.	552	None
Score	Mitchell, T. R.	552	None
4.	Haley, O. W.	551	Silver
Dist.	Bailey, H. M.	550	None
Dist.	Schneeman, R. E.	550	None
Dist.	Kravitz, V. J.	550	None
5.	Brown, V. F.	550	Bronze
Score	Ray, D. L.	549	None
Score	Reese, J. J.	549	None
6.	Stamm, B. J.	549	Bronze
Score	Rice, R. F.	549	None
7.	Holland, M. J.	548	Bronze
Score	Foster, C. O.	548	None
Dist.	Ulrich, C.	548	None
Dist.	More, A. F.	548	None
8.	Standish, W.	547	Bronze
Score	Poole, H. L.	547	None
9.	Campbell, R.	547	Bronze
Dist.	McMahill, R. B.	546	None

Score	Reinecke, F. M.	546	None
Score	Oderman, L. A.	546	None
Score	LaRue, M.	546	None
10.	Sealey, A. J.	545	Bronze

MARINE CORPS PISTOL MATCHES

Medal Winners Only

Standing	Name	Score	Medal
1.	Reeves, H. W.	555	Gold
DPS	Linfoot, W. D.	544	None
DPS	Richards, W. P.	533	None
DPS	Whaling, W. J.	533	None
DPS	Moore, A. N.	531	None
DPS	Schneeman, R. E.	514	None
2.	Belovich, M. G.	514	Silver
DPS	Davidson, W. W.	513	None
Score	Sealey, A. J.	513	None
DPS	Clements, B. E.	513	None
DPS	Pope, M. A.	512	None
DPS	Huff, M. T.	512	None
3.	Jessup, W. L.	509	Bronze
4.	Rice, R. F.	508	Bronze
DPS	Larson, A.	507	None
DPS	Lee, W. A.	507	None
DPS	Heath, J. E.	505	None
DPS	McDougal, D. S.	505	None
Score	Stamm, B. J.	504	None
5.	Slack, W. B.	503	Bronze

THE LAUCHHEIMER TROPHY

An aggregate of the scores made in the Marine Corps Rifle Competition and the Marine Corps Pistol Competition constitute the score in this event.

Name	Rifle	Pistol	Agg.	Medal
Linfoot, W. D.	564	544	1108	G
Moore, A. N.	543	531	1074	S
Davidson, W. W.	559	513	1072	B

MARINE ANNIE OAKLEYS SCORE

By juf

(Special to THE LEATHERNECK.)—Displaying a trigger-squeeze and dead-eye that might well be the envy of more than one Marine rifle shot, the Marinette rifle team of the Philadelphia Depot of Supplies, showed the way once more to the men's

Avondale Rifle Club of Philadelphia when they defeated the *stronger* (?) of the sex in three small-bore matches, two of them on May 9.

The first and second matches were a rout, the girls winning one by 73 and the other by 43 points. Grim determination to gain at least one victory must have gripped the Traffic Cops (of which there were three), Bakers, and Printers in their last match as the Annie Oakleys of the Depot won by a mere 10 points.

The Marinettes is the only female rifle team this side of heaven that owes its allegiance wholly to the Marine Corps. All the girls are employed at the Depot of Supplies and are coached by an active Marine, Earl V. Swift. They have built and hold for themselves an excellent reputation as rifle shots.

Coach Swift must give deep concentration to his rifle work at home as his wife Mrs. Ann Swift was high individual scorer of both teams in the first match between these seemingly perennial opponents. Your correspondent's Girl Friday informs him that another match is in the offing.

(Editor's Note: Your correspondent, juf, was a member of the losing men's team. Tsk tsk.)



QUANTICO ENTERTAINS CONGRESSMEN

Major General Charles H. Lyman, USMC, commanding Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, acted as host to the Washington Bar Association, Thursday, June 10. The Quantico Marines were reviewed by the Commanding General, the Justices of the Washington Court, and Congressman Melvin Maas of Minnesota, Congressman Robert L. Mouton of Louisiana, Congressman John Houston of Kansas and Congressman Lawrence E. Imhoff of Ohio.

These Congressmen were privates in the Marine Corps during the World War and are now members of the Marine Corps Reserve.

After the review, these notables were entertained at a smoker seeing six bouts of boxing and slugging by the local talent.

GEN. REISENGER ELECTED

Brigadier General H. C. Reisenger, Paymaster, USMC, was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of the National University Law School at a meeting of the Board on June 8th. General Reisenger was honor man of the class of 1898 and admitted to the District Bar the same year, prior to his entrance into the Marine Corps.

Reenlistment Allowance Defeated

The House, May 27, voted to continue the suspension of the reenlistment allowance until June 30, 1938, thus apparently ending until next year the fight to restore to enlisted men of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard the bonus provided by permanent law.

A provision inserted in the Second Deficiency bill in the Senate continuing the prohibition on payment of the allowance was approved by the House by a vote of

134 to 101 after friends of the Services waged a strong but hopeless battle on the floor to wipe out the restriction. Representatives Byron N. Scott, D. of Calif., James W. Wadsworth, R. of N. Y., and Ed. V. Izac, D. of Calif., urged that the House permit the allowance, while Representative C. A. Woodrum, D. of Va., backed the conference committee's recommendation that it be denied.

Fake Marine Gets Jail

Washington, D. C., June 4—Private Robert Randall, attached to the Metropolitan Police Traffic Bureau, was once a member of the United States Marine Corps.

Because of this, his testimony carried weight before Judge Robert Mattingly in Police Court today, and a man arrested by the policeman was sent to jail for 90 days.

The tale began yesterday, when Private Randall spotted a man in a Marine uniform on a downtown street. Suspecting the "Marine" was an imposter, he took him into custody.

Today the prisoner described himself in court as Cecil Smith, 23, of San Diego, Cal., and said he had bought the uniform for \$5 in San Diego "because it would help him hitch-hike to Washington."

After Smith was sentenced, for unauthorized use of a military uniform, Private Randall was asked how he came to suspect his quarry. He replied:

"Because I WAS a Marine."

Dedicated American Chapel

General John J. Pershing, General of the Armies of the United States, the AEF and chairman of the American Battle Monuments Commission, dedicated the new chapel at Romagne Sous Montfaucon in the heart of the Argonne battlefield this week, where 14,255 American soldiers are buried in the largest of the AEF cemeteries. This marks the beginning of the dedication of the American memorials in France.

"The time has not arrived when preparation against war by our country may be ignored," General Pershing declared. He called for good will on the part of world leaders, and continued:

"Many, if not all, of the difficulties causing war during the past century might have been settled without resort to arms had the nations involved at the outset been so disposed."

World War Heroes Get Medals

Washington, D. C., May 30—Army Silver Star medals have recently been awarded to two veterans of the World War for their heroism, one of the awards being made posthumously.

William B. Jackson, a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps during the war, was cited for bravery in checking the advance of the enemy during action at Blanc Mont, France, October 4, 1918. For heroism at Cierges, France, July 31, 1918, Peter Bayens, a sergeant, was posthumously given the Silver Star. He was wounded slightly at the time, but killed in action later in the day while leading his platoon.

PRESS GLEANINGS

By Jack Fohner

Norwood, Colo.—Paying a loving tribute to his parents, whom he was flying to visit, coast Lt. Glen C. Herndon, his life, when he crashed to death over a small western Colorado airport while circling the field in a diving salute to his father and mother.

Washington, D. C.—Representative Carl Vinson of Georgia, and the House Naval Committee, is still fighting for the Naval Service. He recently proposed that Congress authorize assignment of naval and Marine Corps officers, including those retired, to any civilian government position. No "dollar-a-year" idea attached to his proposal; he wants the bill to provide the agencies pay the officers the difference between the position salary and their active duty or retired pay.

Washington, D. C.—Two brother Marine officers are holding important posts in the Marine Corps. They are Brigadier-General Hugh Matthews, Quartermaster, and Colonel Calvin Bruce Matthews, who recently assumed the duties of Assistant Adjutant and Inspector. General Matthews came into the Corps in March, 1900, having previously served in the Army. Colonel Matthews followed him into the Corps in 1904. General Matthews has served as Quartermaster since the latter part of 1929.

Savannah, Ga.—If present plans go through, the Savannah Police Department pistol team will meet a team from the Marine Base at Parris Island. A letter from Captain Clancy of the Police to the Commanding General suggested that each team consist of six men, and that the matches be held on the Rifle Association range on Wilmington Island. The boys at P. I. might do well to let the "law" win this match. . . . Diplomacy, my boy! . . . many libertys are made in Savannah . . . if you know what I mean!

Pinehurst, N. C.—Former Leatherneck and retired heavyweight champion of the world, Gene Tunney, entered the hall of "immortals" when he recently shot a "hole-in-one" on the Pinehurst golf course. Gene said it was the greatest thrill of his life. . . . How 'bout that dreary and rainy night in Philadelphia about ten years ago, when after ten rounds of furious milling his hand was raised in token of victory over the "Manasa Mauler" Jack Dempsey, and boosted him into the select circle of millionaires?

Washington, D. C.—The House Naval Affairs committee reported favorably a bill to award the Navy Cross to Major John W. Thomason, Jr., for distinguished services during the World War. He captured and destroyed a German machine gun nest at Soissons. Major Thomason is one of the Marine Corps' best known writers and authors.

New York, N. Y.—Our old Pal, Charlie Adams, who was once Circulation Manager of this magazine, but now with the *March of Time*, must have griped long and loud (together with Louis de Rochemont) when a recent issue of the screen version of the *March of Time* showing Senator Wheeler speaking on the Supreme Court issue was deleted by order of the Kansas State Board of Review for Movies. The Senator is seen gesticulating but no sound is heard. They say De Rochemont (Charlie's boss) producer of the screen versions, tied himself in knots when he got the "flash" of

(Continued on page 54)



OUR Pen-pushing Leathernecks have come down to earth again since our last month's recording. Once more they are skirmishing along the ground, as befits good infantrymen, and only a few are still manning their guns in the air.

L. RON HUBBARD, in the June *Author and Journalist* presents an article entitled "Suspense," which should prove a distinct aid to aspiring writers who fail to achieve the proper punch in their stories. In *Five Novels* for the same month, HUBBARD does "All Frontiers are Jealous."

DON KEYHOE still keeps to the air with "Masks Over Madrid," in July *Flying Aces*, while MAJ. FRED LORD flies wing to wing with him in the same book, continuing his "I Faced Death in Spanish Skies."

MAJOR JOHN W. THOMASON, in the June *American Mercury* approaches mighty close to literature with his "Something of Kipling."

BOB McLEAN, who Marined from 1906 to 1919, has been doing free-lance writing ever since his discharge. Bob leans toward the criminal recordings, and the June 1 issue of *Official Detective* brings his "They Had to Find Nero's Denarius."

FRANK HUNTER spills a hard-boiled yarn of Haiti, "The Gibbet Tree," in the June *Top Notch*; and the same issue publishes ex-gob Steve Fisher's "Dawn in Nicaragua," another Marine story.

COPE WISEMAN, who Marined about with the 5th Regiment in France, goes pedological on us in the June number of *Esquire*. "Those By-Gone Days" compares his own juvenile escapades with those of today's children.

BOB GORDON seemed to slack up a bit on his output this month. The only thing our spies have reported is "When Killers Take Off," June 15, *Detective Fiction Weekly*.

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER, in the June *Cavalcade* writes "Wedding Bells," and he also interprets "Confessions of a Bell Hop" in the May 29 *Liberty*.

ARTHUR J. BURKS, who knows whereof he writes, also offers information to hopeful writers with his "Quantity Production" in the June *Writer's Digest*. The editor of the *Writer's Digest* has kindly offered to send a copy free to any Marine who asks for it. Address your request either to the *Writer's Digest*, 22 E. 12th St., Cincinnati, Ohio, or send it here to THE LEATHERNECK and we'll take care of it for you.

LT. CHARLES CHAPEL continues his two regular features, "Practical Fingerprinting" in *Detective Fiction Weekly*, and "Guns and Gunners" in *Western Story*.

"Trail of Dead Spies," by H. DeV. Kier: "A corpse on the Navy Yard pier and a Marine shore-bound for battle," is the story in the July-August number of *Secret Operator Number Five*.

SPORTS

FOURTH MARINES' SPORT LETTER

BY W. F. WINGER

APRIL was more or less a "rest cure" for the Fourth Marines' athletes. Too early for summer sports and too late for winter sports, the stalwarts of the "Fighting Fourth" devoted much of their time in preparation for the coming summer sports such as tennis, baseball, swimming and boxing. However, not all the athletes were left idle, as the track team and boxing squad were going through their daily paces in preparation for summer boxing cards and track meets.

The track team, numbering some fifty candidates, started the spring grind in late March but by the time they met their first real test late in April the squad had dwindled down to about thirty men. The remaining stalwarts are expected to raise the scarlet and gold colors of the Corps to higher standards in the Orient when the Spring and International meets get under way in late May.

In preparation for the big Spring and International meets, the Fourth Marines' tracksters met St. John's University track and field team in a dual meet at the latter's field in late April. The cinderpath squad, under the leadership of (Coach) C. A. Laster—himself one of the best sprinters ever to be turned out of the Naval Academy

—defeated the Chinese scholars 81 to 60 points.

Lieutenants Laster, Nickerson, Hemphill and Totman were four officers who turned in good performances along with Kelly, Ferren, Gifford, Wilson, Wrenner, Davis and Blackwell to pile up most of the Marines' total points.

Laster was high point man of the Marine aggregation with 22 points, followed closely by Nickerson with 15. Kelly and Lieutenant Hemphill collected 10 points each to boost the total to 81 points.

C. S. Waung, a versatile Chinese athlete, took high point honors for the St. John's cinderpath squad, gathering the sum of 14 points. He took first place in the high jump and the broad jump, third place in the 100-meter run and was a member of the winning relay team.

The agile and speedy Chinese field men showed a marked superiority over the field eventers of the Fourth. They captured the high jump, pole vault, broad jump, and hop-step-jump with comparative ease. However, their stamina for the distance runs and dashes was sorely lacking.

Lieutenant Hemphill, who has been nursing a bad knee for some time, showed that he is fast rounding into first class shape.

He captured the high hurdles, finishing well out in front after getting a bad start. His form was little short of perfect in the low 400 meter hurdles and he showed the pack his heels from start to finish. Hemphill specializes in the low and high hurdles and with a few more weeks of practice tucked under his belt he will be hard to catch in these events. In fact, great things are expected from him as there is a dearth of material in China who specialize in the hurdles events.

Kelly, one of the best distance runners in the regiment, took first place in both the 800 and 1,500 meter runs. His fast pace in the 800 meter run brought him to the tape 50 yards ahead of his nearest rival. However, he had a battle on his hands in the 1,500 meter run and was passed by W. Chang in the third lap, but he turned on the gas and passed his rival halfway around the last lap and crossed the tape 30 yards ahead of him.

(Coach) Laster took second place in the high jump, and the hop-step-jump after much competition in both events. In fact, it was the first attempt at the latter event the Lieutenant has ever made. In one of his last tries he jumped well over 13 meters but stepped over the take-off line by a fraction and was ruled out. However, he showed a natural ability at the "frog jump" and with more practice he bids fair to set up some sort of China record. He was the only Marine entrant to carry on the high jump burden after the bar had reached the 5 ft. 4 in. mark, but alas the Chinese entrants began dropping out at the same time and by the time the bar had reached 5 ft. 6 in. only C. S. Waung and Laster remained. On his third attempt Waung cleared 5 ft. 7 in. and Laster failed on three attempts, just barely knocking the

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PEARL HARBOR SPORTS

By C. E. S.

The Pearl Harbor baseball team is ready to launch its attack in the Sector Navy ball loop. For six weeks practice has been in the developing of the key-stone combination and right and left fields. The team as a whole looks like a contender for top honors. At the time of this writing the Pearl Harbor Leathernecks have just polished off the Fleet Air Base team 12 to 6 and the 3rd Engineers from the Schofield sector 5 to 3, the latter going 10 innings. "Lefty" Smith drove in two runs in the last cantor to win his own ball game. The latest game was won 7 to 0 from the USS *Marblehead*. It was a no hit-no-run game and the credit goes to "Hank" Elvstad, our star twirler. He not only gave no hits, but collected four himself. Three men reached first base, one on an error and two on free passes. "Butch" Harden played a bang up game at third and fattened his batting average with three for four. "Gabby" Gabriel rifled one out in the first inning for a home run to put the game on ice from the



COMPANY D BOXING STABLE

Standing, L to R: Lt. Conoley, Bartlett, Wahrman, Csanadi, Brahen, Yarosh, and Marvin.
Sitting: Hansen, Louis, Ford, Zeka, and Amarosa.

THE LEATHERNECK

start. Gabriel handled ten chances and looked like a true champion. This is the only game on record in the islands for a Marine to pitch a no-hit-no-run game. So let's take off our hats to Elvstad.

During the stay of the Fleet at the Harbor we witnessed two and sometimes three well played games each day on our diamond. Much credit is due Pay-Sgt. Hall and 1st Sgt. Richardson for the efficient way in which the score board was operated.

Since the closing of the Service bowling league the members of the marine team have each organized a team of their own. The five teams are called by such names as the "Doddle Bugs," "Scorpions," and "Varmints." It's a real lively evening you'll see if you visit our bowling alleys after 5:30 p.m. Sgt. Yingling's quintet reigns on top a bit more than average. One evening's bowling could turn the tables of the whole standing. That's how evenly the teams are matched.

Recently the athletic store-room has been putting out new tennis rackets to anyone who would like to play. They are turned in each night, so if any of you fellows can't make connections, see Sgt. Jean Neil and he'll see that you get a few sets with one of the new rackets.

We are a bit late with the handball tournament, but it is expected to start anytime now that the Fleet has gone and the courts are vacant during the mornings. The painters will soon line the courts off anew and the tournament play will commence.

COMPANY D SPORTS

First Bn, 6th Marines
(William J. Gunst)

Boxing seems to be definitely in this year at the Base. Never before have we had such support for our boxing teams. Service men and civilians alike turned out for this year's matches, and for good reason too. Slug Marvin, coach and trainer, really has a bunch of boxers under his wing this year and every one seems to know it. Most of the men on this year's team are new faces to the Base smokers, but take it from about two thousand fight enthusiasts they have what it takes.

When the Base Smoker was held Thursday, the 29th of April, there was a record crowd of spectators in attendance. As usual the card for the evening had its share of fighters from D Co. As Slug Marvin has been building little Speedy Army Hansen to a great little fighter, he was matched on this card with Battlin' Ford, also of this company, in an exhibition bout. It was a fast fight but being an exhibition there was no decision.

Wappy-Warhorse Wahrman gave a fast show of fighting with Pancho Westbrook. Wahrman did not exactly seem in shape for this fight as far as wind was concerned, as he was breathing mighty hard at the end of the first round. In spite of this Wahrman lost none of his hard hitting qualities for which he is well known, and succeeded in winning by a decision. Wahrman fought formerly with the U. S. Army, the C.M.T.C., and the National Guards. He is not new to the Base smokers however, as he has given us many a good show in the past. Just between you and me and the lamp-post, the big reason for his success in this battle was because the big heart-throb was out in the audience yelling for all she was worth.

One-Round Zeka from D company fought
(Continued on page 54)

MARINES BASKETBALL CHAMPS OF GUAM



Basketball Trophy
Guam Marines

In one of the most spectacular and thrilling basketball seasons to be witnessed on the Island of Guam, the strong quintet from the Marine Barracks at Suamy fought their way from a three-way tie to the championship for the season 1936-1937.

The six-team league, which included the Marines, the Education Department, the Naval Hospital, the Guam Militia, the Agana Eagles, and the Navy Yard fought nip and tuck during the first half of the series but all teams were overpowered by the fast, straight shooting Guam Militia five.

The second half of the series ended in a three-way tie with the Agana Eagles and the Guam Militia favorites over the Marine team. Both the Marines and the Militia easily eliminated the Eagle team and prepared to battle for the silver trophy symbolic of the championship of Guam. The Marines lost the first tilt 13-12 but defeated the Militia in the two following games 47-42 and 48-43.

Vital statistics: Captain L. C. Plain, USMC, was team coach—he lost more weight during the season than any two players—the Marines won eleven out of fifteen games—Chiodini was high scorer for the season with 143 points—Wilson second with 125—

Lewis played in every game—Corpsman Decious was a valuable man on the Marine team—the Marines scored 686 points for the season as against 568 for their opponents, and had 150 fouls called on them as against 256 for the opposition—the celebration dinner at which miniature silver basketballs were presented to each player was a memorable event.

N.O.B. SPORTS

The pace for the Twi-Light Soft-Ball League is being led by the Naval Base Marines. Competition is keen and batting averages show a tendency to par, if not better, the envious record set by the Babe. Most of the men massage the pill at a temperature of better than 250, with many hitting around 550. When the final game is called, we hope to carry the pennant for our trophy room.

The line-up reads close to the following:

1st	Greening
2nd	Shirey
ss	Keaton
3rd	Lummus
rs	Zawadski
rf	Smith
cf	Newell
lf	Newman
c	Nolan
p	Ginsberg

THE LEAGUE STANDING TO DATE

	Won	Lost
Marines	5	2
Sea Board Flatirons	5	2
Young Men's Store	2	4
Coca Cola	2	4

Major Kaluf manages the Marines and pilots the team on the field. Official scorer is Nelson Muscheck, and the league "ump," Kasmer Stencel.

QUANTICO BASEBALL

OUR spies report that Quantico is supporting a bang up baseball club, and in all probability will play Vassar freshmen in the near future. We've been poking under the bushel to find the light, but even our grade-A spies can uncover no more than three games. In those hard-fought contests, Quantico has rolled up an imposing score of 7 runs against their opponents' 53.

On May 15, at Washington, Quantico got off to a brilliant start by scoring two counters against the local Fifth Battalion Reserves in the opening stanza. But the Fifth, playing double or nothing, scored 4 in their half, blanking the Indians for the rest of the tilt and garnering a total of 15 runs for themselves.

QUANTICO	2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2
FIFTH BN.	4 2 2 2 5 0 0 0 x—15

Two days later, also at Capital City, the Indians captured second place against the strong Catholic University, 15 to 4. Once more Quantico started off with a score in the first, only to watch 7 men cross the plate in the Collegians' half. A strong, 3-run rally in the sixth left the Indians trailing by a scant ten runs, which was just a little too much to overcome in a 7-inning contest.

QUANTICO	1 0 0 0 0 3 0—4
CATHOLIC	7 4 1 0 2 1 x—15

On May 19 Georgetown University traveled to Quantico and succeeded in nosing

out the Indians in a hard-fought, bitterly-contested struggle. It was a pitchers' duel all the way through, with the Marines holding Georgetown to 28 hits, with their own batsmen smashing out four bingles. The 28 hits were pretty well bunched, permitting Georgetown to win, 23 to 1.

Again the Marines started off by scoring their single run in the first inning, with an imposing series of blanks thereafter.

GEORGETOWN	4 1 0 5 0 1 6 6 0—23
QUANTICO	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1

Seriously, we understand the Quantico Indians have won some ball games. But this office has received no report of them. Perhaps our next issue will contain better news.

SPORTS AT MARINE CORPS BASE

By C. Griffin

The San Diego Marine's Baseball team, piloted by First Sergeant Edwin Gorman of Marine Corps baseball fame, won a series from the Patrol Wing, coached by the former Naval Academy mentor, Lt. Tom Hamilton, USN, 2 games to one, in a play-off for the Eleventh Naval District Championship, and once more became Champions of the District in baseball for the 1937 season.

However, we were jinxed this season as far as winning a game from the Pacific Coast Conferences Universities. The Stan-

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The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

BROOKLYN BATTALION PLANS TRAINING

3d Battalion, FMCR

With the inspiration of having been, for the first time, trained at the famous East Coast Marine Corps base at Quantico, the officers and men of the Third Battalion, from Brooklyn Navy Yard, are headed back for another armory training year. By the time this is being read the lads from the shores of the East River and Hudson will know full well of the joys and sun of Quantico, through which every real Marine goes at one time or other in his military career.

The opinion of officers and men of the organization commanded by Major B. S. Barron, FMCR, is that 1937 marks a banner year for the outfit, now in its third year of existence, for it brought a new and wonderful home in the Reserve Building at the Navy Yard, and the long-sought order directing it to train at Quantico. With this attitude, and with plans for the most active training year ahead, the Battalion heads for its home port with high ambitions—even if weary legs and sun-burned necks.

The four or five-weeks immediately preceding departure for Quantico were filled with work for the Battalion personnel, with moving from the old Building Nine and getting set in the new home; the Decoration Day parade in Brooklyn, the official opening ceremonies of the new Building and presentation of Battalion and national colors by Mr. S. Klein of New York, and the final shove-off for Quantico in the early hours of Sunday, June 20. Even the fact that the early departure hour and the run direct to the troop train by bus precluded the customary down-Broadway parade, didn't dampen the spirits of the lads from Brooklyn, eager to get their first look at Quantico.

Prior to departure, the names of the enlisted men selected by their respective units as the outstanding individuals in their companies, and whose names are being inscribed on the David Barron and Rose Barron memorial plaques, were announced. They will receive certificates of this award during ceremonies at Quantico. Those so selected are:

Headquarters Company: 1st Sgt. Cesare Rotella, band leader; Pvt. Victor F. Roth, bandsman.

Company A: Cpl. Theodore Marchlevski, Pfc. Arthur Brennen.

Company B: 1st Sgt. Frank Cotrufo, Pfc. Michael DeSandis.

Company C: Cpl. Floriano Sampieri, Pvt. Harry Demehick.

Company D: Gy-Sgt. Harry Seplove, Pfc. (now Cpl.) Wm. Engelmann.

These names are inscribed on the silver plate for 1937 and other plates for eight more years are affixed to the big plaques and will be filled each year prior to camp period, by selection of the men of the outfits.

Second Lieutenant John Goodwin FMCR,

former Purdue University athlete, has been assigned as company officer in D Company, thus completing the company officer roster for each company.

Several promotions were made before departure to Quantico, as follows: In Company C Cpl. O'Neill has been promoted to sergeant and Pfc. LaCasse to corporal. In D Company, due to protracted illness of 1st Sgt. Kenneth Everhart and his transfer to ERA, and the enforced transfer due to business pressure of Sgt. Joseph Mayer, numerous promotions were made. Sgt. Edward G. Anderson, an "old timer" in the Reserve, became 1st Sergeant, Cpls. Robert Van Camp (a China station veteran of the regular Corps) and Herman Balton won their sergeant's stripes; while Pfc. Eugene Holton and Gus P. May were promoted to corporals, and Pfc. Mathew Jacklewicz and Gene Diamond put on the stripes of privates first class. Jacklewicz is a 100% attendance man for a period of four years in the Reserve and a member of the championship company and Battalion color guards which have won numerous trophies in competition throughout Greater New York in the past several years, as is Cpl. Holton.

C Company, commanded by Capt. Howard W. Houck, carried off two of the four major Battalion trophies when it won the Gen. R. P. Williams Cup for all-around armory drill efficiency, and the Major S. D. Sugar Trophy for having the highest drill attendance during the drill year. The Battalion Rifle Championship Trophy and the Col. Gerard M. Kincaide Camp Efficiency Cup are still to be contested for, being held at present by Companies D and B respectively. These are awarded immediately following the termination of each year's summer encampment period. D and B have a leg each on both of these trophies. C Company has won two legs on each of the trophies they possess.

Sgt. Victor Goller, a recent member of the 5th Regiment FMF, has enlisted in the Reserve and is now a member of Company A, commanded by Capt. John J. Dolan. This unit, the youngest in point of date of formation in the Battalion, is out to capture honors at camp this year, and during the subsequent armory drill year. Lieut. Andre Charbonier FMCR, a former officer in the regular Corps, is company officer with this unit.

The athletic program of the Battalion continues apace, with the baseball team having won five and lost one game at the time this was written. Both the basketball team, which scored the most impressive record of any previous squad at Brooklyn winning 21 and losing five games, and the baseball squad, will play exhibition games during their stay at Quantico, and individual company teams will engage in soft ball and other athletic contests during the camp period. An inter-battalion game is being arranged with the nine from the Fifth Battalion of Washington, D. C. Capt.

M. V. O'Connell, FMCR, commanding D Company is Battalion Athletic Officer and basketball coach, while 1st Lieut. Fred Lindlaw, commanding B Company is baseball officer. Numerous members of the speedy basketball squad are starring as members of the ball team, including Fred ("Home-run") Testagrossa, Pitcher Paul Alonge, Manager Abe Gross, and Catcher Joe McCaffrey. Cpl. Pennington, 1st baseman, Pvt. Tirrioli and Pitcher Alan



Col. W. P. Upshur, USMC, Director of the Reserves.

THE LEATHERNECK



Colonel Upshur, USMC, inspects the 13th Battalion, FMCR.

("Lefty") Bloom are among the star performers for Lt. Lindlaw's squad. Against the team from the USS *Cummings*, Testagrossa settled the issue with a home run with two men on base—ruining the Navy pitcher's afternoon.

Every officer and enlisted man is a voluntary member of the Battalion Athletic Association, thus providing support for not only athletic events and equipment, but also aiding the general Battalion fund as well. A system of athletic awards, and intra-mural athletics identical with leading colleges has been instituted under Capt. O'Connell's direction, with an enlisted Board of Control helping to govern the activities, policies, etc.

The Battalion and national colors presented to the Third by Mr. S. Klein, in memory of his mother, Mrs. Goldie Klein, are among the most beautiful ever to be carried by a military organization. They are hand woven and specially executed in accordance with regulations governing the size and general setup of these colors. They were carried in the Memorial Day parade in Brooklyn for the first time.

The Battalion was represented at the decoration of Lieutenant Richard Aldworth, USA, retired, at Mitchel Field, L. I., on Saturday, June 5th, when the young army officer received the Distinguished Flying Cross for an act of heroism, from Major General Frank R. McCoy of the 2nd Corps Area. Capt. O'Connell, a close friend of Lt. Aldworth, and Cpls. Paul Wield and Wm. Engelmann, and Pvt. Dowchick were present and witnessed the aerial review and decoration.

Consideration of and request for official permission, for Fall land-sea maneuvers by the Battalion, in conjunction with the US Power Squadron and a fleet of sixty or more private yachts, is under way now, with the details to be made known at a later date and upon granting of permission.

VMS-10R

Fairfax Airport, Kansas City, Kansas

By R. R. B.

Greetings, Leathernecks. This is the first you've heard from this two-year-old here in the Heart of America but not the last. Organized two years ago we have gone

far in building a compact unit that is well drilled in all phases of military flying.

The squadron is made up of ten officers commanded by Major Alton N. Parker, twelve N.C.O.'s, and thirty enlisted men.

The second annual inspection was held May 1st. The Inspecting Party were Major Harold C. Major, USMC, Major Byhon F. Johnson, USMC, and Captain Charles J. Schlapkohl, USMC.

The Inspection Board upon arriving at the base inspected the personnel and then reviewed a platoon drill after which officers shifted to flight gear and prepared for Flight Operations.

Flight Operations were for the purpose of demonstrating training with respect to gunnery, bombing, communications, and tactics.

Operations were completed, with planes passing in review. They took off in sections and passed in right echelon of sections, in echelon of echelons, six in line, line of sections with left section pulling up into left climbing turn and right section into right climbing turn. Then followed a column of sections passing across field and pulling into a left turn and forming right echelon of echelons and so into column and into a Lufbury circle, then landing.

The inspection was carried off very well and Major Major and Major Johnson expressed belief that the Squadron had made much headway in the last year.

VMS-10R sends regards to all reserve squadrons and wants to know why we don't hear from other flying squadrons.

THIRTEENTH WELCOMES 13 NEW MEMBERS 13th Battalion, FMCR

The glad hand of welcome is extended to the following new members of the 13th Battalion. We hope they will, during their four year enlistment, strive to achieve three objectives; 1, 100% attendance at drill; 100% attendance at camp; subscribe to THE LEATHERNECK, dating back to this issue so they may have a complete historical record of the Marine Corps through the files of the Leathernecks:

Headquarters Company—Edward M. Davis, Rudolph G. Fear, Daniel R. Johnson.

A Company—Harvey E. Rumble, Pfc. George J. Klepl from (WRA), Robert G. Walsh.

B Company—Frank H. Greedy, Claude B. Moss, John P. Dancy, Philo R. Hoefler, Jr.

C Company—William D. Wilcox, Thomas W. Clark.

D Company—Walter E. Wheeler (from WRA), Dale W. Winkelman.

CO. B AT "MARINE CORPS NIGHT" OF A. L.

Major John J. Flynn, FMCR, commanding Los Angeles Thirteenth. Battalion was the principal speaker at the first annual Marine Corps Night of Aqueduct Post of the American Legion held Tuesday, June 1.

In a rousing address, Major Flynn stirred his hearers with a comprehensive discussion of Marine Corps history and its mission. His talk was followed by motion pictures of Marine Corps Aviation in action in China and Nicaragua.

The rifle drill team of B Company, led by Cpl. John W. Burkhardt, gave an exhibition of the rifle manual that astounded not only the Legionaries, but the regular Marine Corps detachment present from the

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16TH BATTALION FMCR

Indianapolis, Indiana

Authorized in October, 1936, for two companies, this unit now has 129 men and fully expects that by May 31st sufficient recruits will bring the unit up to its authorized strength of 135, and possibly the 15 per cent excess allowed as well.

The problem of recruiting has been solved by these companies through campaigns among the enlisted men, talks by battalion officers in uniform to various local high school and Y.M.C.A. groups, the use of Marine posters in Indianapolis street cars and buses, newspaper articles and moving picture screen announcements. The unit also in 1936, while it was on a volunteer status, sponsored ten radio broadcasts over WFBM describing the campaigns of the Marine Corps from the time of its organization up to the end of the Great War.

Captain Leslie C. Wellman, assisted by Sergeant Woltering, both of the Marine Corps, are stationed in Indianapolis as inspectors and advisers for the battalion, which is commanded by Captain William C. Smith. Captain Smith is assisted in the development and training of the unit by the following officers:

First Lieutenant Walter S. Campbell—Adjutant; First Lieutenant Leslie J. Bibler—Naval Surgeon; Second Lieutenant John R. Knowles—Supply Officer; First Lieutenant Robert C. McDermond; Second Lieutenant Maurice McDermond; Second Lieutenant Harold B. Meek; and Second Lieutenant Robert C. Hiatt—Line Officers.

A bee hive has always been regarded as a standard for extreme activity but it runs a bad second when compared to the 16th battalion in the middle of its final recruiting campaign at the same time making preparations for the next training camp to be held at Great Lakes, Illinois, between the 11th and 25th of July. However at present over sixty per cent of the men have qualified with the .22 and the remainder are expected to complete their qualifications before May 31st. Through the courtesy of the officers at Fort Harrison, the rifle range at the Fort will be available during June and the officers and non-coms expect to



Colonel Upshur congratulates Major John J. Flynn, USMC, following the inspection of the 13th Battalion.



SHOOTERS OF THE 14TH BATTALION

Standing, L to R: Sgt-Maj. W. V. Sheldon, Pvt. D. C. Brewer, Sgt. O. S. Gilbert.
Kneeling: Pvs. F. I. Bartlett and J. D. Johnston.

qualify with the .30 caliber rifle before going to camp.

The social activities of the unit have not been overlooked for soon after the battalion was organized the officers and men formed the Leathernecks' Club which has sponsored several interesting boxing and wrestling shows as well as a stag party at which local radio stars and magicians provided the entertainment.

The officers, many of whom are members of the Indianapolis Reserve Officers Organization, also have formed a club which holds a dinner once a month at some location designated by the particular officer having charge of the program for that occasion.

These events which are also participated in by the wives and friends of the officers have been very well received. At present plans are being made to hold several of the monthly gatherings at one or more of Indiana's beautiful lake resorts.

The outstanding event participated in by the battalion since its organization was the inspection on April second of the unit by Colonel William P. Upshur, assisted by Captain Merlin F. Schneider. Colonel Upshur and Captain Schneider were guests of honor at a dinner party held at the Columbia Club on April third, at which event both officers delivered fine addresses on the activities of the Marine Corps.

COMPANY D, 4TH BATTALION, FMCR

Newark, N. J.

Seventeen men from the company made the trip to Ramapo, N. Y. on Sunday, May 23, to shoot in the .30 cal. rifle matches. They constituted three teams, and had a very pleasant day, including a tear-gassing, participation in a smoke-screen firing problem, and eats donated by Mrs. Barton, the skipper's wife.

There were several upsets in the scores. The course was 10 shots offhand; 5 sitting and 5 kneeling; and 10 shots rapid fire, standing to sitting, all on the Army "A"

target, at 200 yards, with a total possible score of 150. High man for the company was Pvt. Messina, with a score of 133. The outstanding performance was that of Pvt. Crump, in the outfit for only four months, and firing the .30 calibre rifle for his first time. He scored 128 to win second place. Pvt. Crump is the son of a former regular Marine, and with a little more practice holds promise of being Camp Perry material.

Several other new men show much promise, notably Pvs. Maxwell and Brower. Complete scores of the entire match are not yet available, as there will be more firing on other dates; but of the teams firing whose scores we have, this company is third so far.

The tear-gassing occurred when a chemical warfare unit of the National Guard released a tear-gas bomb in the heavy woods near the range, and the wind carried the gas to the firing line. It was quite a sight to see the riflemen and spectators, including several women, running about with tears streaming down their faces and handkerchiefs to their eyes.

After the rifle match was over, this chemical unit took over the range for their smoke problem, which was to test the efficacy of smoke screens and their effect on firing. Company D manned the butts. The National Guardsmen first fired 10 shots under ordinary conditions. They had good shooters on the line and made excellent scores. For the next round, the targets were blanketed with smoke, and the men required to shoot through this.

The results were amazing. Men who the round before had made ten bulls now got only 2 or 3 hits on the target, all way up in the 2 space. Some had no hits on the target at all. The best score in this round was made by Sgt. Grunder, of the regular Marines, assigned to this battalion, and participating in this event.

For the third and last round, the firing line was smoke-screened, and the targets

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COMPANY C SAW

4th Bn., FMCR, Newark, N. J.

By R. C. Keck

Company C Saw; its customary annual preparation prior to camp entraining. We know that every man is eagerly awaiting the twentieth day of June when we leave for two weeks' training at Quantico, Va. At first we were all set to go to good old Sea Girt, but it has been changed to Quantico.

And, believe me, it is going to be plenty tough on some of Company C's famous lady killers, who were accustomed to take an evening stroll along the board walk at Asbury Park. Remember those nice balmy summer evenings along the ocean front? Well, I hope every one has excellent memories because I am afraid that you will have only those pleasant memories to go on this summer; isn't that just too bad?

We are going to do some honest to goodness work down at Quantico, and learn some things that we did not have an opportunity to get before. But in turn there will be plenty of time for recreation and amusement. Company C is expecting some great things from the new men and we know that with the proper cooperation between the men and the non-coms, we will accomplish many things.

We of Company C are sorry to lose Private Edwin T. Huber who has just been transferred to the VMCR and also Pfc. Robert Barr who have been transferred for business reasons.

Can you imagine! Choate and Morrell looking for another fellow to take one of their extra girl friends out. Ballard turning up to headquarters in khaki uniform three weeks early. And not expecting a visit at camp from his fiancée. Pl. Sgt. Duffy, without a crab on or not on the war path. Cpl. Fredericks, blushing and stuttering when the C. O. speaks to him. Lieut. Thornton, being able to take it. Sgt. Aloia, not busy at headquarters or at the armory. Pfc. Ondik showing up at drill without his uniform. Sgt. Paoello, at drill in a red flannel shirt and hip boots. Sgt. Bartolo, not getting hung up for the two bits every month on THE LEATHERNECK. Private Smith, not drinking beer or refusing to go on a date. Private Boan, without a girl on any evening?

HEADQUARTERS 4TH BATTALION, FMCR

Federal Building, Newark, N. J.

The Battalion's activities during the past month have mainly been concerned with the preparation for camp. All but a few men have received typhoid inoculations and small pox vaccinations and the stragglers are to receive theirs during the next two weeks.

The individual Companies have also been putting in extra time on weekends and nights other than drill nights in an attempt to qualify a maximum number of men on the small bore range. Until the new Battalion range, being built under the supervision of Major Lessing, Captain Pohl, and Pfc. Jesse Rodgers of Headquarters Co., is completed in the Federal Building in Newark, the Battalion will continue to be at a disadvantage in regard to firing facilities.

In this regard Company A of Elizabeth alone is the only organization that has anything approaching satisfactory firing facilities, for on drill nights when the Armory floor is not rented out to private groups (who conduct anything from a basketball tournament to a circus only too often dur-

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THE LEATHERNECK

CAPTAIN T. P. BARTON

From point of service, Captain T. P. Barton is probably one of the oldest captains in the Marine Corps Reserve, completing about twenty years under the Globe and Anchor.



Capt. T. P. Barton

In June, 1917, he enlisted in the Marine Corps for the duration of the war, immediately after he had passed the second year examination at the New York University Law School.

At Philadelphia he missed the first draft for France when the *Kittery* sailed while he was on liberty. His next duty was aboard the USS *Charleston*; then the 7th Regiment was made up and Barton was assigned to the 93d Company. Hot, sticky duty at Guantanamo Bay, where the mosquitoes were big enough to eat, and the chow wasn't. Fever, spick-itch and boils aided the mosquitoes in their campaign to discourage the Marines.

When the armistice ended hostilities, Barton was quarantined with flu at San Juan Hill, Santiago. He was eventually returned home, and discharged.

In 1926 Captain Barton accepted a commission as second lieutenant in the Reserves. In 1934 he was assigned as adjutant to the Newark Battalion. The following year he was given command of a company; and at the present time he still commands Company D, Fourth Battalion, FMCR.

14TH BATTALION FMCR

Spokane, Washington

By L. M. Norris

Another month has rolled around and finds the 14th Battalion busy in its preparation to go to summer camp in Bremerton, Washington. With the aid of a bean-feast as a reward to those who were responsible for new men being enlisted in time to go to camp, we find the ranks filled up and the two rifle companies up to full strength and all set for camp.

Since the last LEATHERNECK went to press the 14th Battalion received a report of its standing in the Postal Rifle Match that was held during the week of April 4th of this year between seven FMCR Battalions. This was a small bore rifle match. The 14th Battalion led the field with a team score of 1,353 points, that score being thirteen points above the nearest competitor.

Individual honors also came to rest with the 14th Battalion for Pvt. Don C. Brewer when he amassed 288 points to lead the field in individual scoring. This record was twelve points above the winner of second place. The second high score for the 14th Battalion and the winner of third place in the Postal Rifle Match was Pvt. Fred I. Bartlett, who won his place by scoring 276 points.

Another high light of the month was when we were recently honored by an official visit of Colonel Upshur who was accompanied by Captain Schneider. We enjoyed meeting them and having them in-

spect our unit. We hope that we may have the privilege of having them visit us again sometime.

And now all thoughts are turned toward Bremerton and our summer encampment. For many of us this will be our first experience in camp and we are looking forward to it with fear and trembling if we are to believe the stories that those who went last year tell us. For all of us it will be a wonderful experience and we will come back from camp better fit to carry on the duties of our Reserve unit.

SIXTH BATTALION FMCR

Philadelphia, Pa.

By Wm. B. Crap

So this is Quantico!

With this remark many of the personnel of the Marine Reserve will have greeted the members of the Sixth Battalion know of the existence of Quantico only from hearsay but you can rest assured that by the time this article comes out in print they will know all about it. It has been many moons since some of the older members saw the ranch or whatever they call it and they, too, are in for some agreeable surprises. At the time of writing this, everything around the barracks reminds you that it is nearing time for the choo-choo train to pull into the yard and take aboard a cargo of equipment; enough to do all summer if the MGC decides to keep us there that long. And what an enthusiastic bunch we have this year! Already we have decided that the 1937 encampment will surpass all former encampments.

Sergeant Major Shaw has a new sabre, all shined up and pretty-like and he is just itching to flash it around in that Virginia sun. The only thing worrying him is about his sleeping quarters. After having spent some time in the tropics, Frank cannot stand our cold summers. He likes to sleep in close proximity to a stove just in

case a breeze springs up during the night.

Of course Frank never lights the stove. It would mean getting out of a warm bunk to do so. He insists that Corporal DeSerio sleep within earshot and so in the middle of the night when the corporal hears a loud and decided "Angelo," Angelo gets up meekly and lights the fire without further orders.

And what about Supply Sergeant Young? Everytime we used to see him, he was getting ready to go with the truck to Philadelphia for supplies. The funny thing was that he never brought back the supplies. This year Fred will have to take the attraction with him; it will be too far to Philadelphia this time.

And that reminds us that there will be a lot of aching hearts in Sea Girt, Manasquan, Asbury Park and other Jersey coast towns this year. Maybe we will see you in 1938, girls.

For the past several weeks, we have been having a parade rehearsal every Monday evening with the band and all that goes with it. We have the thing down pretty well now to the way they say in the book how it should be done. We expect to take a man's sized battalion to camp and to do a man's sized job while there.

In the Memorial Day parade held in Philadelphia on May 29th, the battalion turned out and made a very creditable showing. The 6th was honored by having its picture in the *Evening Ledger* on the same date showing the battalion as it rounded Logan Square with the band in the lead. It looked pretty snappy in the picture and it was snappy too. Even the band played some new tunes.

We have recently learned that a medal with ribbon is to be awarded to a member of the reserves upon completion of four camps in successive years and for regular attendance at weekly drills. This has met with the hearty approval of all the members of the battalion. There is a large number in the Sixth who already



COLONEL UPSHUR VISITS THE 14TH BATTALION

Major H. R. Anderson, USMC, I & I, 14th Battalion, FMCR; Col. W. P. Upshur, USMC, Director of the Reserves; Capt. Schneider. Rear Row: Lt. F. C. Bevington, Lt. E. D. Partridge, B. I. Kahn, Lt. (jg), USNR; Lt. M. M. Smith.

are entitled to this medal. It should be an incentive to others as it is practically the only decoration we of the reserve can earn.

Here's hoping Quantico lives up to our expectations.

FIFTH BATTALION, FMCR

Washington, D. C.

Sergeant James W. Crawford, of the Fifth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, has been promoted to First Sergeant and assigned to Company E, at Alexandria, Virginia.

First Sergeant Crawford served in the regular Marine Corps for six years. He is a graduate of the Marine Corps Quartermaster's School at Philadelphia and served later on board the USS *Arkansas* in the Fleet Marine Force training section.

Due to changes in their civilian occupations that necessitate their leaving Washington, D. C., Second Lieutenants William A. Simpson, of Company A, and Charles K. Smith, of Company B, have been detached and transferred to the Eastern Reserve Area.

The vacancy created by Lieutenant Simpson's detachment has been filled by Second Lieutenant James T. Patterson, who joins the Battalion from the Eastern Reserve Area.

The vacancy in Company B, occasioned by Lieutenant Smith's detachment, has been filled by the assignment of Second Lieutenant John W. Messor, from Headquarters Company to Company B.

First Lieutenant William J. Burrows has joined the Battalion from the Eastern Reserve Area for duty as assistant to the Plans and Training Officer.

The Fifth Battalion is scheduled to go to Quantico on its 15 day annual field training period on August 15th for combat exercises, landing force maneuvers and other training activities. Very little time will be devoted to close order drills. The Battalion will camp under canvas for the full fifteen days. The trip to and from Quantico will be made by boat.

By order of the Major General Commandant recruiting of men without previous military training will be discontinued on June 30, 1937. There are vacancies for riflemen in the line companies, also several vacancies for trumpeters, cooks and musicians. The age limits are from 17 to 35.

At an officers' meeting the officers of the Battalion voted to hold no social events during the period at Quantico but to stage the annual pre-camp dinner and dance in Washington prior to the departure for Quantico.

The Fifth Battalion and Band took part in the Veterans of Foreign Wars annual department encampment parade on Constitution Avenue on the evening of June 15th. Major Harvey L. Miller, commanding the Fifth Battalion, is a former Department Commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars Department of the District of Columbia. Prior to his service in the World War as a commissioned officer he also saw service in the Philippines, China, Cuba, Mexico and Nicaragua.

7TH BATTALION, FMCR (ART.)

Philadelphia, Pa.

By William H. Tinney

At this writing we are on the "last lap" of our preparations for Camp. When this edition is published we will be encamped at Fort Hoyle, Maryland, for our 1937 Field Training Period; which will be 27 June to 11 July. Fort Hoyle is about 20



Inspection of the 7th Battalion, FMCR.

miles north of Baltimore. It is reputed to be an excellent Army Post (Artillery) and is occupied by the First Field Artillery Brigade of the First Division. Our Battalion Commander and Inspector-Instructor have visited the Post several times under orders and brought back information that in addition to having excellent artillery and pistol ranges that it is an excellent camp site, affording unlimited opportunities for recreation. This advance information has whetted our enthusiasm. Practically all the following facilities will be available to officers and enlisted men: Swimming, Tennis Courts, Library, Modern "Gym," Dance Hall, Movies, boats supplied for fishing and swimming parties, baseball, etc.—what a list! Not to take the joy out of living, but after a glance at our Field Training Schedule I heard a "kibitzer" say he wished someone could induce Congress to give us 30 days' active duty—I wonder why? From present indications it looks as if Gunner Lawrence will be in command of the advance party which will leave 23 June. As the criminologists might say "case" Aberdeen for us fellows and "finger" the good spots.

First Lieutenant Laurence J. Denmire, VMCR from Iowa has been ordered to active duty with the Seventh and will join us at Fort Hoyle. Captain John H. Thomas, FMCR, who has been on active duty with the Civilian Conservation Corps has returned to the outfit and will shove off for camp with us.

Second Lieutenant Frederick G. Lippert, FMCR, has been recently commissioned and will also attend camp with us. Lieutenant Lippert is a Naval Academy graduate and a former Marine Officer and undoubtedly will have a successful tour of duty with this organization—he has been assigned to Battery A and has our congratulations on his appointment and assignment.

Our champion "seconds" men will be relieved to know that a regular Mess Sergeant and/or Corporal and a regular cook will join us at camp "for the good of the stomachs," or should I say "service."

We are all scheduled to fire the pistol (Continued on page 50)

NOTES FROM THE HUB

2nd Bn, FMCR, NYd, Boston, Mass.

By R. L. N.

"It won't be long now"—this familiar old Marine Corps stock phrase is being heard plenty of late around our quarters in the Naval Reserve Armory at the yard in anticipation of our departure for annual field training on 13 June. What with the men giving their equipment the last once over with the official nod of approval from the Inspector Instructor and other inspecting officers, it looks like we are all set for the zero hour.

The battalion personnel learns with a feeling of regret of the detachment of Brigadier General R. P. Williams, USMC, from Headquarters, USMC, as General Officer in Charge of Reserve, to command the 1st Marine Brigade, FMF, Quantico. The general occupied a warm spot in our hearts and after hearing his talk at Portsmouth last summer outlining the mission of the FMCR to us we were all of the opinion that he had a personal interest in each one of us. We are sure that the general has built up an enviable record for himself during his tenure of office as GOIC, and we are sure that he will add to his already brilliant record reaching over a long span of years, when he assumes command of one of the units of the Marine Corps No. 1 fighting force, namely the FMF.

At the same time we welcome General Williams' successor, Colonel William P. Upshur, USMC, who under the newly created title of Director of Reserve, will watch over our destinies as reservists. The Colonel comes to the Reserve Section from the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations, and like General Williams his service in the Corps covers a long span of years. The Colonel is at present in the area inspecting the activities of the 2nd Battalion and your correspondent is informed that at this time he is at Portland, Maine, along with our I & I, Lt. Col. Marshall, inspecting the activities of our B Company. We wish to extend to Colonel Upshur our wishes for a long and successful

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The MARINE CORPS LEAGUE NEWS

LEAGUE DECORATES UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S TOMB IN PARIS

JEROME D. COHEN, Judge Advocate of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment, a member of a party of 1,100 Americans making a Pilgrimage to the battlefields of France, represented the Marine Corps League, and placed a League Plaque and floral wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Paris, Sunday, April 11, 1937, in memory of the Marines who died in the Great War.

The League is greatly honored by this gesture and by the splendid cooperation extended by the French Government in allowing this memorial service to be held on Sunday, which we understand is only done on special occasions. The League is also grateful to the American Legion for their splendid support and cooperation and for the use of their color guard.

We are sure Jerry did a splendid job and was a credit to his organization as more than 5,000 dignitaries and citizens turned out to witness this ceremony.

The finest gesture made by these Americans was the starting of a fund, through a collection taken on the way across, for the purchase of permanent leases on the graves of the American soldiers who are buried in France. These graves are leased for a period of only ten years and a number of these leases have never been renewed. May the American people take action, in the near future, and clear this situation up; and if this humble writer may suggest the United States purchase these burial lots and subtract the price of same from the war debt owed this country by the French Government.

IRA S. WADE,
Asst. N. C. O. S.,
Marine Corps League.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

Boston, Mass.

The 14th Annual Convention, State Department of Massachusetts, Marine Corps League, was held in Boston, Mass., Saturday and Sunday, June 5 and 6, with the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of Boston acting as the host. Marines in plenty assembled from all parts of the old Bay State to partake of the excellent programme arranged for their entertainment. Excellent weather conditions prevailed and conspired to make the affair a very enjoyable memory for all the visitors. Registrations were accepted during the Convention, although the majority of the delegates and guests were in Boston on Saturday. Command-

DETACHMENT MEMBERSHIP STANDINGS

The ten (10) leading Detachments in Membership as of 1 June, 1937, are as follows:

- 1 Akron
- 2 Niagara Frontier
- 3 Theodore Roosevelt
- 4 San Francisco
- a 5 Oakland
- a 6 Hudson-Mohawk
- 7 Troy
- b 8 Homer A. Harkness
- b, 9 Capt. Burwell H. Clarke
- 10 San Jose.

NOTE: a Tied for 5th place.
b Tied for 8th place.

JOHN B. HINCKLEY, JR.,
National Adjutant & Paymaster.

ant Roy S. Keene had a very efficient Committee handling the different details, comprising the following: Housing and Programme, Vice-Commander Ira S. Wade, who is also National Assistant Chief of Staff; Reception, Adjutant-Paymaster Robert L. Norrish; Comrade Michael DiRienzo; and Chief of Staff Bill Phelan; Entertainment, Sergeant-at-Arms John B. Killion; with the Commandant keeping in touch with all the different details to be handled.

The feature event of the Saturday programme was the MEMORIAL SERVICE

for all deceased MARINES, at 7:00 P. M., when a local soloist rendered "The Vacant Chair" with appropriate gestures by the color-bearers as each name was called by the Chaplain; then a vocal rendition of "TAPS" with a muted bugle echo from distance.

On Sunday morning the principal activity was the election of officers for the coming year, and the address by National Commandant Maurice A. Illeh of Albany, N. Y., and remarks by the various N. Y. State Detachment Commandants who accompanied him. The result of the election was as follows: State Commandant, Jerome B. Cohen, Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of Boston, who is a member of the secretarial staff of U. S. Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts; Senior Vice-Commandant, William E. Anderson of South Weymouth, Mass., past Commandant of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment; Junior Vice-Commandant, Charles E. Buckingham of North Easton, Mass., member of the Cape Cod Detachment of Brockton and vicinity; Chaplain Daniel A. McKenzie who was re-elected; Sergeant-at-Arms, John B. Killion of Somerville, who holds the same office in the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment; Judge-Advocate, Commandant Harold E. Bailey of the recently formed Elliott F. Chard Detachment of Leominster; Adjutant-Paymaster, Chief of Staff William A. Phelan of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment; and Chief of Staff, Comrade Roland MacDonald of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment. This staff of Officers were immediately inducted into office by the National Commandant, Maurice A. Illeh.

In the afternoon, a banquet was the schedule for all, and addresses were made by a distinguished list of speakers. Former Governor James M. Curley, who holds Honorable Membership in the local detachment

chose "SEMPER FIDELIS" as the subject of his discourse, and when he recalled that on this date, the 19th anniversary of the Marines' Victory at Belleau Woods, France, such valor and heroism only grows with repetition, the old Marine spirit became quite rampant, and cheer after cheer greeted his oratory. The newly elected Commandant brought to the Convention a message from the senior Senator, David I. Walsh, and Jacob Spiegel, secretary to the junior Senator, Henry Cabot Lodge, 3rd, made the trip from Washington, D. C., to the convention to convey appropriate sentiments for the occasion. Letters of regret were read from all 15 Massachusetts Members of Congress, who could not leave Washington because of impending legislation. Members of the other Veteran organizations in Massachusetts bespoke the felicitations of their respective organizations to the League, and the gathering rose en masse when the MARINES' HYMN became the closing act



CEREMONY IN PARIS

Left to right, Max Jacobs, Sam Levy, Barney Welensky, Jerome D. Cohen (placing wreath), Ed Don George, Phil Bernstein, and the American Legion Color Guard.

of a very successful convention.

An appropriate gesture on the part of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment, incidental to the observance of Memorial Day was the awarding POSTHUMOUS MEMBERSHIP to the late Marine Albert Enos of Cambridge, Mass., and it was most gratifying to the family of this young man who lost his life on February 18, 1937, in the explosion aboard the USS *Wyoming* in Pacific waters. The young man had intended, according to his family, to join in the local Detachment, but his untimely death prevented. On Memorial Day, a delegate of 20 uniformed members journeyed to Calvary Cemetery, Woburn, Mass., and there honored the young Marine who had served less than a year in the Corps. The demonstration attracted wide attention because of the presence of many hundreds of people in the cemetery on that day.

The first official act of the newly elected State Commandant Jerome (Jerry) Cohen, after his induction to office on Sunday was to "take to the air" on Station WEEL of Boston, Columbia Broadcasting Station for this area, at the supper hour, and to those Marines in Massachusetts, who had not attended the Convention, he expressed his gratification, and outlined a program for the State Department for the coming year. It looks like "new life" for the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment for 1937-1938.

TROY DETACHMENT

The 1937 N. Y. State Convention of the M. C. L. has passed into history. Due to the fact that material for this column must of necessity be sent in, almost a month in advance of delivery, it is impossible to give you any convention news at this time. When the August issue is dropped through your mail slot, it will carry a complete outline of the different activities connected with the assembly along with the newly elected and appointed officers.

At the May meeting of Troy Detachment it was decided to start planning for the 3rd Annual Clam-steam to be held in August and the grove chosen was the gorgeous green of Troy Country Club. Last year more than 200 Marines and their friends fell out for this event, and everyone was so pleased that we look forward to a 300 or better attendance this summer. Detachment Commandant F. S. Schwarz will appoint several Clam-steam Committee Chairmen at the June meeting and the chairmen will select their own committees. This plan was established at last year's steam and the program was carried out so successfully that "Doc Schwarz" decided to follow this same plan for the 1937 hot weather affair. At this writing it is safe to say that the set-up of service the same blanket-price (one fee covers all eating and drinking from noon till night) will prevail. Only more refreshments will be available for the guest who can and will stay to take it.

Troy Detachment voted unanimously to turn out full strength for the Annual Memorial Day Parade, and also pledged their presence at the local cemeteries to help decorate the graves of all veterans who have passed on. Two new members—Marines Oscar Cooper, and Vernon Newcomer were elected to membership. Marine Cooper did his "hitch" in "Khaki" and "greens" while "Vern" performed mostly in "blues." This colorful combination of boys, reminds us to say that the colors of Troy Detachment were entirely paid for by donations of individual members, practically every man in the outfit helped to secure the flags. A committee has been appointed to secure suggestions on compiling

an honor scroll bearing the names of all contributors. When completed it will be a framed parchment scroll and will be hung beside our charter.

CINCINNATI DETACHMENT

It has been some time since we have been heard from, so bear with us and listen. Last Armistice Day we had National Commandant Maurice A. Illeh with us for a visit. Hope he enjoyed his visit as much as we enjoyed his being with us. Our reception might not have been the greatest one he has received but we think it was the noisiest one he will ever get.

We came out of the January Flood O. K. and want to thank "Doc" Clifford for his kind letter and our National Commandant and Adjutant-Paymaster for their aid. Little things like that are long remembered. In March a few of this detachment traveled up to Akron and helped that detachment receive their new colors. We had a great time, if you doubt this ask Peters. Akron was working then on the National Convention and should really be "there" in September.

We again have a USMC Recruiting Station in Cincinnati, Lieutenant P. A. McDonald is in command and First-Sgt. Armstrong is the outside office man. We do not know the names of the remainder of the Staff at this writing. Cyril R. Welp is now our Adjutant, George Brautigam having to give up because of his other employment. Sorry we have been missing in this LEATHERNECK for so long but we have been active.

FLORENCE E. O'LEARY,
Commandant.

ELLIOT F. CHARD DETACHMENT

Leominster, Mass.

Saturday, June 22 was moving day for the Marine population of Massachusetts. All Marines and their ladies were headed for Leominster, Mass., to give their hearty support to the new Elliott F. Chard Detachment of that city.

The boys who make up this detachment are from a company of Marines who enlisted from Leominster, during the war, and were sent as a unit to the Boston Navy Yard for their "boot" training and the first Sergeant they trained under was none other than Jim Corbett. Jim was back with them on this occasion and by urgent request of "His boys" he acted as installing Sergeant-at-Arms. It brought back memories to the men in that room and Jim strutted his stuff.

After a parade through the principle streets and around the square, with music furnished by a very snappy drum and bugle corps, we marched to the City Hall where the installation was to take place.

Many state and city officials were present including State Senators and Representatives, members of the City Council and the Mayor of Leominster. Two gold star mothers favored us by being present, one of which was the mother of the Marine after whom the Detachment was named. Ira S. Wade, Asst. National Chief-of-Staff, was on hand to represent National.

Because of an unavoidable delay to our genial State Commandant, Andy Donohue, the installing was done by "yours truly" and we hope we didn't make too many mistakes.

This baby detachment looks mighty healthy and it is going to make a lot of us look to our laurels. Under the splendid leadership of Harold S. Bailey, their first Commandant, they are headed in the right direction and I am sure you will join me in

wishing them the best of luck.

We wish to thank the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of Boston for the wonderful turnout and for the use of their colors. Also our heartiest thanks to the Ladies Auxiliary for turning out in such large numbers. Their colorful uniforms added just the touch needed to make a perfect picture.

After all was said and everything was done everybody took off for Comrade Lamont's Cafe, where joy flowed unrestrained. In the wee sma' hours we reluctantly took our leave and now I'll be leaving you, saying so-long.

HOWARD A. WATTS,
Sr. Vice Commandant,
Dept. of Mass.

RESERVE NEWS Thirteenth Battalion

(Continued from page 45)

recruiting office at Los Angeles. Cpl. Gurney Paule gave a one-man exhibition of how the rifle can be made to do everything but talk.

A number of former regulars as well as reserve Marine Corps officers were present in addition to Major Flynn. These included Major Joseph P. Sproul, USMCR, Captain Charles D. Bayless, USMC (ret.), who kept the audience splitting in their seats with his droll stories, and Capt. Owen E. Jensen, commanding B Company in Pasadena of the 13th Battalion.

COMPANY D—4TH BN

(Continued from page 46)

left free. This had the same result as the other screening—fire accuracy was practically destroyed. An odd feature was that this time most of the shots struck low, hitting the butts, whereas the round before they had struck high.

Company D's pistol team fired a match with the Newark Post Office team and won by the score of 1029-893. High man for the team was First Sgt. Bove with a score of 287x300. This was also high for the day.

7TH BN, PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from page 48)

at camp, which should be both interesting and instructive to the newer members of the outfit. Speaking about firing, 1st Sgt. Lucke, USMC, made Expert at Cape May last week with a score of 317—nice going, Top, do you realize at 5¢ per that the sixty bucks you earned will buy 1200 short ones?

2ND BATTALION, FMCR

(Continued from page 48)

administration of Reserve affairs and assure him that the loyalty and efficiency of the 2nd Battalion will never be found wanting.

The battalion has a change of command on 27 May. On that date Captain Robert V. Dallahan, FMCR, was transferred to Class V, VMCR, at his own request, and Captain Joseph T. Crowley, FMCR, became acting Battalion Commander, in addition to his duties as CO, A Company.

The following promotions have been made during the past month: Sergeant John E. Tankuns, Hdq. Co., the acting sgt. major, promoted to First Sergeant. Platoon Sgt. Chester A. Goodwin, C Company, and acting 1st sgt. of that outfit, to First Sergeant. Cpl. Robert E. Flanagan, Hdq.

Co., and assistant to the Bn. Medical Officer, to Sergeant. Pfc's. Seelig and Roderick, both Hdq. Co., and the Bn. clerk and Bn. carpenter, respectively, both to Corporal. Congratulations and keep up the good work. Other changes include the transfer of 1st Lt. John F. Elder to Class V, VMCR, his relief as Bn. Quartermaster being 2nd Lt. Sumner W. Meredith. The following two officers have been assigned to the 2nd Battalion. In C Co. we find 2nd Lt. John G. Bouker, a Dartmouth graduate and member of the platoon leaders class at Quantico, 1935. 2nd Lt. David A. Tripp has been assigned to D Company. Welcome to the 2nd Bn. and may you both find your assignment to the outfit a pleasant one.

H. Q. COMPANY, 4TH BN

(Continued from page 46)

ing the winter, they have the sole use of the National Guard Range. Under the supervision of Gunnery Sergeant Mersitz, this Company has done a commendable job recently in the number of qualifications attained.

Companies C, D, and Headquarters Company of Newark have recently had to shoot at odd times when the remodeling of the Sussex Street Armory has allowed it, and B Company, as usual, have had to give the Major share of the range on the USS *Newton* to the Naval Reserve.

THE BUCCANEERS

15th Battalion, F.M.C.R., Galveston, Texas
By Sgt. Paul W. Fuhrhop, F.M.C.R.

Since the last issue of *THE LEATHERNECK*, things have been popping for "The Buccaneers." First of all we had a visit (that is the City of Galveston did) by President Franklin D. Roosevelt on 11 May. We were given the opportunity to act as part of the Guard for the President, and as Marines usually do, drew the worst part of town where many fancy signs are usually light up at night with red bulbs. However, as good Marines we performed our duty well, and were highly complimented by the city officials. Our Battalion Commander, Lt.-Col. Clark W. Thompson, wrote the following letter to the Company Commanders of A and B Companies:

"During the visit of the President of the United States to the City of Galveston on 11 May, your Commanding Officer had the opportunity to observe, from one of the automobiles in the President's party, the manner in which you and your men performed the voluntary duties which had been assigned to you. To a man, you were neat and soldierly, and previous instructions were carried out to the letter. In spite of the fact that the section assigned to you was the most difficult one, it was the best policed of any along the route taken by the party.

"I particularly noted an emergency which arose adjacent to the section assigned the Marines. A part of the crowd became unruly and jammed into the street immediately after the President's car had passed. Nearby Marines sensed that this would hold up the remainder of the automobiles in the party and promptly took charge, and in a very firm manner, which left no doubt in the minds of the crowd that they intended to carry out the instructions they had received, they returned the spectators to their proper places on the sidewalk and unquestionably saved much further confusion.

SEZ you!

YEAH,
SEZ I !!



TAKE it easy, boys! . . . If Old Gold is the Navy Cigarette because its extra jacket of Cellophane protects it against salt air dampness, it must also be the Army Cigarette since this same extra protection guards Old Golds against dust, dryness and humidity.

Old Golds were given this extra jacket of Cellophane—this double protection—to insure their freshness and bring you, wherever you may be stationed, the full double-mellow goodness of Old Gold's prize crop tobaccos. Swing over to "Double-Mellows" today! They'll give you a *fresh* thrill!



FRESHNESS INSURED! Every pack of 1937 Double-Mellow OLD GOLDS is wrapped in Two Jackets—Double Cellophane. That EXTRA jacket keeps OLD GOLDS in prime condition in any climate. You can't buy a stale OLD GOLD anywhere in the U. S. A. It's the extra jacket that does it!

"Both Companies presented a very smart military appearance and carried out their duties in a most creditable manner. The proper execution of these duties not only reflects credit upon your Battalion, but upon the entire Marine Corps as well. The Commander-in-Chief has observed Marines in the execution of their duties throughout the world. The Fifteenth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, will not suffer by comparison.

"It is requested that this letter be read to your respective Companies on the next scheduled drill date."

When the reception committee met the President as he docked at Pier 26, and were introduced to him, it made us all feel good to learn that Lt.-Col. Clark W. Thompson was the only man Mr. Roosevelt called by his first name—"Hello Clark, how are you?" The President has remembered our Battalion Commander when he was a congressman in Washington.

TROPICAL TOPICS

Guam Marines

(Continued from page 31)

from ping pong to horse shoes and back again. The exacting art of horse shoe pitching has just recently bounced high into the lime light and Cpls. Ritchie and Liggett are now holding the precarious title of champs.

If I may—here are a few observances I'd like to squeeze in for the benefit of all concerned—Liggett trying to live down his twenty-two pound hand grenade,—sun's been pretty hot lately. Stevens trying to get Lipsky to go to Turkey or Greece with him when they go out on twenty.

COCO SOLO

(Continued from page 31)

The Coco Solo Ammunition Depot has been completed and Lieutenant Colonel George A. Stowell, our Commanding Officer, is Custodian. A temporary guard from our Detachment has been established at the main office building which includes Pfc. Selby and Pfts. Eichelberger, LeBlanc, Luseomb, Stoffer and Gleason. Pvt. LeBlanc thinks that since he is out in the jungles he should be one of Tarzan's subordinates and co-workers so he has just received a set of heavy muscle-building paraphernalia.

We have on our hands right at present a good many short timers in Coco Solo. Among these are Pfc. McCrink, Ass't Cook (Slug) Belford, Pvt. Shepherd, Pvt. Branney, Pvt. Burton, and a good many of the sea-going Marines from the Special Service Squadron.

VO SQUADRON 9-M

(Continued from page 32)

like his new job and St. Croix. QM-Sgt. Tenny has taken over Hale's job as NCO in charge of Marine Corps property.

Some of the fellows that came on the eleventh still don't believe that the aerographers, Cpl. "Duke" Overstreet, and Sgt. Britten, find snow occasionally when they go up on their daily morning aerological hop. Ask either one of them, who among the flight order men down here, earn their money the most. They are getting paid for the risk they take of freezing to death whereas the rest have only the normal hazards of flying.

Pvt. C. C. Smith has just gotten out of the sick bay with dengue fever, and Pvt. J. E. Ganci went into relieve him. Pvt. MacManus is also in the sick bay with the fever.

RADIO PEIPING

(Continued from page 29)

the dotted line again, for they sign up for another hitch and their lives continue as before. Which brings us up to the latest worshipper at the throne of *Ceres*, goddess of the harvests and the simple life. Having completed sixteen years in the Marine Corps, T-Sgt. William Nelson has been heard recently mumbling in his beard something about "corn, cotton, and maybe a quarter in wheat." To anyone interested in agriculture, this mumbling may sound fine, but to a city-born lad who spent a couple of summers on the farm, we can't seem to understand all of this.

Baseball season is getting under way, as this is written, with Doc Hydriek and D. M. Edwards representing the signal gang. Doc was captain of the Post baseball team last year, but as he is likely to make the next boat he won't be here to fill that spot this year. Under his leadership the team won the North China championship; perhaps he should remain here until after the season is over. We do not know anything of Edward's playing ability and therefore are not in a position to state whether he will be an asset or a liability; we are hoping for the best.

As Bailey is leaving on the next boat, Ammons is to take his place as batteries repairman for the receiving station. Ammons had been standing watches in the transmitter room, and when he started "stooging" for Bailey he began to rag the other men about standing midwatches, watches over the weekend and whatnot. We don't know whether he fell into a good job or not; at any rate, Bailey tried to trade it for something else and couldn't find anyone interested enough to take it.

Through a juggling of the watch list, McCubbin became operator on the first circuit. Pitner to supervisor, Stokely to second circuit, with Kazmaier replacing Stokely in the transmitter room. We have had a five section watch list for more than three months now, and that should make everybody concerned happy, for there was plenty of squawking when we had the four section list. The five section watch list allows 24 hours off between watches, whereas on the old four section, liberty was short and seldom. With the coming of the range season, the list probably will be changed back to the four section. There has been some talk of a three section list with open gate liberty and standing of watches only, other drills and instructions being dispensed with during the period. During the winter the signal gang made one hike a week with one of the line companies, said hike being about 10 or 15 miles round trip. MCO No. 41 has taken the place of the hikes since then. At the present, the bayonet course is catching a good workout from the gang, and by the time the course is run for record either the gang or the course will be in need of repair.

Who's dot-happy now? . . . when is a chub not a chub? . . . ask Moore, chub No. 1, or Crowell, chub No. 2 . . . "Hifreq" Edwards intercepted a bit of current while shifting coils on one of the transmitters. . . . Fields is back in Signal. . . . "Sonny" Harrington . . . so-called by a line-man three or four years his junior, at a mess-table. . . . "Kitty" Kazmaier, a questionaire on the hoof . . . camels are either beasts of burden or a cigarette to us . . . but—what is the strange power these beasts have over Corbin? . . . We know a lot of people said to be dot-happy, but are going to stop this thing right here before we get that way. . . .

WEST COAST NEWS

Company A, 1st Bn

(Continued from page 34)

permission of the managers. Orian M. Henderson passes on the friendly little tip that the San Diego Cops can't take a joke at all. He adds, "Never trip a copper and try to play hide and seek with him after he has torn his pants." Both "Rusty" and "Hendy" are thoroughly penitent and are working hard to prove that they are on the straight and narrow path again. "Big Ben" James is still in the Hospital trying to figure out if it is better to win an argument or "skip it." His lecture on how to perform a delicate operation with both hands in plaster casts was highly educational.

Private W. B. Whitney is now taking another shot of "sea going" out on the bay with the second engineers. At present he knows how to pilot a paint brush and can navigate a can of metal polish around some pretty pieces of brass.

Now is the time for all good men in company A to hold 'em and squeeze 'em. We moved to the range at La Jolla May 15, and will be here for a month. Sergeant Carl Doelker is High Sheriff of A street. If he continues to sweep up the sand he will have a canal where once was the street. It's a great life, this camping out. We saw a private going to the showers in his birth-day-suit the other day. One of the sergeants gave him a growl for "indecent exposure." Said the private to the sergeant, "Take it easy, Sarg. You could be run up for indecent exposure every time you show your face."

By the way, our Casonova from New Jersey, Walt Powell, worries so much when he fails to get some fan mail that would some of you fellows please, pretty please, write him a love letter so he won't think for another month that he has lost his old "Technique."

Well, ther' ain't nuthin' more thet I een think of so reckon as how I'll shet up fer this time. Be seein' ya' just once more before the old outside calls.

BATTERY E SALVOS

(Continued from page 37)

taking to the artillery like ducks to water.

The RSOP's are really a problem. Many a time we would have been out on them but mother nature knows our woes and has very kindly come to the assistance of her earthmen, in the medium of rain. Now what does she do but turn on the heat and doesn't she know what a Marine never forgets. While everyone is getting the sights adjusted one can hear Lt. Jorgensen in the rear of the Battery in the exec's capacity telling the magic numbers that seem to come from nowhere. So what? We just ups and does it and when the actual firing begins just watch our shrapnel or somp.

Sgt. Jason says that he is the best financier around these parts. We agree with him, but he is lacking in the finance part of it so much that one begins to wonder.

The thing that bothers a lot of the fellows is the absence of all those promotion cigars. Lloyd, Beckman, Hobbs, Storeh, Haire (even if he did get transferred) and Jenkins. Oh! well, that would be a lot of smokes.

Well, that's thirty for this time and

THE LEATHERNECK

we hope that some of you will want to know what thirty means. Look up any newspaper man and he will tell you that—say, I'm no stool pigeon.

COMPANY D, 1ST BN

(Continued from page 35)

as Pfs. in our midst we now have Cpls. Bill Arnold, Bob (Goat) Arnold, T. Chisholm, "Gunshed" Hatfield, "Big George" Spence and "Old Folks" Steele. The men that made Pfc. from Private were Syd Harrington, Frank Marco, Bill Meyers, Stan Piechocki, Jimmy Pollock, and Gail Shoemaker.

Attention, all posts, both foreign and domestic! By the time that this article appears the following men should be doing duty with you. Pvt. Bill Saucier was transferred to Hdqs. Co., S. D. Base. Chris Biggs went to Quantico, Va. John Koller went to Hdqs. Co. here at the Base, along with Holton Johnson. Pl-Sgt. Nate Segal along with Sgts. Harry Bryan and Frank Sheppard were transferred to Asiatics for assignment, so from here to Peiping treat them right.

When I said last month that the T.R.s were being dusted I was only using the mild sense of what I was saying; this month I really mean it. All men eligible for promotion were allowed to take the examination on the 12th of May for a higher rank. The printing houses for T.R.s and Field Manuals did a landslide business. Why even the PX ran out of Marine Corps Handbooks. By the time examination day came around D Co. men were well in condition to compete for higher ranks, and a fine showing was made by this command.

D Company rings the bell again with the following men joining its ranks: from Mare Island came Cpl. Sydney Barnes, Pfc. Carl Anderson, Pfts. Ohram, James Papailias, Lloyd Shuster and Paul St. Sure. From New York there were Pfts. George Carlson and George Whittington. Kenneth Smith joined from Base Hdqs. here at the Base.

Cpl. Old Folks Steele just extended for one year. We have been wondering what Steele would do. 2nd Lieutenant Lewis W. Walt took the oath last month and is now a permanent member of this command.

BATTERY F, SECOND MARINE ANTI-AIRCRAFT

By "Bing" Jenkins

The members of this organization have just finished a period of schooling on the finer art of herding a few slugs into that elusive black spot on a target, commonly known as the bulls-eye. In other words we have just finished firing the rifle at the La Jolla range. A few of the men are still there due to the fact that they were unable to fire with the rest of the battery. So far we have a one hundred per cent qualification and we feel sure the rest of the boys will come through. "Pinwheel" Hand suffered the only accident of the entire gang. It seems that Lt. Murray put a dummy cartridge in Hand's rifle to see whether he was bucking. When the rifle failed to fire "Pinwheel" jumped completely over the sand bag and slid down a steep embankment. This is the story as told to me by "Honest Abe" Tucker. "Dad" Loden uses a blind over his right eye while shooting. He says that gives a better excuse for those floating deuces.

Here of late some of the boys have taken a longing for the firesides of home. Consequently Cpl. John Ventress unfolds the old

sea bag, packs his razor and both pair of socks, and shoves off on a thirty-day leave to Illinois. We understand that Jack Manney and "Bull" Landrith are contemplating a trip to Oklahoma in the near future. "Teddy" Thistlewood is going back to Delaware as a special treat to the ladies of the old home town.

The battery welcomes to the ranks Cpl. J. D. Palmer formerly of the USS *California*, where he has been stationed for the past five years. Privates Roland and Kerry joined from the USS *San Francisco*. Our kind of work is by no means new to these men. They have had considerable experience with the .50 Caliber Machine Guns aboard ship.

Pfc. "Bill" Clunn is back with us after ten months absence. Clunn suffered a broken arm while playing football last fall. He spent over seven months in the Naval Hospital. Afterwards he did service in the Casual Company and at North Island.

Sergeants Ruona and Coleman boarded the USS *Chaumont* bound for Asiatic stations last month. Bon voyage, boys.

Private Dawsey has just returned from the hospital where he underwent a tonsil operation.

Private A. J. Taylor also spent a few days in the sick quarters but is back with us now.

Now we will say "good-bye" for this time. Maybe Duff will be back next month to give you the low down. So, we'll be seein ya.

RECEIVING SHIP, DIEGO

(Continued from page 37)

runs to beat "Communications" by a score of 10 to 0. The hitting of Worth, Sutkaitis and Fraher also featured.

A tennis court, handball court and pool tables are also at the disposal of Marines for their recreation, kept up by our small but very adequate Post Exchange.

We have one of the best recreation and amusement rooms I have ever seen, all the latest books and several periodicals are subscribed to.

Some of the men attached here are, Sergeant Stockdale, Police and Property Sergeant, Sergeants Conary, Corley Glover and Tillas take care of the Guards, two sergeants are used on guard duty, one at the Gate and the other at the Brig; some of the famous names known throughout the Marine Corps attached here are: John Doherty, "Pop" Snider, Jack Pierce, the USS *San Francisco* Don Juan; young Pinky Passmore, late of Luilulei and now our truck-driver; Ernie Seador, ex-Ber-Baron of Pearl Harbor; Rebel Fordham, who gets all the mail from Honolulu, and Wayne Stith ex-Private's Club manager from Shanghai.

FLASH—Right off the Press—Two men of this detachment, Pfc. Stith and Pvt. Sutkaitis won the Amateur Doubles championship of San Diego, what game? Hand ball of course.

MARINE CORPS BASE SPORTS

(Continued from page 43)

ford Indians came south again this year and won a double header from the Marines after two hard played games. Sgt. "Goofy" Bailey was the losing chucker in the first game, which was a heart breaker to lose. The Marines tied the score in the 9th on a pinch single by Coach Eddie Gorman, only to lose in the 10th.



**"New York or Rio—
you can still feel
Ingram's face-cooling
skin-soothing comfort!"**

says CAPTAIN I. V. CHAPMAN,
Chief-Officer of the S. S. American Legion

*and who the h— is
Capt. I. V. Chapman?*

Captain Chapman is a typical seafarin' man. He has to pamper his skin. One week he faces an Arctic gale, the next a tropical heat wave. In his search for skin comfort, he's tried about every shaving cream known. The Captain picks Ingram's. And when he tells you "Ingram's is the way to protect against skin irritation," he's giving you the wisdom of a lifetime at sea.

Ingram's is different—it's a triple treat of shaving cream, face tonic and lotion in one. There are two excellent reasons why you ought to try it. 1st, **IT'S COOL!** 2nd, **IT'S CONCENTRATED!** The tiniest bit of Ingram's—don't spare the water!—bills up into a cloudbank of lather that makes your whiskers a pushover.

Try Ingram's today! Buy a tube or a jar if you're looking for a cream that keeps your face its clean-shaven, good-looking best.



The University of California at Los Angeles were the next horseshide aggregation to play the Marines. The first game saw the Marines held in check by Billy "Bob" Williams, ace UCLA pitcher. The second game proved to be a free hitting fracas, with the Marines holding a four run lead until the 9th inning, when the Bruins were smiled upon by "Lady Luck" and scored 5 runs to clinch the game. Pitcher "Goofy" Bailey of the Marines was the leading batter, having a perfect day at bat, including a home run with a mate on base.

History repeated and saw the Marines defeated in a double header by Saint Mary's University, scores 12-8 and 11-10. The Collegians from the bay region had little difficulty in the first game, but the second game was a hard one to drop. The hardest blow of the game was when Marine Gunner Olin J. Beall stopped one of Pitcher Clean's fast ones with his head and suffered a slight fracture. We are happy to report that he is now on the road to recovery.

SPORTS Fourth Marines, China (Continued from page 42)

bar off with his elbow in the final attempt.

With a few more weeks of hard practice and ironing out the defaults in several of the events Coach Laster and his squad of thirty cinderpaths will be hard to stop on any cinderpaths. With this in mind the squad has gone right to work preparing for the big Spring and International meets.

COMPANY D SPORTS (Continued from page 43)

Lefty Nelson from G company. It was a blow for blow fight all the way, but Zeka fell off at the end of the third round and the decision went to Nelson.

Another fast hard hitting bout of the evening was between Black Brahen and Al Root. Both boys came out of their corners with nasty gleams in their eyes, and let me tell you a faster exchange of jabs and punches never took place in three rounds of boxing at the Base Ring. It was a mighty close fight all the way but it seemed that Black Brahen had a little edge over Root and he won the decision.

PRESS GLEANINGS (Continued from page 41)

the news. "Time Marches On," in the Sunflower State; there are two Republicans and one Democrat on the Board.

Philadelphia, Pa. (Special)—Get yourself a copy of the June issue of *Top Notch* and read Frank Hunter's "Gibbet Tree." It's a corking good story and is mighty interesting reading to all Marines. The yarn deals with a Marine sergeant in Haiti who dealt the cards of justice with a heart of steel; a tough hombre that showed no mercy. Hunter is one of the Corps most prolific writers and maintains a keen grasp on the innards of the dramatic human interest of Marine Corps life.

FOHNERGRAMS:

"Bugs" Baer once said that a Leatherneck's business is fighting and when he starts he doesn't know friend from foe.

He wallops everybody he can reach and throws snowballs at the rest. . . . A famous southern professor lays crime to coffee, tobacco, and automobiles; why not broccoli and velocipedes? . . . A steel strike in Chicago is mixed polo—with the police on horseback. . . . If you've got scars, they're nothing to be ashamed of, if they stand for something worth while. . . . Statistics show the most frequent color in animals' eyes is brown—where's the green-eyed monsters? . . . Maybe Eddie was right; in spite of all the glory the average Englishman would rather have a crown in his pocket than one on his head. . . . Evidently the tyro auto drivers are not to blame! Out of 1,250,000 auto accidents in 1936, 77 per cent were caused by drivers between the ages of 25 to 64 and 97 per cent were caused by drivers who have been driving for one year or over. . . . A flash from Manchester, N. H., shows a local newsy publishing this: "I wonder if you have read that 5,320 gobs in the U. S. Marine Corps are taking advanced courses while at sea? Why not join now?—Join what? . . . the Navy or Marine Corps? . . . Wm. Mullins, out at Muskogee, Okla., said: "Sorry we couldn't break the record," after his wife bore quadruplets. . . . Financiers say that call money is easier now—easier to call, but not to get. . . . When you feel like weighing up the other fellow, step into the other side of the balance and let somebody else read the beam. . . . Heard in a tavern out in Long Beach when a Leatherneck stepped into the place with his wife and young son: "Two Scotchies and sodas," said the Marine father. "What?" piped up the young son, "Ain't Ma drinking?"

QUANTICO ARTILLERY (Continued from page 23)

Parris Island are: Privates Harris, Himes, Deal, Hammet, Spang and Thurnau. Welcome, men. Don't look now, but after you return from Parris Island this time you will notice that the hair on your ears has become a prominent addition to your facial characteristics.

The parade that was to be held for the Press Club from Washington, and to be attended by either the President, or the Vice President, of the United States, was put to an end by a sudden burst of rain, accompanied by a high wind—a very high wind—just before it was scheduled to start.

The smoker held that evening was a violent success, in contrast to the disrupted parade; the bouts being exceptionally good. The Marines were battling the district national guards, and succeeded in copping all the prizes, but not without effort! An enjoyable evening was had by the Pressmen, Marines, and members of the Navy Band, some of whom rendered impromptu selections from the tap room while waiting for the bouts to get started.

The old gag about the destination of the outfit being changed to Fort Webb was pulled out the other day, and yours truly took a big bite. But did I get it back on another gyrene in the person of Pvt. Linus L. Scott, when he answered by cherry "hello" with a "what's new in the news?"

Private Jackson, battery pencil pusher and typewriter manipulator extraordinary, is now back from the hospital being once again in fine health, and ready to take up his duties in the office.

Private Thimmel has become a "liberty bound" now, folks. Too bad they don't have a navy yard in Petersburg, "Scravny."

Dominoes and rummy have diverted the interest of the tennis players, but already a few are dropping out to return to the tennis courts.

Pfe. Nussbaum and Private Castle have recently purchased diamond rings, with which they will adorn their ladies' fingers. Guess they forgot to watch out, and the love bug got 'em.

The "bug" will get a few more, maybe, after the epidemic of spring fever has passed. Till then, "Ho Hum," I mean "Ho Hum," or "So Long."

SALVOS FROM BATTERY B By Dutch

Here we are again with everything running on greased gun wheels. The Battery is still going strong, blanco brushes in full swing and once more we are ready for anything. The topic of the day is still Petersburg and the friends that we have down there. Many pleasant weekends have been spent there since. One of the gang is talking of going into partnership for life. How about it Galloway.

We are still having the usual gun drills. To hear some hairy canoneer shout in the middle of a deep slumber, "MARCH ORDER" is a nightly occurrence. We have been wondering what our old friend Faulk was doing the other night, sweeping the stair-ways. (Editor's Note: "Stair-ways," Te-Te-Te, wait until some of the sea-going gang sees that.) With good old summer weather here, the farm boys have broken out their rusty fish hooks, whittled a fishing rod and after all their fish stories I have been wondering if there are any fish left.

Private Kachman and Tolster claim the battery record for sunburn and we agree. Speaking of Tolster—if you should just happen to meet him inquire politely about the prospects of a good time to be had at Alexandria, Va. I am sure that he will give you the inside dope.

Our Battery is almost up to training strength with the arrival of seven husky stalwarts, Privates Bennett, Chase, Derenzo, Harris, Webb, Johnson, and Walters from Parris Island, S. C. Don't let the "Old Salts" snow you in under. Corporal Jones was promoted and to reward the Marine Corps for that act he takes a ten day furlough. That gratitude for you, how about it, Jones?

Police Sergeant Tully is calling for police details so I close with the same old story, see you again, I hope.

SEA-GOING LOG USS *New York* (Continued from page 24)

lost all traces of the holocaust witnessed during the hectic days of 1914-1918.

After five days in this land of sunshine and gayety we said *au revoir* with many regrets feeling that we had not seen half the sights and points of interest.

Arriving in Portsmouth, England, we were immediately swamped with invitations to teas, parties and every sort of entertainment. Our English cousins know how to make a stranger feel at home. There wasn't a day that we did not have an invitation to attend something. The party of parties was the one given by the Royal Marines for us Yankee Marines. It was a real blow-out and it included dinner, entertainment, and last but not least lots and lots of ice cold beer.

Those of us whose duties permitted and so desired were granted enough time off to

go to London for the Coronation Parade. Grand Old London Town with its beautiful parks, museums and historic sights, decked out in all its royal dress was so filled with people from all over the world, there to witness the Coronation, that it was impossible to get around and see half the places we wished. But we were more interested in the parade and even here it was a real battle to get a place along the curb, as thousands brought their blankets and camped along the street during the night in order to have a choice place when the parade commenced.

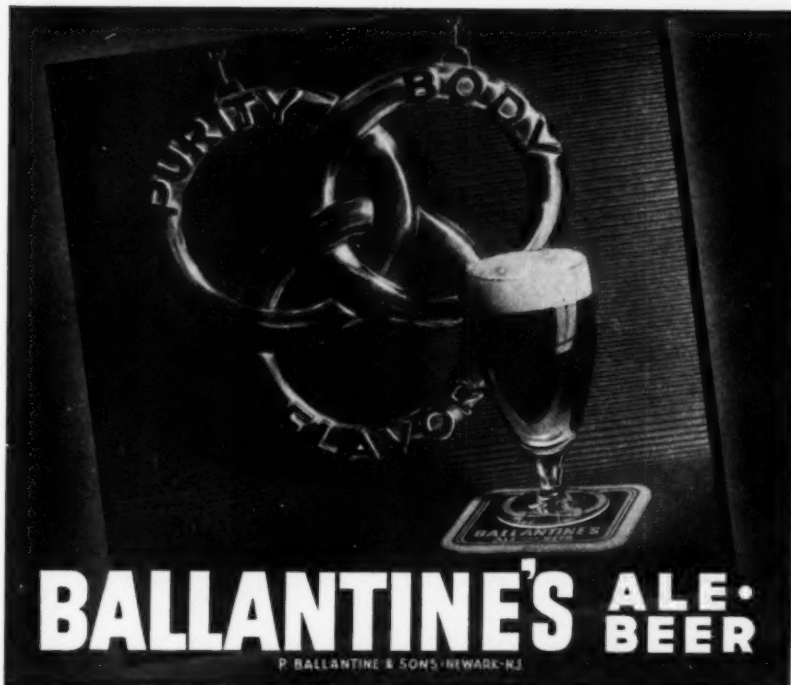
Leading the parade were the palace guards with their red coats, followed by the household cavalry and the colonial troops headed by a massed company of English and native officers of the Indian Army. The native officers were very picturesque in their many colored turbans. Next came the North West Mounted Police, who made a dashing appearance in their scarlet tunics, Stetson hats and their well trained horses. There were innumerable bands playing at all times. Then came the navy led by the Royal Marine Band and the Royal Marines. True to the traditions of the Marines the world over, the Royals were the best drilled and the snappiest outfit in the parade. Following the Marines were the army and the Royal Air Force. Finally came the sight we had all been waiting for, the Coronation Party. Led by the Prime Minister, followed by the Dowager Queen Mary and the two little princesses the Royal Coach passed. Ending the parade were the London Police. Along the line of march the streets were lined with the Territorial Troops representing all branches of the service.

We were very pleased on the evening of the 18th to welcome aboard Admiral Hugh Rodman, U.S.N., Retired, who commanded the 6th Battle Squadron British Grand Fleet during the World War. The *New York* was at that time his flagship.

At three o'clock the afternoon of the 20th, the Grand Review started as the Royal Yacht stood out of the harbor of Portsmouth and the entire fleet fired the Royal salute. Each ship manning the rails, rendering the Royal Honors and giving three cheers for His Majesty as his yacht passed. The King could be clearly seen standing on the bridge with the Royal family, returning our salutes. The Royal yacht, after passing through the fleet, anchored at the head of one line of ships and the Royal Air Force attached to the fleet flew by in review. After dark on a given signal all ships present, after being darkened, illuminated. This was a sight that anyone would have witnessed with awe. All ships were outlined in light from water-line to the tip of the masts, and looked as though they were toy ships from some fairy tale. Following this was one of the most excellent searchlight displays by His Majesty's ships this correspondent has ever witnessed, followed by the crowning glory of the night, a fireworks display by the British fleet. This was far more beautiful than it is possible to describe; everyone just stood and looked with wonder—the silence that was noticed was a greater ovation than any applause could ever be.

The afternoon of the 21st came the time that we all had been looking forward to, even though we were having a wonderful time—the time of saying cheerio to jolly Old England with its wonderful hospitality, loyalty to the King, and its fish and chips. Even though it was with regrets that we said good-bye we were glad to be heading for *Etats-Unis*, the land of the Stars and Stripes.

Shipmates, until after the Midshipmen Cruise, this must be thirty for tonight.



USS NORTHAMPTON

(Continued from page 28)

the USS Outside.

Pfe. Marsh was promoted to Cpl. and Pvts. Arthur, Sikey, and Williams were promoted to Pfc. If my memory serves me correctly, Sikey was the only one who donated cigars.

Pfe. Evans is the proud father of a big boy. It is easy to understand why he wants a furlough; but, according to the number of times he has mentioned furlough, it's a good thing he's not the father of quintuplets.

Recent joinings are as follows: Pvs. P. B. Beck, L. D. Fairchild, T. W. Finley, F. J. Flood, J. U. George, L. M. Hoover, E. M. Howell, J. C. G. Kaufman, C. J. Radloff, L. B. Robinson, J. P. Sears, M. J. Shuff, J. D. Smith, W. W. Smith, M. D. Speed and H. W. Tate. The "Spirit of the Nora" must be infectious if the attitude of these new men can be used as an indicator. It is hoped that their good work will continue and that they take advantage of every opportunity to improve themselves during their cruise.

USS ARIZONA

(Continued from page 30)

Lt. Harrison, both to duty on the beach. However Lieutenants Miller and Scott are with Captain True and us now to help add more and better laurels to our Guard. A hearty welcome and happy sailings to you from all hands.

Did I tell you this article is originating from the Navy Yard in Bremerton? It is, cause every once in a while the Navy deems it necessary to have good ships made better through the overhaul and repair method which gives me an idea—maybe I ought'a go in dry-dock with my literary "lackabilities" and see if they come out any better next time. It's worth a try anyway—till we see; have an air-hammer on me. . . .

USS MARYLAND

(Continued from page 29)

The men who arrived from San Diego just in time to make the cruise are Sgt's. Shaffer and Wyrick, Privates Rhode, Pistole, Anderson, Nicholas, Sorenson, Martin, and Wendt.

The *Arizona* Flag made the cruise with us, too. We have found the men sent from the *Arizona* to be good fellows.

As for our new Gy-Sgt.—well, we think he is tops!! Gy-Sgt. Mandel has landed on the *Maryland* and has the situation well in hand! We shall do our best to co-operate with him in adding to the efficiency of the Detachment (Note: I've overheard our First Sgt. throwing his short time to do sea-going at the Gunnie! It must be a disease!).

USS COLORADO

(Continued from page 25)

the ROTC. These furloughs, with the transfers for which no replacements were received, brought the guard to about half its normal strength during the cruise.

Sergeants A. W. Jung and W. H. Baxter, and Corporals W. W. Berbow and E. D. Hulett have been transferred ashore.

Prior to departure of the fleet on the recent maneuvers, the Marine sailing whale-boat crew placed a close third to the *California* and *West Virginia*. These two ships seem to have a firm hold on first and second places, even defying the law of averages, which is something, when everything is taken into consideration.

Crew members were: Lieut. Norman Van Dam, 1st Sgt. John A. Burns, coxswain, Sgt. J. S. LaRue, Pfs. M. E. Stevenson, A. F. Coover, G. T. Fearnehough, H. P. Bruner, H. W. Taft and C. R. Weppener.

Definite plans are being carried out for the development of a rifle team for the *Colorado*, and when they are completed, competition to stand up with any other ship's team can be expected.

DETACHMENTS Philadelphia Receivers

(Continued from page 14)

main this time until he has fully recovered. Meantime due to the fact that Corporal Edney is trying to make expert at Cape May, Corporal Elmer I. Moulthrop has been temporarily transferred to the Fire Department.

Captain Muri Corbett is still in the Naval Hospital here and we hope that he will be able to return to duty in the near future. We had to borrow a Lieutenant from the Barracks to witness our pay at the end of the month, otherwise Platoon Sergeant George has been a fully competent Acting Skipper.

And now for our breezy notes from the Fire Department, as submitted by Private Harry W. Roller.

Our "Washer-Up-in-Charge," Corporal Milton L. Burleson, can be seen daily cracking the whip over "Tommie" Thompson, out on the ear-washing rack. It is rumored that the gang is going to stage a sit-down strike if Burleson insists upon any further "speed-up" in the ear washing rack.

With the coming of hot weather, the concrete over-head in our Fire House Quarters certainly gets plenty hot and stays that way until the wee small hours of the morning. We are wondering if the powers that be think this bake oven provides proper training for fire fighting. At any rate, we are renewing our request made so often last summer, for some overhead fans in the quarters.

Private "Weasel" Weller, one of the city's leading romancers has developed a fine personality when it comes to answering the telephone. We only hope he won't wear out said phone and will give us mere fire fighters a chance at it once in a while.

"Rubinoff" Resnekoff has taught his hunkie, "Say-more" Horinka, to speak quite fluently with his hands and now Horinka will be qualified to help organize the textile workers of the country in case he should be able to get a special order discharge.

Reports from the rifle range are fair and cooler with prospects of much improvements now that our "Squirrel-Hunter" Corporal Bowen S. Edney, "Smart Money" Baer and "Gigolo" Del Prato are enroute to the range. The trio left in Tommie Thompson's rattle trap for Cape May, on Memorial Day. We hope that they not only arrived successfully, but bring home the bacon.

We welcome with open arms the new fire fighters recently received and hope that they like their new duty. The "Little Brown Keg Cafe" squad seems dissatisfied with its newly enrolled member, who seems to have a way about him and sets too fast a pace for the Old Guard. Nuff sed! No names mentioned.

Whose wife, a well known reader of THE LEATHERNECK, claims that a hen can't lay eggs without a rooster?

SANDS STREET SOUNDINGS

(Continued from page 15)

tachment, Navy Yard, New York, was found on the train enroute to Cape May, N. J., 1 May, 1937, demonstrating his 'prone position,' and 'bolt action,' to several lady passengers. It is said that this was much to the discomfort of the other passengers who didn't know whether or not the gun was loaded, but it must

be said that they bore the strain with fortitude even though their faces were pale." 1/5 Cm-ny-Rs-MB-5/31.

1st Lt. M. M. Mahoney has had more additional duties added to his list. This time it is Assistant to the Captain of the Yard in Charge of the Yard Police and Yard Police Station.

2nd Lt. Davis, who was our CO while Lt. Crockett was in Quantico with the Elliott Trophy Team has gone on leave.

Major Schubert, our new Executive Officer, is surely doing all that can be done to get new books for the library, athletic equipment, and other things that help to make things interesting for all hands.

Time's up, but there'll be another issue next month and we'll be there too.

WAR COLLEGE

(Continued from page 16)

War College and it was a real pleasure to welcome him, even though it was to be only a short time.

Now, before I write finis to the end of this may I add that we would like to hear from our former shipmates who have been transferred to other posts and stations, and I am sure there are others like myself who have served aboard ship who would like to see articles in the "Broadcast" from those ships which we called our home. So how about it "Sea Soldiers" aboard the USS *New York* some of you get busy and send in an article and give us the dope?

(Ed's Note:—Okeh; we catehem N. Y. Broadcast this month. How's that for service?)

HINGHAM SALVOS

(Continued from page 15)

Stevens did well by themselves. Pvt. Kane disputed the equilibrium of a bicycle which resulted in his getting out of guard duty for some time—"Lucky Stiff." Pvt. Murphy also tried some vaudeville acts on a bike that resulted in a abrupt disaster. How's the bike "Spud"? This writer, from his personal observations of the meet, feels that the meet was conducted in an orderly manner, which should speak well for us, especially in the future when similar events are considered. Most of us feel that a good dance would be the thing now-a-days.

Came Memorial Day and the town of Hingham decided to again awaken the memories of past wars and to commemorate their dead. Hence, a parade was invoked in which a full platoon of Hingham Marines are proud to say they took part. Ch-MGun Whitesel led our division while Sgt. Ferrigno assisted Corporals Brown, Sankus and Zelnick each led their respective squads. The parade was well conducted and we Marines did our part up brown.

We are proud to have taken part in honoring those who have died for our and future generations. They who are dead, gave their all to the cause of which our flag still floats forever to depict the first stage of the battle won; and to lead us through the final stages of the battle should the need occur. We who march on this Memorial day also signify that we stand ready either to defend or pursue the work begun by our forefathers in order that "They shall not have died in vain"—a proverb taken from Lincoln's Gettysburg address which I think very well placed in that great speech. All Marines should keep in mind that they study the fundamentals

of war in order that "They shall not have died in vain."

We have some recent arrivals and some transfers on hand for this month. The arrivals are Pfc. Drummond from sea duty to take over the duties of Company Clown. Pvt. Kocen arrived for line duty from the West coast. The departures are Pfts. Quinn and Hrosik to Quantico, Cpl. Brown to Kansas City, Mo., for recruiting duty, and Pvt. Kane to Brooklyn. Pfts. Woolsey and Rousseau have gone to bat in pursuance of a transfer—wish you luck fellows but the brook seems to be running slow.

KAPITAL KAPERS

(Continued from page 17)

der if the judges for Mark Hellinger will feel the same way).

Since Cunningham's return from furlough and extension, he has been on Fike's list four ways—and not a goody-goody list. Ahern McBlimp lost thirty pounds while on furlough (The *Hindenberg* cracked-up and now he has to be satisfied with *Enterprize* styling). The tipster tells us Jim Clark ordered six each of the physical drill pictures (He was directly in front of the camera). Werner and Miller are getting along fine since their cooperative arrangement. Werner does the worrying and Miller does the sleeping.

The local debs had a big time showing off to that crowd in Westminster. The gang in the first truck had a 'umpious time serenading the citizens of the many small towns enroute.

Ray stood on the corner of Pennsy and 8th the other night and held up traffic for twenty minutes (Boy! that's one hot polo shirt). For three bucking years Jack Williamson has waited for the sergeant in charge of Math to be relieved—now he is told that Luck has a crack at any new vacancy by way of reenlistment. This is from Luck of course—and still there are Grafton and Roy Tubb to do an hour's snappy drill each morning. Also Alley.

Rust introduced a new set of arm and hand signals as base umpire at a recent ball game. Ditto Tipton.

Barracks Detachment Ye Scribe

All hands are digging out the ole swimming trunks and headin' for one of the many beaches 'round Washington these warm week-ends. And they tell me this is only the beginnin' of hot weather! Woe is us!

Everyone is looking forward to another field meet to be held in the near future. The softballers are out nearly every afternoon pounding the pill over the barracks and in the flowers, the pride of one "Simon" police sergeant. The pingpongers have worn out a couple of tables, several dozen paddles and more than seven score of balls . . . and the days pass on.

Theriot and Nowell are preparing to launch their careers on the great "outside." Good luck, fellows. We have with us many new arrivals. A couple of corporals, Few and Brooks, who joined us from Quantico, are taking in the sights, usually until the wee small hours. Pfc. Walker came from P. I. and he said that he heard from a fellow who received a letter from a guy who was told by a person who shook the hand of him who fought a boy who was the nephew of a bus boy in a hotel that there are 8 women for every man in Washington. He wanted to see for himself and has expressed his thanks in a certain radiogram. Better watch your

step, Walker, or you'll find that only one woman to every man is all that is necessary. Many of our home guard can testify to this, won't you Fabian?

There were ten additions from the recruit depot at P. I.: Privates Feala, Easterling, Craft, Campbell, Martin, Moody, Ondek, Horn, Miller and Merchant. These men are being introduced to our daily routine. And is our police sergeant having fun—watering details, sodding details, moving details, and so on and on into the far night.

A chosen few are enjoying furlough days: Gaston is sight-seeing in Georgia, McLeod took off for the hills of New Hampshire, and O'Malley is around again after cruising up to Long Island.

THE JAMOK POT

(Continued from page 17)

Carolina Department Encampment at Sumter, S. C., on June 13-14-15.

The golf team we have organized is not shooting any scores that would make people sit up and take notice but we have defeated the Naval Hospital Team in two matches and lost to the Army Team at Fort Moultrie in our third match of the season. We entertain the Army team here on our own golf course on next Sunday and perhaps it will be a different story on that occasion. We wrote a challenge to the Marine Barracks at Parris Island asking them for a match but they ignored our letter. What is the matter, Parris Island? With all of the good golf material that you have there you should not be afraid of any average four man team in the country. We expect your team to defeat us, but we are looking for experience so that we will be able to defeat your team at a later date.

Our baseball team was also favored with a visit from a team in Orangeburg, S. C., and we are giving them a return game on next Thursday. I hope that we can beat them on their home grounds as easy as we did on the occasion of their visit to us.

Congratulations to Second Lieutenant Harry W. G. Vadnais on his notification from Headquarters that he had passed a successful examination for promotion to First Lieutenant.

The Navy Yard swimming pool has been opened recently and each day some of the members of the command can be seen enjoying themselves in its cool water. As I sit here and try to pound out this column I envy them and wish that I could be diving in to a tank of cool water also. Why it's even refreshing just to think about it.

RECRUITS HOLD MEET

(Continued from page 39)

and the winner will be determined now, not before. One team is pulling ahead. What, do tell; it's Privates Olinofsky and Roberts, spurring into the lead, falling across the line,—the winners, by a finger.

"Hey! You!" "Stay in line," "Get back," "I want some beer also." Those were the most frequent calls heard all afternoon while waiting in line. But as all good things must end, so did the line, this time ending in a grand and glorious rush for the baseball field where the two teams of Platoons Six and Seven were warming up.

STOW AWAY A FEW TINS --VACUUM FRESH!



DRY, stale tobacco makes a hot flat smoke. But mild Sir Walter Raleigh is packed in vacuum tins that keep out every breath of air. Toss a few tins in your bag. Open one next week or next month and blow yourself to a fresh, fragrant pipeful of this sweet Kentucky burley blend. No extra charge for vacuum-fresh packing.



BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

The game is waiting the signal from the umpire. Where is he? Ah! he has arrived, dressed from head to foot in a catcher's mask and baseball hat, a little bit the worse for wear, but some resemblance was there. No need to look twice, for it stood out that it was the Old Maestro himself—"Oze" Simmons. With a deep growl he called the game, giving out that well-reowned cry of the ages, "Batted Up!" The first pitch was a long, long foul out into right field. With some dignity, the batter pulled the count to three and two. A tense moment, and then—Ah! a strike-out. It seemed as if the saying in the old game, follow the leader was in progress for the next two did nothing. Platoon Six did the same, with three straight outs. The second inning showed some life, the first man up lucking out a two-base hit. But the next three were in no mood to hit. Six came up with all the intention of knocking the pitcher from the box. I guess they were so mad they saw red, for they could do no good with the offerings of Private Bullard.

The third inning brought both action and comedy in the form of Catcher Foblen of Six. From all appearances he tried very hard to retrieve a ball in his mouth, but no go. With two away, Private Bullard of Seven drove out along homer to left field.

With the score three to two in the sixth, in favor of Six, the crowd grew uneasy, as that looked like a good lead. The crowd was kept on edge in this inning, but Seven did no good, causing little excitement. Six retaliated with one run, making the score four to two in their favor. The seventh inning brought a feeble attempt on the part of Seven, all to no avail. Six had won the prize of the century, an electric-pressing iron. To say it was a small token is not right, as it has come in mighty handy in its purpose.

With heavy hearts and weary bodies, we finally trekked back to the barracks, reluctantly but happy in the anticipation that

perhaps we might possibly have another occasion like this. With the highest regard for the work of Platoon Sergeant Slusser and Sergeant Pulliam, with the others, in making it such a glorious occasion, we'll see you in the funnies.

HOW THE U. S. MARINES "SAVED FACE" IN CHINA

(Continued from page 5)

in the official ceremony, but that a special banquet would be prepared for them and that they would also be guests at a dance at the Customs Club that evening.

"I had the guard mustered on the quarterdeck and explained the request of the British Consul also what the reward would be. Unanimously, they enthusiastically accepted.

"As I was about to return to the cabin, with my report, my First Sergeant requested a word in private: 'Sir,' he said, 'I did not wish to speak up before the men, but I would like to request the Lieutenant's permission to remain away from that function. The reason, Sir, is this—I am a loyal Irishman, and I'll be damned, begging your pardon, Sir, if I will 'Present Arms' to George V, or sing 'God Save the King.' I don't want their food, I don't want their drinks, and I don't want their dance. In fact I don't want anything British. However, Sir,' he added as an afterthought, 'I will gladly loan my medals and decorations to the boys, so that they can go ashore and 'make face' for the U. S. Marine Corps.' Needless to say he was excused.

"Well, the following morning the ceremony went off beautifully. The guard presented arms while 'God Save the King' was sung. The Chinese officials were impressed, and the whole affair was a great success. The banquet exceeded the boys' greatest expectations. The dance was a great success and broke up at 4:30 a.m., for we were sailing at 5:00 a.m. The boys returned to the ship singing a mixture of 'The Halls

of Montezuma' and 'God Save the King'."

"That is a beautiful story, daddy. How would you like to attend the coming coronation?"

"No, my child, I would not care to see it, for the remembrance of the 'Enthusiastic' young Lieutenant at Wuhu is too precious to the old Colonel of today."

FORMER COMMANDANT FULLER DIES SUDDENLY

(Continued from page 9)

Believing his life in danger, the soldier fired. The insurgent leader fell and the American remained unharmed amid a retaliatory volley as the natives fled.

But Grayson's bullet had gone deeper than into the insurgent's heart; it killed the last hope of peaceful negotiations and consummated the natives' obvious plan to provoke the Americans into aggressive action.

The spirit of revolt swept from island to island. The Filipinos were well armed, not only with weapons they had captured from the Spanish, but with such as had been supplied by the United States for the purpose of equipping the natives to fight for their own freedom against Spain. It was these weapons that were used against the American occupation.

A series of clashes took place all through the islands. Traps were laid for the Americans and the insurgents took fiendish delight in hacking to pieces such prisoners as fell into their hands. A detachment of the Fourteenth Infantry, commanded by Maj. Rabe at Malate, was pretty badly chopped up before its objective was carried. The natives forced the issue, taking the initiative to attack and demolish the smaller patrols. They ran riot in Manila, putting the torch to the city and harassing those who attempted to keep the flames from spreading.

The demobilization of volunteers and regulars who had enlisted for war service was being expedited; and the attrition depleted our armed forces until scarcely sufficient men could be mustered to cope with the situation. Of the American troops sent to the Philippines, 16,000, or almost half the entire force, were volunteers whose war enlistments had been completed. These men were eager to return home. Gen. Lawton captured several insurgent towns but was compelled to evacuate them because he lacked men for garrisons.

A battalion of Marines was assembled and rushed to Cavite, across the bay from Manila, on the Island of Luzon. This, the largest of the considerable group, is some 41,000 square miles, a vast, formidable expanse of jungles and rice paddies; with the little brown brothers always hacking away at the thread-like columns of Americans.

This was the situation when Capt. Fuller and the other Marines, sweltering in the heat of their heavy blue shirts, laden with the burdensome equipage of warfare, debarked at the Cavite Garrison and prepared to quell the uprising.

Capt. Fuller engaged in a few preliminary skirmishes, and on October 8 two skeleton battalions marched out from the old fortress to effect a junction with a column of soldiers. Two days previously the rebels had gathered a strong force and attacked the lines of communication.

Fuller, commanding one of the units, flung out his advance guard and moved forward. It was rough, soggy country, with thickets of bamboo. Panting at the

head of his men, the captain labored forward over a single, narrow causeway. On both sides stretched a sea of mud. Over on his left he heard firing. Capt. Haines' command had contacted the enemy, and presently a ripple of fire burst out ahead. Fuller knew what that meant—his advance guard had stumbled against opposition and was developing its strength.

A gunboat up the river began shelling the hostiles. It was a heartening sound to the captain and his Marines who were battling their way forward. The firing ahead had increased. The supporting column reached the advance guard who were fighting a dogged fight against entrenched insurgents. The captain and his men smashed on and the natives retreated. Several Marines were down by now. The rest struggled forward through the knee-deep bogs. Four wounded men were cut off and surrounded by the rebels. They were fighting a losing fight for their lives. Lieut. Harding took a dozen volunteers and hacked his way through the hostile cordon to effect a rescue.

The gunboat could no longer bring to bear. She ceased fire. Unsupported, the Marines continued clawing their way toward the enemy, who had now taken shelter in a cluster of nipa huts. There was a savage onslaught before the Americans completely shattered the line and knifed through to join forces with the soldiers under Gen. Schwan.

It was a decisive defeat, but the natives still had plenty of fight in them. They were not to be entirely subdued for many months, at the cost of no few lives. And in the meantime the scenes on the stage of war were being shifted. Before the curtain had fallen on the Filipino drama, Chinese Boxers were parading bloody, severed heads across the stage and shouting, "Death to the foreign devils!" Americans, along with other nationals, were besieged at Tientsin and at Peking. Many had already perished.

At the first alarm Marines and soldiers were snatched up from wherever they could be spared and literally hurled over the sea to the Chinese Empire. Capt. Fuller did not accompany the first detachment that left the Philippines. They had sailed from Cavite on June 14, arriving at Taku four days later. After a cruel march the Marines reached the outskirts of Tientsin and were repulsed with severe casualties before they finally carried the foreign concessions and relieved the beleaguered allies. From the native city a menacing fire still poured into them.

Capt. Fuller, as part of the next detachment, arrived at Tientsin shortly after midnight of July 11, and the following day the attack on the native city went forward.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 13th the allies flung themselves against the Chinese. Capt. Fuller was in command of Company F, a sort of artillery unit consisting of three 3-inch rapid fire guns and three Colt's automatic guns. They needed those guns badly, for Boxers lining the mud wall met the advancing troops with a heavy, plunging fire. Capt. Fuller rushed his battery into position. A hostile gun located them and a duel ensued until a direct hit put the Chinese gun out of action.

The fire on both sides increased. Capt. A. R. Davis, of the Marines, was killed; as was Col. E. H. Liscum, Ninth U. S. Infantry. The Americans advanced over the most difficult portion of the terrain. Scattered here and there were huge piles of salt and many graves and mounds of earth.

Capt. Fuller fought his guns desperately. The infantry needed the supporting fire if they hoped to gain the city. And gain the city they must, for 80 miles away in Peking another band of allies were fighting for their lives, and had been for longer than a month. Without aid they must all perish. Nor could aid be sent to them before the city of Tientsin was completely in allied hands.

All day the battle raged. Casualties were heavy and it appeared that the attack must fail. Ammunition for the captain's guns was getting low. He had lost several men and had a narrow escape from death himself, a bullet had ripped through his hat.

Throughout the night the firing continued and just before dawn a gallant band of Japanese crept forward and blew up the gate—and themselves with it. The allies stormed the city and put the Chinese to flight.

Capt. Fuller accompanied the Marines on the long terrible march to the relief of Peking; leaving China in October, 1900. For his gallantry at Tientsin, the captain received official commendation.

It is a far cry from the Celestial Empire to Alaska, but in 1903 Capt. Fuller was serving aboard the cruiser *New York*. The ship was engaged in a survey of Kiska Harbor, and the efficient manner in which Capt. Fuller discharged his duties gained recognition from Capt. John H. Hunker, U. S. N. Shortly afterward Capt. Fuller was promoted to major.

Maj. Fuller served in Panama from August, 1908, until January, 1910, and in March of the following year he was aboard the *Disie*, bound for Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. On his shoulders glittered the silver leaf of the lieutenant colonel. He served for some time in West Indian waters and aboard the *New York* and the *Wyoming* in the Atlantic fleet. In 1916 he was ordered to the Naval War College, Washington, D. C., and promoted to colonel.

Shortly after America's entrance in the World War, Col. Fuller was promoted to brigadier general, temporary, and detached to Santa Domingo, where he not only commanded the Second Brigade, United States Marines, but performed duty as Secretary of the State, for the Interior, Police, War and Navy. Shortly before his promotion the general received the tragic news that his son, Capt. Edward C. Fuller, of the Sixth Marines in France, had been mortally wounded on June 12.

From 1924 until 1928, Gen. Fuller, now permanently appointed to that rank, served in the Republic of Haiti. He was recalled to Washington as aide to Maj. Gen. Commandant W. C. Neville, until the latter's death, July 8, 1930. On August 5 President Hoover appointed Gen. Fuller as major general commandant, and he served in that capacity until his retirement from service on March 1, 1933.

THE THIRD LOCKET

(Continued from page 7)

to a yellowish pallor. He held out a withered hand in greeting. O'Day couldn't help but notice how it trembled.

"Greetings, shipmate," said d'Fortune; and O'Day shivered from the effect of the hollow, sepulchral tone.

The salutations exchanged were not effusive, for in the service of the Marine Corps, friends meet and separate, to meet again in some odd corner of the world.

"Come over to the officers' quarters for a drink," invited d'Fortune. Then with-

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out waiting for an answer he ordered:
"First Sergeant, dismiss the company!"

The blackest negro O'Day had ever seen stepped forward and saluted. "Aye, aye, sir!" he snapped.

It seemed peculiar to O'Day that there was no native timbre in the man's voice. He turned and saw he was being appraised with a frank, open stare. Then with military precision the black non-com executed about face and dismissed the company.

"That burr-head throws it out of him like a Marine," was O'Day's comment. "Does he savvy English?"

"Some," d'Fortune replied. "I've never bothered with him much, but I believe he worked around the docks or something back in the States. Come on, I'm thirsty."

Together they walked toward the hovel d'Fortune had flattered by terming it "Officers' Quarters." It was a low hut, white-washed and somewhat cleaner than the rest, further dignified by a sapling-pillared porch. The deck was covered with little cobblestones.

A navy hammock swung across the porch quivered slightly at their approach and the red hair and shoulders of a girl emerged. O'Day was dumbfounded. At first he thought her some white girl who had been mysteriously cast into the wilderness. Then he observed a faint trace of negroid features. It was almost unnoticeable, for her skin was fair, and a strong, aquiline nose was set delicately above two full, ripe and voluptuous lips. It was her hair, however, that attracted the sergeant most; hair of brilliant, burnished copper. Never had he seen such beautiful shade or texture.

D'Fortune flushed. "This is Fleurette,"

he stammered. "She keeps house for me."

The girl slipped from the hammock and glided to O'Day's side. In musical Creole she rattled off her delight.

The Marine was impressed in spite of himself. She had all the grace of a young panther, and her eyes seemed to possess that undefinable power of burning through all objects that fell in their path. He could sense her careful scrutiny and it made him ill at ease. Hot blood surged through his veins, pounding in his temples like the voodoo drums. He seemed choking, as when the negro guide was throttling him. It was d'Fortune calling him inside that brought him to his senses.

"That wench is going to make trouble *muy pronto*," he said to himself as he took a last look at her.



It was afternoon of the next day. O'Day leaned back, sucking at his pipe. Fleurette had departed on some mysterious mission of her own and the two men were alone in their quarters. The fever-bright eyes of d'Fortune glittered while the sergeant recounted the adventures of his journey. "Look here!" he offered, holding out the locket for inspection. "Some souvenir, eh?"

D'Fortune leaped to his feet and stretched forth a shaking hand. His face turned sickly white and he breathed hard as he examined the pendant.

"This locket," he gasped, "was around Thornton's neck when he was buried. Unless . . . unless . . . Wait a minute."

He was gone and back in a moment. Trembling and shaking he stood in front of O'Day and held a second locket, identical with the first, up for the other's notice.

"Well," said the sergeant. "Somebody must have job-lotted them. It sort of takes the value away from mine. I thought . . ."

"You don't understand," d'Fortune broke in. "These are heirlooms—been in the family for years. Belonged to Jacques d'Fortune, my father's grandfather. He was with Rochambeau here in Haiti and was driven out with the rest of the French. I showed the lockets to Thornton one night. He liked them so well I gave him one. It was around his neck, all right; I saw it there. That body's been dug up, and I'm going to find out in the morning."

"Who'd want to dig it up?"

"Damn it all, O'Day, you don't know this country. People die because some witch in a far-away hut mumbles a few mystic words. Others go stark raving mad because the horn of a goat is planted near them. There's no rhyme nor reason—there's nothing sane on the whole damned island. Look at me! I'm going haywire as sure as you're born. I lost forty pounds since I came out here; Thornton did it, too—just wasting away. You'll do the same thing, O'Day, if you last long enough. Those drums beating all the time, they'll tear you to pieces with their everlasting 'Boom! boom!'

Before O'Day could utter the few soothing words that flashed into his mind, Fleurette glided into the room.

"I have poured drinks," she crooned.

"Don't want one," O'Day said crustily.

"I do," said d'Fortune, leaving the room. "Just what I need to straighten me up."

"You drink not, M'r Sergeant?"

It was less of a question than a reprimand; as if she reproached him for some grave misconduct.

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"No. It's too hot, M'amselle. Perhaps later, when I become more accustomed to your climate."

She interrupted him with a laugh.

"Hinche is not so far away that you need to be what you call acclimatized. You like Fleurette not, and weel not drink to her beauty as deedthees sergeant who was here before you. You would like to see hees grave sometime, yes? Eet ees very pretty weeth all the flowers Fleurette keep on eet."

"Yes, I want to see his grave. He was a buddy of mine, you know—a shipmate. I'm going to make arrangements to have his body taken back to the States."

Fleurette became ashen. She recoiled a step or two.

"No! No!" she whispered hoarsely. "He would rather be where Fleurette can come to heem. He would . . ."

She stopped suddenly, and O'Day could tell she was counting the beats of a distant drum. D'Fortune entered, keeping time to the irregular throbbing by tapping his finger against his lips.

Over and over again was the series repeated, two long and three short beats. D'Fortune shook himself suddenly and looked furtively about. "I'm going down to the barracks," he said, and off he went through the open door.

Fleurette was busying herself gathering a small bundle. She turned to O'Day. "My seester at the other end of town ees seek. Tonight Fleurette must be weeth her."

He shrugged his shoulders at her departure. Secretly he was glad she went; she inspired in him some undefinable sensation of uneasiness. Hitching his chair over to the table he sat for a time reading, although it was hard to keep his mind on the book with those drums pounding softly and insidiously in his ears. It was horrible, like the prolonged beating of rain on the roof of a tent. At last, overcome by the monotony, he flung the volume aside. Just then a pair of heels clicked behind him and he swung about to face the negro sergeant.

"I'm First Sergeant Jones, sir."

"Yes?"

"Has the lieutenant been in Haiti long?"

"About four months. Why?"

"Things are happening tonight, sir, that a man who has been in this country only four months could not imagine. Petigang, lieutenant, is not Hinche or Cape Haitien."

The man's infernal mysteriousness was like another page in the fantastic story; and he seemed as incongruous as snow in the tropics. What was more unusual, he appeared like an American negro rather than a native.

"Where are you from, Jones?" asked O'Day.

For an instant the negro's tense expres-

sion relaxed and his bright teeth gleamed as his mouth bisected his whole face in a weird grin.

"I was born in Alabama, educated at Booker T. Washington Academy, put in a hitch with the Tenth Cav'ry on the border; served in France with the ninety-second division. After the war I got a job with the Great Britain Fruit Company Line, but I didn't like it. I jumped ship at Jamaica, bummed my way into San' Domingo, then over the border into Haiti. I've been here two years."

"Well, I'll be damned!" said O'Day, dumbfounded.

The first sergeant's amused smile died as abruptly as it had been born. Once more his black face assumed an expression of anxiety. It was too real to be simulated.

"But, Mr. O'Day, Lieutenant d'Fortune is in danger. I saw him leave the barracks, and if he is going where I think he is, worse than death is ahead of him."

"Worse than death?"

"Yes; a zombie!"

O'Day shook his head. "You've got me snowed under, Jones," he said. "What's this jam d'Fortune's gotten into?"

For a moment it seemed as if the negro wasn't going to answer, then he said slowly: "They have powerful drugs here in Haiti. They are mysterious and known only to a chosen few. One brings insanity and another wastes the body. Some affect a man one way and others still differently. There is yet another, which brings the appearance of death. It may even be death—I don't know. If it is they have another, still more powerful. This one restores life—but that is all. The mind remains dead. One who has been brought back from the grave in this manner is a *zombie*. He is dead, but he walks. His sight remains, but his brain does not record what his eyes see."

O'Day was speechless. He had seen a great deal of warfare all over the world: the trenches in France, savage fights in banana wars, and quick landings from gunboats to relieve besieged countrymen. Bloody, yes, but they were fought with rifle and knife, something a man could understand. This was different. It was some unwholesome, intangible thing.

"Good Lord, man," he exploded. "Why didn't you stop him?"

The black sergeant shook his head.

"Already he had drunk the drink that paves the way. He would not have understood my intentions. Fleurette is a *Chauché*, a vampire of *Ougounn Badagria*."

"Well," cried O'Day, leaping to his feet, "we're wasting time here. Let's get under way and overhaul him. Do you know where he's gone?"

"I am not sure, but I think over in the east woods is a Voodoo temple, a *houmfort*. A few weeks ago a *petro* ceremony, a blood

ritual, took place there somewhere. That was the night before Lieutenant Thornton died. All day the drums have been sounding like they did at that time. I believe Mr. d'Fortune has gone there."

"If he's gone to the east woods break out three squads of your men and we'll follow. Snap out of it! There isn't a moment to be wasted if we want to get to him in time."

"Begging the lieutenant's pardon," said the sergeant, "but might I suggest a different plan? Every native in that company is probably faithful to us; but there is also the same possibility that every one of them is not. I have no way of proving. They are mostly new to the service. Also it is their nature to be superstitious and I am afraid to rely upon them just yet. Voodoo beliefs are still in their blood. Further the more men the more noise; also the less speed. I think it would be better if only the two of us went."

O'Day looked at him sharply. The thought of a trap came to him, but somehow the man's face seemed too honest for such treachery. Then, too, something had to be done and done swiftly.

"It's a go!" he said, holding out his hand. "Get your gat and as many grenades as you can carry. I'll meet you at the barracks as soon as I can smear some lamp black on my face."

Fifteen minutes later they stole away from the barracks. They skirted the *place* with its mast-like pine, guarded by the ancient cannon. Silently they slipped through the narrow streets of the strangely deserted village. It looked ghastly in the moonlight, and the hot, heavy air created a nauseating stench.

The first trail into the brush was fairly wide, but after a mile or so it branched off into a thread-like footpath. Narrower and narrower it grew, until the vegetation seemed to reach out and grasp them with clammy tentacles.

Jones pushed on silently. Somewhere in his blood must have been a strain other than black, for he possessed none of the superstitious fears of the race. Grotesque, strange shadows seemed to flick across the ever narrowing trail. Perspiration, half through exertion and half through some nameless dread, beaded out on O'Day's face.

It seemed as if they worked through that wilderness for days. At last the colored sergeant stood motionless and held up his hand for caution.

"We are close now," he whispered. "If you listen you can hear them."

O'Day listened, and what he had taken for the breeze crooning through the trees suddenly evolved into a low, monotonous chant of human voices.

Cautiously they squirmed forward, then abruptly they came to a clearing. A fire was burning and around it danced three men and a woman. Even in the distance O'Day recognized her as Fleurette. She was clad in red and in the light of the flames her titian hair blazed a coppery hue. She was almost in a frenzy, whirling her arms over her head and writhing in a sensuous movement. A priest was thumping the heel of his hand against the smallest of three *tambor-rada* drums. The very sound of its hollow throbbing seemed to instil a flash of savage insanity in the Marine. Jones clutched his arm.

Closer and closer they dragged themselves. Ringed about the dancers squatted perhaps a hundred natives. They were huddled together, a black mass dotted with dilated eyes and slowly moving teeth.

Fleurette had stripped off her robe and clad only in a scarlet loin cloth she appeared to release all the frenzy within her. The flames reached higher and higher and her white body flashed. The watchers, infected by her vivacity, began swaying in sympathetic motion.

As O'Day's eyes became more accustomed to the strange light he looked about, hoping for a sight of d'Fortune. He could discern the shadow outline of some ghoul-like building in the background, but there was no sign of the missing white man.

"Where is he?" he whispered to Jones. "Probably in the temple being made ready for the sacrifice. I believe we can slip around and have a look-see."

Crawling an inch at a time they at last circled the clearing and the fantastic dancers. Almost before O'Day knew it they were at the walk leading to the main doorway of the *houmfort*.

It was not what he had pictured it to be, but the ancient ruins of some French building. God only know what idea they could have had in erecting it in such a spot. The wall around it had crumbled, but the gateposts stood like two stern sentinels. Grinning down from the top of each was a human skull.

Shuddering at the sight of the lugubrious symbols he followed Jones into the building. Enough light came through the shattered walls to enable them to pick their way silently. Forty-fives in hand, they explored the ruins. There seemed no evidence of d'Fortune, or anyone else for that matter. The place appeared deserted. Then abruptly came a sibilant, droning voice. The two men stopped.

"Oh, Serpent God, we come," intoned the voice. "The *ouanga* of thy servant contains great power from *Ougon Badagris*."

Jones wrenched the sergeant's arm so suddenly he nearly cried aloud. Motionless they stood, scarcely breathing, trying to locate the source of the voice. It still continued, a soft, mellow supplication to the bloody one.

Signaling Jones to remain, O'Day crawled along the corridor and thrust his head cautiously through an open door. What he saw in the crumbling ruins of that room sent the hot blood rioting through his veins. Sightlessly staring at the wall, d'Fortune sat on a kind of throne. In front of him stood a giant priest clad in gala costume, a long white robe on which a painted snake coiled like a scarlet rope about his body. Still mumbling his incantations the priest swayed back and forth, occasionally reaching out a black, scrawny hand to touch d'Fortune's head.

Holding his breath, fearful that the beating of his heart would betray him, O'Day moved forward an inch at a time, his automatic raised for a blow. Perhaps his breath whistled through his teeth, or his heavy shoe might have scraped against a stone, but whatever it was, something made the negro spin about just as the Marine leaped forward. A look of fear and hate came into the priest's eyes; then one of surprise as the barrel of the forty-five crashed against his skull. He collapsed, and as he fell his sacred *ouanga* bag slipped from his hands. O'Day had only time to notice what resembled a withered, human heart as the contents of the sack was spilled on the dust-strewn floor before d'Fortune, half crazed, leaped for him. With maniacal strength the bony fingers clutched O'Day's throat. He struggled and struck repeatedly, but they were too close for the blows to be effective. He fought hard for breath. Already d'For-

tune's distorted face was growing dim. There was but one thing to do, and O'Day did it as gently as he could. The insane man wilted as the pistol clanked against his head.

Panting heavily O'Day looked down at the emaciated form of his friend. The yellow face had become livid, but he was still breathing. The sergeant stooped to wipe a stream of blood from the forehead. The blow had bitten deeper than he had intended. Suddenly the cold bark of an automatic in the corridor jerked him to his feet.

"Someone's comin'," gasped Jones as he raced into the room and brandished his weapon. "I had to plug one, so we'd better take off *pronto*."

Silently O'Day slung the wasted form of d'Fortune over his shoulder and followed the sergeant. The black dust coiled in little clouds about their ankles. The two men could hear the paddling of many bare feet; but no outcry. They seemed surrounded. Whichever way they turned they could hear them coming, relentlessly as fate.

Suddenly they found themselves in a room somewhat more orderly and less dirty than the others. It was furnished. Symbols of the Voodoo hung upon the wall, trophies and charms. They slammed the door and dropped a heavy bar in place. There was no other exit and they could hear the pursuers padding up the hall. They were trapped.

O'Day laid d'Fortune on the floor and faced the portal, pistol in hand. Hanging on the wall beside the door he noticed a blood-stained campaign hat of some Marine. He went over to it, wondering grimly whose name he would find, and wondering by whom in the future his own would be discovered by its side. Taking it down he examined the sweat band. The name was almost obliterated. At last he made it out, "Cooke," and he remembered the story of his disappearance on a patrol.

The natives were pounding at the door now. There were no screams of exultation, they were hunting in a grim, business-like fashion. Automatically O'Day started to replace the headress when he observed a small, heavy wire about six inches long pro-



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truding from the wall. It had been concealed by the hat. Somehow the hole from which it issued seemed too large to be purposeless. Curiosity compelled him to tug tentatively at the wire. It seemed to give a little. Grasping it more firmly he pulled with a steady pressure. There was a soft grating and creaking behind him. He heard a gasp of surprise from Jones and swung about to see a cleverly concealed door yawning in the opposite wall.

Both leaped for the opening and peered anxiously within. The *cacos* were crashing against the other door. Time was too precious to be wasted. O'Day hastily gathered d'Fortune in his arms and carried him through the opening, sliding the door shut on its rusty rollers. It was dark as the deepest pit of hell.

At first they stumbled blindly down a sort of spiral stairway which finally leveled off. Cautiously they moved, it seemed as if against a wall of blackness. Then abruptly their progress was halted by a steel bulkhead, like the collision door on a cruiser. O'Day fumbled in the darkness and at last discovered the latch. He pushed open the door and they found themselves in what appeared to have been designed as a powder vault. There was a dim light coming from some mysterious source. D'Fortune moaned slightly as he was carried across the room.

A stifled, frightened scream came from Jones, and O'Day nearly dropped his burden as a shadow leaped up to confront them. Had his arms been free O'Day would have doubtless fired, and he later wondered what held the negro sergeant's trigger finger. As it was O'Day gulped and could only stare in mute horror at the ghastly apparition of a naked white man. His hair straggled wildly in a grotesque frame about his shriveled face. He stared wild-eyed and muttered in some outlandish gibberish as he waved his skeleton arms.

"My God," Jones groaned in choked horror, "Mr. Thornton!"

Then did O'Day realize that Dick Thornton, or all that remained of him, stood with almost the last semblance of a human being gone.

"Dick, Dick, old man, what's the mat-

ter?" said O'Day, but the man only stared with his wild, uncomprehending eyes. The sergeant pleaded with his memory, but not even a flash of recognition came. O'Day broke off suddenly. He had heard the crash above as the upper door at last burst open before the natives' assault. Then for the first time the pursuers gave tongue. A cry, unearthly and blood-chilling echoed down.

"We'd better shove off, sir," said Jones succinctly.

O'Day pointed the way across the room for Thornton. He made no sign that he understood, but turned obediently and trotted away. The others followed, through one door and down another hallway, then up a flight of stairs. Here the air was fresher.

It seemed a century that they stumbled aimlessly through those ruins, always within hearing of the searching *cacos*. They mounted one flight of stairs, descended another in a seemingly endless series. D'Fortune was becoming intolerably heavy and Jones was limping painfully from an ankle he had twisted in the dark.

At last they stood before another steel door. It opened inward. They pushed ahead and discovered themselves in a sort of tower. Brilliant moonlight poured in through the open windows. The room was a storehouse for stolen arms and ammunition. Boxes of thirty-caliber cartridges stood on one side. A huge pile of rifles lay heaped on the floor. Most of them were Springfields. There was no other outlet to the chamber. But it seemed as good a place to die as any; and O'Day was tired.

The door was equipped with sockets for a bar and Jones snatched a rifle from the pile and inserted it in place. The door was effectually barred against ordinary pressure.

Thornton squatted on his haunches and eyed them curiously, but with a blank expression. What thoughts, if any, were revolving in his tousled head, were well hidden.

"Dick, don't you know me?" O'Day asked him. He turned his eyes to O'Day and then looked away again, as if uninterested.

The men had little time to contemplate the situation, for already the *cacos* were hammering against the steel door. Their bare heels thudded ineffectually, and there was the sound of someone smashing with a *concomaque* against it. O'Day was thankful the sturdy barrier could withstand the blows. Then in the same thought he realized how short the time would be necessary for them to be starved out; and neither Jones nor he had brought their canteens.

The natives suddenly ceased their attacks on the door and their footsteps receded and died away. O'Day could hear cries and threats coming up from the outside. Slipping to the window he peered out. They stood below in little groups, with the moonlight reflecting a gruesome pallor on their upturned faces. Most of them were armed by this time, and they held their weapons partly raised, eager for a quick shot.

D'Fortune suddenly moaned and sat upright. For a speechless moment he stared at Jones.

"What th' hell!" he ejaculated. "What's coming off here?"

Then his wandering eyes fell upon Thornton. A look of terror flashed into his face and his eye dilated wildly. O'Day thought his mind was going to snap again.

Quickly and softly he soothed him, briefly outlining the situation. The last memory d'Fortune had was the drink he had accepted from Fleurette at the "Officers' Quarters." The rest was a blank. He strove mightily to recall something further, but his efforts were fruitless. Shuddering, he pointed to Thornton.

"And that's why she didn't want his grave molested," he stated rather than asked.

"No doubt," O'Day replied.

"It's not an unusual custom among the *cacos*," supplied Jones as he stood up to stretch his cramped legs.

From somewhere below a rifle cracked and a bullet ripped around the room. The black sergeant fell heavily, and then lifted his head for a cautious examination.

"Be careful of those windows," he said.

"That was a close one—mighty close."

Rising to his feet Jones approached the aperture and looked out. His teeth flashed in a grin as his hand explored his shirt for a grenade. He tossed it well into a group of *cacos* and its explosion was echoed by a dreadful scream. The natives melted into the protecting shadows of the surrounding trees.

Through the night they sniped incessantly. When dawn at last came Jones had a red furrow plowed through his black cheek. D'Fortune, nearly normal again, had stationed himself at a window and was firing back at the flashes spitting from the shadows. Thornton slept fitfully.

"It's one good thing, we can't run out of ammunition," philosophized d'Fortune. "We've got enough here to take the Argentine Woods."

"Yeh, we've got a hell of a lot more'n we're ever going to need," Jones retorted grimly.

With the brightness of the day they had to be more careful about showing themselves at the windows. Several *cacos* had climbed trees, which brought them almost level with the tower. The defenders knocked half a dozen out of their perches, but it didn't seem to discourage them. Others took their places.

About eight o'clock in the morning a dozen or so tried to rush past the clearing. They were carrying some type of battering ram. They didn't get very far, and the log with its chains lay in territory dangerous to any attempt of recovery. O'Day could hear the priest exhorting and reminding the natives of their sacred invulnerability. Somehow the sight of their dead was more cogent proof than that offered by their priests, and they preferred to remain concealed, sniping all the time.

It was beginning to get on the nerves of the besieged. If one of them so much as moved, a score of slugs slashed through the windows and ricocheted around the room.

About this time they received their first casualty. Thornton awoke and sat up. He still stared with the uncomprehending, blank expression of the blind. Suddenly he leaped to his feet and rushed toward a window. Jones, who was the nearest, made a frantic attempt to reach the man, but it was too late. A dozen rifles cracked and Thornton fell back. A pitiful, bewildered expression flashed into his eyes; then they flipped up, exhibiting only the whites.

The three men abandoned their posts and flung themselves to Thornton's side. He was past all aid.

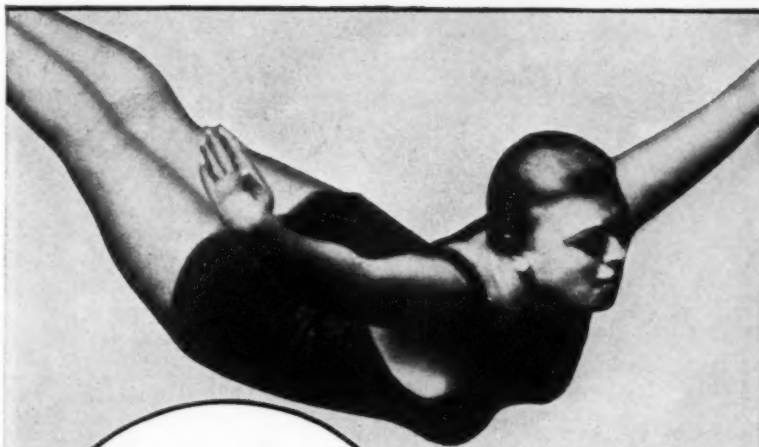
"Somehow I think it's the best," said d'Fortune softly; "and I've got the feeling that the rest of us will be following shortly."

Jones had returned to the window.

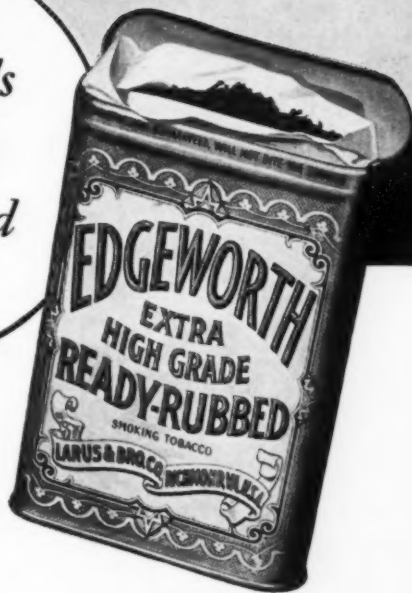
"Damn it," he snarled, "they've sneaked up and lifted that log. Are there any holes in that door we can fire through while they're trying to break it down? It's our only chance."

An examination proved there were no loopholes. It would be a matter of only minutes now. They were helpless; trapped like a crew of a sunken submarine.

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D'Fortune was busy examining the door. "It's pretty strong," he said. "Do you think it might prove too much for them to crash in?"

Almost in answer the heavy battering ram thudded against it and the door shivered on its rusty hinges.

"It won't be long now," said Jones, his teeth clenched and his lips drawn tight. He backed against the farther wall and stood with his pistol clutched in his hand.

"It's me that got you into this mess," said d'Fortune. "Me and that red-headed wench. Oh, if I hadn't been such a damn fool this wouldn't have happened. I wonder if they wouldn't be satisfied to have me and let you fellows go."

Once more the door quivered under the impact.

"Forget it, Mister d'Fortune," said Jones. "I don't think those niggers are any too partial to Mister O'Day and me, anyway. We've been downright mean to them; and I'm going to be a damn sight madder before they get me."

The third attack left the door sagging dangerously. It could withstand but little more, then into the room would sweep hordes of religious and blood-crazed blacks. The Marines would kill some, but the rest would surge like a tidal wave to drown them in the blood-lust of Voodooism. For an instant the wild idea of firing his pistol into his own brain occurred to O'Day. Why not? he thought. It would hurry things just a minute more; but such an expedient seemed so much like deserting his friends.

The door was beginning to bulge inward. The stock on the rifle that barred it had cracked off. The lower hinges gave way and slapped against the wall.

There was no debonair, reckless heroism in Jones' attitude. He was more like a throwback from his tribal ancestors. He stood with his stocky legs spread wide, his left hand hooked in his belt and his right holding the half elevated pistol. His thick, negroid lips were compressed in a thin line and they stretched back in a snarl. His eyes flashed as they burned toward the door.

D'Fortune, too, had backed away and stood waiting. One corner of his mouth had twitched up in a sardonic smile. He had no pistol but had snatched a rifle from the pile on the floor. He rested the stock against his hip, pointing the muzzle toward the door.

"Here they come!" he snarled as a terrific impact seemed to hurl the door inward.

"Not quite," said Jones grimly; "but they'll make it the next time, sure."

A heavy fusillade outside shattered the morning and bullets screamed as they rico-

cheted about the chamber. The natives were yelling savagely now. O'Day almost impatiently waited for the door to come hurtling. The firing beneath the windows increased. It was almost incessant.

"Come on, you black devils, and get it over with," hissed the negro between his teeth.

With a tremendous crash the door burst open. Those who bore the battering ram were caught unbalanced and hurled into the room. They were mowed down before they could regain their footing. Their bodies choked the doorway. Frantically those in the rear tried to crawl over their fallen mates. One huge *caco* struggled through. Brandishing an old French rapier he bounded toward Jones. As he thrust, the gendarmier sergeant leaped nimbly aside and his pistol exploded against the negro's face.

Another, machete in hand, won through to confront d'Fortune. The corporal's rifle was empty and he swung it at the head of his enemy. It missed its mark and before the Marine could straighten up the keen blade bit deeply down through his throat. O'Day swung about and fired. The *caco* fell beside his victim.

For a moment they faltered. The heavy firing outside had increased and a new sound ripped through the air. It was a machine gun, and no mistake. Then another began rattling down the corridor. Hoarse cries, now of fear rather than victory, came from the *cacos*. They turned and fled and the machine gun stuttered harder.

O'Day sprang for the doorway. The corridor was filled with troops of the Gendarmierie. A young corporal, his face streaked with powder and his eyes blazing, saluted and began formal report.

"Never mind that," O'Day snapped, waving him aside. "Scatter your men and find that she-devil. Take her alive if you can."

Through one hall after another went O'Day, up and down mountainous flights of stairs, and at last he reached the room in which he had discovered the campaign hat. He looked grimly at it as it lay on the floor.

For a moment he stood listening, some intangible feeling of fear gripping his heart. Sweat oozed out of his forehead and he felt an uncanny weakness robbing him of strength. A desire to turn around came to him, but a stronger, weird power held him motionless.

Suddenly a forty-five cracked. It broke the spell and O'Day spun about. Fleurette, with a machete in her hand, was crumpling at his feet. Framed in the doorway was Jones, still clutching his pistol.

"It was the only way I could stop her, sir," he said.

The Marine knelt beside the girl. She was still conscious but it required no medical eye to tell she would not live long. Bending closer he observed a chain about her throat. Lifting her head he slid into view a third locket, identical with the other two. The memory of the one about Thornton's neck came to him.

"Did you steal this?" he asked.

She shook her head weakly.

"No," she whispered. "Many years ago a young officer in the French Army gave it to me. He was a Haitian sweetheart before he went back to France. After the baby came she gave it to her daughter. My mother gave it to me. Many years ago it was in our family. On the inside is my French ancestor's name."

With shaking fingers O'Day pried the locket apart. Graven on the inside was the name: "Jacques d'Fortune."

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THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on April 30.....	17,855
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT —April 30.....	1,299
Separations during May.....	2
Appointments during May.....	1,297
Total Strength on May 31.....	16,558
ENLISTED —Total Strength on April 30.....	247
Separations during May.....	16,311
Joinings during May.....	388
Total Strength on May 31.....	16,699
Total Strength Marine Corps on May 31.....	17,996



THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, The Major General Commandant.
Brig. Gen. Clayton B. Vogel, The Adjutant and Inspector.
Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.
Brig. Gen. Harold C. Reisinger, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.
Brig. Gen. James J. Meade.
Col. Joseph A. Russell.
Lt. Col. William B. Croka.
Maj. John Kaluf.
Capt. William A. Willis.
1st Lt. Reynolds H. Hayden.

Officers last to make numbers in grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.
Brig. Gen. James J. Meade.
Col. Joseph A. Russell.
Lt. Col. William B. Croka.
Maj. William F. Brown.
Capt. John S. Holmberg.
1st Lt. John E. Weber.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

MAY 10, 1937.

Col. Jesse F. Dyer, on 1 July, 1937, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., and ordered to home to retire on 1 Sept., 1937.

Major Victor F. Bleasdale, when directed by Director of Fleet Training Div., Office of Chief of Naval Operations, detached from duty in that Office to duty as Inspector-Instructor, 13th Bn., FMCR, Los Angeles, Calif. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. Robert S. Pendleton, on 4 May, 1937, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., via SS "Pres. Pierce," due to arrive New York 1 July, 1937.

Capt. Lester S. Hamel, about 27 May, 1937, detached MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to MB, Quantico, Va., via "Henderson," sailing from Guantanamo Bay about 28 May, 1937.

Capt. Archie E. O'Neil, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via "Henderson," from Norfolk Va., on 15 August, 1937.

Capt. Evans F. Carlson, about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., to temporary duty Hdqrs., Washington, D. C., until about 15 July, 1937, then to Peiping, China, for duty as Chinese Language Student, at AE, Peiping, China, via SS "Pres. McKinley" from Seattle, Wash., on 31 July, 1937.

Capt. Herbert P. Becker, on completion present school year, relieved from aviation duty with MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to aviation duty with War Plans Section, Bks. Det., MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Robert H. Rhoads, on completion present school year, relieved from additional aviation duty with MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., and continue duty with ACL, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Thomas B. White, on completion present school year, relieved from additional aviation duty with MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., and continue duty with

(Continued on page 66)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

MAY 1, 1937.

Gy. Sgt. Ernest F. Gore—Norfolk to USS "Arkansas."

MAY 4, 1937.

Cpl. John E. Southard—WC to Philadelphia AC.

Plat. Sgt. George L. Nash—FMF, Quantico to PI.
Cpl. Walter F. Chandler—Philadelphia to Lakehurst.

MAY 6, 1937.

Cpl. James F. Coady—Norfolk to RS, Philadelphia.

Sgt. Claude G. Roller—Philadelphia to San Diego.

MAY 7, 1937.

Cpl. Robert T. Wattie—FMF, Quantico to MB, New York.

Cpl. Berkeley Brooks—FMF to MB, Washington, D. C.

Sgt. Kenneth S. Clark—FMF to CRD.
1st Sgt. Merl S. Smith—FMF to USS "New York."

1st Sgt. James W. Huey—USS "New York" to FMF.

MAY 10, 1937.

QM Sgt. Alton P. Trapnell—New York to Quantico.

QM Sgt. August A. Hey—Portsmouth, N. H., to Quantico.

QM Sgt. Walter M. Donnelly—Quantico to Portsmouth, N. H.

QM Sgt. Andrew J. Stokes—Quantico to San Diego.

Cpl. Kermit E. Hall—Annapolis to Newport.

Plat. Sgt. James H. Regan—WC to Pearl Harbor.

MAY 11, 1937.

Sgt. Eugene G. Ward—Quantico to Pearl Harbor.

Stf. Sgt. Carl H. Glasser—SRD to FMF, Quantico.

MAY 12, 1937.

Sgt. Clifford G. Wulk—Yorktown to SRD.

Cpl. Julius H. McMillen—FMF, Quantico to PI.

Cpl. George Loring—FMF to New York.

Sup. Sgt. Frank J. Leskovitz—Quantico to New York.

MAY 13, 1937.

Cpl. Henry C. Broll—WC to Philadelphia.

Cpl. Wilbert A. Frain—WC to Philadelphia.

Cpl. Charles W. Pensyl—FMF to NYd, Washington, D. C.

Plat. Sgt. Caldwell N. Hunter—FMF to Philadelphia.

MAY 14, 1937.

Cpl. Paul DuB. Holmes—PI to SRD.

Plat. Sgt. Henry R. Snyder—Lakehurst to FMF.

MAY 17, 1937.

Tech. Sgt. Norman H. Jungers—WC to Quantico.

MAY 18, 1937.

1st Sgt. Frank Neider—Indian Head to Pensacola.

Sgt. William Laverty, Jr.—WC to Quantico.

Cpl. James B. Blackwood—WC to Charleston, S. C.

Ch. Cook Lauren O. Hartzell—FMF to Norfolk.

Ch. Cook Herman J. Levine—PI to NOB, Norfolk.

(Continued on page 69)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

ARMSTRONG, Golden L., 4-29-37, Bremerton for PSNY, Bremerton.

COPPOCK, Frank L., 4-30-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

HAST, Frederick H., 5-6-37, Portsmouth for MB, Portsmouth, Va.

POTTGETHER, Perez W., 5-2-37, Los Angeles for DH, Los Angeles.

FORSBERG, Eric "B.", 5-1-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

SONNENBERG, Walter R., 5-1-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

WIGGINS, Nathan E., 5-5-37, Los Angeles for MCB, San Diego.

FULLER, William R., 5-7-37, Quantico for Aviation, Quantico.

KLAPPHOLZ, Henry E., 5-8-37, Portsmouth for MB, Portsmouth, Va.

DUNCAVAGE, Anthony, 5-9-37, Portsmouth for FMF, MB, Quantico.

COHEN, Harry, 4-30-37, Coco Solo for MB, SB, Coco Solo, C. Z.

GAULT, Herbert L., 5-9-37, Yorktown for NMD, Yorktown, Va.

MATOWCIK, Charles, Jr., 5-5-37, San Francisco for DofS, San Francisco.

STYER, Kenneth P., 5-9-37, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.

WICKERT, William E., 5-9-37, Baltimore for DH, Baltimore.

NALL, Russell E., 5-8-37, Pensacola for NAS, Pensacola.

JAMES, Charles E., 5-11-37, Quantico for PSBn, Quantico.

HAMILTON, Raymond M., 5-11-37, Parris Island for MB, Parris Island.

BURNETT, William L., 5-11-37, Yorktown for NMD, Yorktown, Va.

ELLIOTT, George C., 5-10-37, New Orleans for NAS, Pensacola.

CARLSON, George R., 5-12-37, New York for FMF, Quantico.

JASPITS, John, 5-6-37, Bremerton for PSNY, Bremerton.

PHILLIPS, Berry, 5-8-37, San Diego for FMF, San Diego.

NAGAZZYNA, John J., 5-12-37, Parris Island for MB, Parris Island.

FORE, Clayton R., 5-7-37, San Diego for FMF, San Diego.

ANDERSON, Lemuel L., 5-11-37, Macon, Ga., for MB, Parris Island.

HESPENHEIDE, Herman H., 5-13-37, Quantico for PSBn, Quantico.

FIORI, Dominic F., 5-8-37, San Diego for MD, DB, San Diego.

OLMSTED, James N., 5-8-37, Mare Island for MD, NP, Mare Island.

PARKER, John B., 5-11-37, San Diego for FMF, San Diego.

DAVIS, Gaston D., 5-17-37, Quantico for FMF, Quantico.

JOUANILLOU, Emile P., 5-16-37, Parris Island for MB, Parris Island.

McCLOSKEY, Thomas P., 5-13-37, Mare Island for MB, Quantico.

NASH, George L., 5-17-37, Quantico for FMF, Quantico.

RUTH, William H., 5-13-37, Mare Island for MB, Mare Island.

MARTIN, Forrest L., 5-12-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

BRANDENBURG, Paul F., 5-18-37, Quantico for MB, Quantico.

CICHESE, Nicholas, 5-19-37, Washington for MB, Washington, D. C.

FESSINO, John F., 4-15-37, Shanghai for 4th Marines, Shanghai.

SINCLAIR, Edwin J., 4-21-37, Shanghai for 4th Marines, Shanghai.

(Continued on page 69)

U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 65)

AC1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. William R. Williams orders dated 6 April, 1937, detaching this officer from MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Washington, D. C., revoked. About 1 June, 1937, detached MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to duty with 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. James B. Lake, Jr., about 1 June, 1937, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

2nd Lt. John W. Stage detached MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla. Authorized to delay until 30 June, 1937.

2nd Lt. Leo R. Smith, about 25 June, 1937, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than 30 June, 1937.

2nd Lt. Eugene F. Syms, about 31 May, 1937, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

2nd Lt. Julian F. Walters, about 31 May, 1937, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

2nd Lt. John E. Morris, when directed by CO, NP, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., detached MD, NP, NYd, Mare Island, to duty with MD, Rec. Ship, San Francisco, Calif.

2nd Lt. John E. Weber, orders detaching this officer from duty with FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NS, Guam, dated 22 April and 24 April, 1937, revoked.

About 15 June, 1937, following-named officers relieved duty with Marine Corps Schools Detachment and directed report CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, for duty that Brigade: Capt. Miles S. Newton, 1st Lt. James Rockwell, 1st Lt. John H. Cook, Jr., 2nd Lt. William S. McCormick, 2nd Lt. Michael S. Curran, 2nd Lt. Charles T. Tingle.

On completion present school year, following-named officers relieved duty with Marine Corps School Detachment, MB, Quantico, Va., and directed report CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, for duty that Brigade: Lt. Col. Henry L. Larsen, Maj. Benjamin W. Gally, Maj. Daniel R. Fox, Maj. Lee H. Brown, Capt. Ralph E. Forsyth, Capt. Earle S. Davis, Capt. Thomas D. Marks, Capt. Robert H. McDowell, Capt. Hawley C. Waterman, Capt. Robert G. Hunt, Capt. William M. O'Brien.

On completion present school year, following-named officers relieved duty with Marine Corps Schools Detachment, MB, Quantico, Va., and directed report CG, MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with 1st Signal Company: Capt. James E. Jones, Capt. Nels H. Nelson.

Brig. Gen. John C. Beaumont, on 28 May, 1937, detached Hdqrs., Washington, D. C., to duty as CG, 2nd Marine Brig., FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 19 June, 1937.

Col. Edward A. Ostermann, about 24 May, 1937, relieved from duty with 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to MB, Quantico, Va.

Col. John R. Henley, orders to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., modified: on arrival United States, ordered to duty as CO, MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Col. Paul A. Capron, about 26 May, 1937, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to duty as CO, MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Maj. Byron F. Johnson, on 1 June, 1937, detached AC1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Washington, D. C. Authorized delay one month in reporting.

Maj. Harold C. Major on 10 July, 1937, detached Hdqrs., Washington, D. C., to AC1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with additional aviation duty and instruction in MCS, MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 14 August, 1937.

Maj. John Kaluf, on 1 July, 1937, detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to duty on Staff MCS, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Clovis C. Coffman orders modified: on 24 April, 1937, ordered to duty with MD, USS "Augusta."

Capt. Earl H. Phillips, about 10 June, 1937, detached MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 10 August, 1937.

Capt. Edwin A. Pollock, about 10 June, 1937, detached MB, NAD, St. Julien's Creek, Va., to Depot of Supplies, USMC, Philadelphia, Pa., for duty as OIC, Publicity Bureau, that depot. Authorized to delay one month in reporting.

Capt. Walter I. Jordan, about 10 July, 1937, detached Hdqrs., Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 10 August, 1937.

Capt. Monitor Watchman, about 12 June, 1937, detached MB, NS, Guam to Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., via first available Govt. transp.

Capt. Samuel K. Bird detached Department of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Harold W. Whitney, AQM, detailed an AQM, effective 10 June, 1937.

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Capt. Harry V. Shurtleff, detailed an AQM, effective 1 June, 1937.

1st Lt. Paul W. Russell, on 4 June, 1937, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, to MD, NAD, St. Julien's Creek, Va.

2nd Lt. Lehman H. Kleppinger, on 13 May, 1937, detached Hdqrs., Washington, D. C., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Norman VanDam, orders dated 24 March, 1937, modified: on detachment MD, USS "Colorado," about 17 June, 1937, ordered to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. Monitor Watchman's name on official records of Marine Corps has been changed from "Monitor Watchman, Jr." to "Monitor Watchman."

2nd Lt. Lowry B. Stephenson, on reporting at Hdqrs., Washington, D. C., assigned to duty as CO, MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

Lt. Col. Gilder D. Jackson, on 2 June, 1937, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as Director, Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia. Authorized delay 10 days in reporting.

Lt. Col. George C. Hamner, about 20 June, 1937, detached MB, NAD, Hingham,

Mass., to Naval Examining Board, MB, Washington, D. C.

Lt. Col. William D. Smith, orders modified: on arrival New York ordered to duty MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., with delay to 1 June, 1937, in reporting.

Maj. Fred S. Robillard, on 19 May, 1937, detached Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Maj. Roy C. Swink, about 20 July, 1937, detached MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill., to duty as Inspector-Instructor, 9th Bn., FMCR, Chicago, Ill.

Maj. Curtis T. Beecher, about 26 July, 1937, detached from duty as Inspector-Instructor, 9th Bn. FMCR, Chicago, Ill., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 14 August, 1937.

Maj. Claude A. Phillips, AQM, about 5 August, 1937, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, Quantico, Va., duty as Post Commissary Officer.

Maj. Richard O. Sanderson, about 1 July, 1937, detached Office Judge Advocate General, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 10 August, 1937.

Capt. William C. Purdie, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, via SS "Pres. Pierce" from New York about 8 July, 1937.

Capt. Brady L. Vogt, about 15 July, 1937, detached MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Capt. Charles C. Brown on 19 May, 1937, detached Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. Nels H. Nelson, about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, San Diego, Calif., duty with 2nd Signal Co. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Orders detaching this officer from MCS to 1st Signal Co., MB, Quantico, Va., revoked.

Capt. Oliver A. Dow, on 1 June, 1937, detached MCB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered home to retire 1 August.

Capt. John J. Heil, about 1 July, 1937, detached MD, USS "Reina Mercedes," N. A., Annapolis, Md., to Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga. Authorized delay to 25 August, 1937.

1st Lt. Russell Lloyd, about 14 June, 1937, detached Hdqrs., Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Alan M. Barclay, resignation accepted, effective 1 June, 1937.

2nd Lt. Noel O. Castle, orders dated 16 April, 1937, modified: on completion temporary duty MB, Quantico and N. A., Annapolis, Md., about 22 May, 1937, ordered to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

2nd Lt. Maurice T. Ireland about 30 June, 1937, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AC1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 15 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. Donald J. Decker, about 2 July, 1937, detached MD, USS "Erie" to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 1 August, 1937.

2nd Lt. John B. Heles, Jr., on 31 May, 1937, detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MD, USS "Erie."

Mar. Gnr. William A. Lee, orders dated 5 April, 1937, detaching this officer from 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Basic School MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., revoked.

JUNE 2, 1937.
Col. Frederick A. Barker, on 26 May, 1937, detached MB, Washington, D. C., and ordered home to retire on 1 July, 1937.

Lt. Col. Maurice G. Holmes, on 11 June, 1937, detached Hdqrs., Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Lt. Col. Allen H. Turnage on 7 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Lt. Col. William D. Smith, detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, and ordered home to retire on 30 June, 1937.

Lt. Col. John M. Arthur, detail as AA&I revoked, effective 1 June, 1937.

Maj. Merrett B. Curtis, detail as APM revoked, effective 2 June, 1937.

Maj. Roy D. Lowell, on 26 May, 1937, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., and ordered home to retire on 1 July, 1937.

Maj. William P. Richards, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to duty with MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass.

Maj. Lucian W. Burnham, about 21 June, 1937, detached Army Industrial College, Washington, D. C., and ordered temporary duty Chemical Warfare School, Edgewood Arsenal, Edgewood, Md., from 6 July to 3 August, 1937; completion, ordered MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 1 September, 1937, in reporting at MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. William W. Davidson, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty with MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass.

Capt. Lyman G. Miller, about 1 June, 1937, detached MD, USS "New York," to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. James E. Kerr, relieved from duty with FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered to MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. John W. Lakso, orders modified; on arrival at Norfolk NYd, to duty MB, NAD, Fort Mifflin, Pa. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. Thomas B. White, about 1 July, 1937, detached ACI, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, to Air Corps Tactical School, Maxwell field, Montgomery, Ala. Authorized delay to 1 Sept., 1937.

Capt. Ira L. Kimes, about 7 Aug., 1937, detached ACI, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, to Air Corps Tactical School, Maxwell field, Montgomery, Ala. Authorized delay to 1 Sept., 1937.

Capt. Lawrence T. Burke, about 1 July, 1937, detached War Plans Sec., Bks. Det., MB, Quantico, Va., to Air Corps Tactical School, Maxwell field, Montgomery, Ala. Authorized delay to 1 Sept., 1937.

Capt. Hewin O. Hammond, on completion of Junior Course, MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., assigned duty on Staff, MCS, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. James F. Shaw, Jr., about 10 June, 1937, detached Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 30 June 1937.

Capt. Clarence H. Yost, about 10 June, 1937, detached Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va. Authorized delay to 30 June 1937.

1st Lt. Austin R. Brunelli, on 28 May, 1937, relieved from duty with 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to duty at MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. James G. Smith detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to PG. School, N. A., Annapolis, Md. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

1st Lt. Zebulon C. Hopkins, when directed by CO, VO Sq. 9-M, FMF, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I., to Air Corps Technical School, Chanute field, Rantoul, Ill. Authorized delay to 28 Aug., 1937.

1st Lt. Joslyn R. Bailey, about 25 June, 1937, detached NOS, Pensacola, Fla., to AC2, NAS, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay of 1 month in reporting.

1st Lt. Glen G. Herndon died on 29 May, 1937.

2nd Lt. John W. Graham, about 3 June, 1937, relieved from duty Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., and assigned to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

2nd Lt. Philip C. Metzger, about 3 June, 1937, relieved from duty Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., and assigned to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

2nd Lt. Cliff Atkinson, Jr., about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Wilfrid H. Stiles, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Wilfrid H. Stiles, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Frederick R. Dowsett, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Edward W. DuRant, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Andrew B. Galatian, Jr., about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Robert W. Clark, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Ralph Haas, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Edwin L. Hamilton, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Howard G. Kirgis, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Charles L. Banks, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Randolph S. D. Lockwood, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB,

NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. John H. Masters, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Donald C. Merker, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Gene S. Neely, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Ben. F. Prewitt, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Richard W. Wallace, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Ormond R. Simpson, about 3 June,

Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. George R. Bell, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. Hollis U. Mustain, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md.

2nd Lt. Charles R. Nicholson, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Ted E. Pulos, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. George D. Rich, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Roy Robinton, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. August F. Penzold, Jr., about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

2nd Lt. Robert B. Moore about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

2nd Lt. Stephen V. Sabol, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

2nd Lt. Maynard M. Nohrden, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

2nd Lt. Stewart B. O'Neill, Jr., about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. Elby D. Martin, Jr., about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

2nd Lt. Noel O. Castle, detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to duty with MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass.

2nd Lt. Robert W. Boyd, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to duty with FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 21 June, 1937.

2nd Lt. Lewis B. Robertshaw, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to duty with FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 21 June, 1937.

2nd Lt. Levi W. Smith, Jr., about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to duty with FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 21 June, 1937.

2nd Lt. William H. Barba, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to duty with FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 21 June, 1937.

2nd Lt. Richard Rothwell, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to duty with FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 21 June, 1937.

2nd Lt. Horatio C. Woodhouse, Jr., about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to duty with FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 21 June, 1937.

2nd Lt. Arthur H. Weinberger, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to duty with FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 21 June, 1937.

2nd Lt. William F. Kramer, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to duty with FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 21 June, 1937.

2nd Lt. Henry S. Massie, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to duty with FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 21 June, 1937.

2nd Lt. Wood B. Kyle, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to duty with FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 21 June, 1937.

On acceptance of commissions as second lieutenants in the Marine Corps, the following named graduates of the Naval Academy, are assigned to active duty and ordered to Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June, 1937: John G. Walsh, Jr., Robert T. Vance, Woodrow M. Kessler, Arthur W. Fisher, Jr., Paul R. Byrum, Jr., Rivers J. Morrell, Jr., Donald E. Huey, Cedric H. Kuhn, Merritt Adelman, James C. Bennett, Clarence A. Barninger, Jr., Arthur J. Stuart, Webster D. Smith, Guy G. Natter, Hewitt D. Adams, Joseph A. Gerath, Jr., Alben C. Robertson, Robert F. Ruge, John R. Lirette, Thomas A. Cul-

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1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Paul R. Tyler, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

2nd Lt. William D. Roberson, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

2nd Lt. John H. Spencer, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

2nd Lt. Harrison Brent, Jr., about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

2nd Lt. James W. Ferguson, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

2nd Lt. William K. Davenport, Jr., about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NAD, Dover, N. J.

2nd Lt. John H. Earle Jr., about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. Jean W. Moreau, about 3 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd,

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hane, Jr., James R. Bromeyer, Thomas R. Stokes, Radford C. West, Ray L. Vroomer, Owen A. Chambers.

Ch. Mar. Gnr. James J. Harrington, about 20 June, 1937, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, NAD, Mare Island, Calif.

Mar. Gnr. Lawrence E. Brown, on acceptance of appointment as Marine Gunner in the Marine Corps, assigned to active duty at MCB, San Diego, Calif.

QM. Chk. Joseph N. M. Berger, on acceptance of appointment as Quartermaster Clerk in the Marine Corps, assigned to active duty with Aircraft 2, FMS, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

JUNE 7, 1937.
Mat. Jesse L. Perkins, on 1 July, 1937, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay to 20 July.

Capt. Rupert R. Deese, on 1 July, 1937, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay to 20 July.

Capt. Clarence H. Yost, orders modified; on arrival Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., detached that department to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. James M. Ranck, Jr., when directed by CG, Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

1st Lt. Lloyd H. Reilly, when directed by CG, Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

1st Lt. Clarence O. Cobb, about 30 June, 1937, detached American Embassy, Peking, China, to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., via "chaumont" sailing from Chinwangtao about 3 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. Albert H. Bohne, when directed by CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., detached AC1, that Brig., to Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 15 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. William R. Campbell, when directed by CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., detached AC1, that Brig., to Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 15 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. John F. Dobbin, when directed by CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., detached AC1, that Brig., to Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 15 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. William E. Glase, when directed by CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., detached AC1, that Brig., to Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 15 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. Milo G. Haines, when directed by CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB,

Quantico, Va., detached AC1, that Brig., to Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 15 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. John D. Harshberger, when directed by CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., detached AC1, that Brig., to Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 15 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. Edward W. Johnston, when directed by CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., detached AC1, that Brig., to Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 15 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. Kenneth A. King, when directed by CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., detached AC1, that Brig., to Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 15 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. Gordon H. Knott, when directed by CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., detached AC1, that Brig., to Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 15 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. George A. McKusick, when directed by CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., detached AC1, that Brig., to Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 15 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. James L. Neefus, when directed by CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., detached AC1, that Brig., to Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 15 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. Frederick R. Payne, Jr., when directed by CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., detached AC1, that Brig., to Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 15 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. Zane Thompson, Jr., when directed by CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., detached AC1, that Brig., to Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 15 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. Pelham B. Withers, when directed by CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., detached AC1, that Brig., to Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 15 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. Donald K. Yost, when directed by CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., detached AC1, that Brig., to Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 15 July, 1937.

The following officers have been promoted to the grades indicated, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, on 25 May, 1937, to take rank from the dates shown opposite each name:

Captain Deane C. Roberts, 1 August, 1930, No. 3.

Captain William A. Willis, 22 April, 1937, No. 3.

1st Lt. Edward L. Hutchinson, 2 March, 1937, No. 3.

1st Lt. Frederic H. Ramsey, 2 March, 1937, No. 4.

1st Lt. Reynolds H. Hayden, 2 March, 1937, No. 5.

SENIORITY LIST

May 11, 1937

STAFF SERGEANTS

CLERICAL: Date of Rank

Duty with Marine Corps Institute:
1. McElroy, Halbert A. July 23, 1934
2. Brown, Clarence E. Jan. 25, 1936

Duty with Marine Corps Schools:
1. Welch, John H. April 17, 1936
2. Sanford, Murray D. March 2, 1937

3. Schutte, Robert C. March 24, 1937

4. Rice, Carl L. March 24, 1937

5. McDonald, Eugene A. April 29, 1937

6. Roy, Ernest E. April 29, 1937

Duty with Paymaster's Department:
1. Raynor, Dewey D. Oct. 26, 1935

2. Dunsmoor, Earl W. Nov. 1, 1935

3. Madey, Joseph H. Jan. 29, 1936

4. Foy, William L. Feb. 5, 1936

5. Lawrence, John T., Jr. June 2, 1936

6. Swink, Lester B. June 22, 1936

7. Walsh, James J. Sept. 1, 1936

8. Wick, Clarence S. Sept. 21, 1936

9. Oberhoff, William Oct. 21, 1936

10. Knopes, Henry L. Dec. 11, 1936

11. Buettner, Vincent J. March 15, 1937

Duty with Quartermaster's Department:
1. Tomlinson, Roy A. Feb. 10, 1926

2. Tighe, George L. June 5, 1926

3. Davey, Ersal D. Feb. 25, 1928

4. Miller, Francis G. Jan. 22, 1929

5. Berlin, John F. May 7, 1931

6. Innes, Wayman H. Dec. 16, 1931

7. Gordon, Robert B. Jan. 2, 1932

8. Arland, Francis E., Sr. Aug. 4, 1932

9. McCabe, Joseph P., Sr. Oct. 3, 1932

10. Hornbrook, James F. Oct. 3, 1932

11. Kuhns, John W. March 9, 1933

12. Hughes, William R. July 25, 1934

13. Laviano, Thomas F. March 1, 1935

14. Reedy, Leo J. April 11, 1935

15. McDonald, William R. Nov. 1, 1935

16. Johnson, George D. Nov. 5, 1935

17. Reeves, Tom P. Oct. 8, 1936

Office of the Major General Commandant:

1. Rice, William S. May 7, 1935

2. Miller, Benjamin April 3, 1937

3. Krieger, Emil M. April 3, 1937

4. Warner, Robert F. April 3, 1937

Duty in the Adjutant & Inspector's Dept:

1. Giles, Emerson W. March 9, 1933

2. Mackey, Charles M. April 3, 1937

3. White, Otto H. April 3, 1937

4. Heinrichs, Michael L. April 3, 1937

Special duty, Army and Navy:

1. Jones, Calvin A. May 1, 1937

General Service:

1. Theodore, Lawrence A. Sept. 10, 1927

2. Lopardo, Nicolo F. March 28, 1929

3. Rogers, John J. Sept. 9, 1931

4. Hughes, Leonard T. Nov. 3, 1934

5. Erickson, Arthur V. Jan. 20, 1936

6. Hendricks, Robert G. Sept. 26, 1936

7. Wheeler, Clyde L. March 26, 1937

8. Green, Bert A. April 12, 1937

9. Guy, Sidney A. April 27, 1937

10. Glaser, Carl H. May 5, 1937

MECHANICAL: Date of Rank

General Service:

1. Krabach, Frank A. May 6, 1926

2. Balan, Yancu Dec. 3, 1926

3. LaRocque, Arthur N. Dec. 10, 1926

4. Eschliman, Charles Sept. 8, 1927

5. Commander, Eugene C. Jan. 6, 1928

6. Woolf, Gerald E. July 5, 1928

7. Brooks, Harry LeR. Sept. 15, 1928

8. Pitts, Charles O. Nov. 2, 1928

9. Falls, George April 9, 1929

10. Rosbach, Gabriel April 24, 1929

11. Purvis, Clyde E. June 7, 1929

12. Seckhus, John July 2, 1929

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13. Cooper, John F.	July 25, 1929
14. Mace, John W.	Aug. 5, 1929
15. Slayton, Clarence D.	Sept. 26, 1929
16. Carter, George L.	Oct. 9, 1929
17. Bates, Warren	April 30, 1930
18. Kent, Norman D.	May 3, 1930
19. McKenzie, Paul	Feb. 17, 1931
20. Puskarich, Mike E.	March 3, 1931
21. Papas, Julius	May 23, 1931
22. Myrel, Edward	June 12, 1931
23. Trippe, Samuel M.	Sept. 3, 1931
24. Jacobs, Clarence E.	Oct. 14, 1931
25. Debiski, Mike	April 26, 1932
26. Curtis, Kenneth F.	July 21, 1932
27. Wathen, Frederick E.	Sept. 26, 1932
28. Crosby, James A.	March 29, 1933
29. Peters, Elmer G.	April 21, 1933
30. Cagle, Vernal	July 2, 1934
31. Wood, John J.	July 19, 1934
32. Stutz, Jack B.	July 30, 1934
33. Isaacson, Elmer E.	Dec. 1, 1934
34. Gleim, Gordon E.	Jan. 11, 1936
35. Howell, Frank L.	July 7, 1936
36. Meyer, Oscar J.	July 7, 1936
37. Cook, Joseph W.	Nov. 12, 1936
38. Wellman, Wilfred L.	Jan. 4, 1937
39. Harrison, Edward J.	Jan. 19, 1937
40. Nori, Eero	April 19, 1937

AVIATION:	
1. Johnson, Ellis J.	Date of Rank
2. Alcorn, Randle W., Jr.	Jan. 1, 1929
3. Brown, Charles G.	Dec. 9, 1929
4. Paquin, Paul R.	April 4, 1932
5. White, Erving F.	July 28, 1934
6. Woolley, Sidney R.	July 28, 1934
7. Tuson, Vernon A.	Dec. 26, 1934
8. Hollis, Clyde F.	Feb. 18, 1935
9. Allison, Frederick	March 20, 1935
10. Wright, Ellis R.	April 1, 1935
11. Rowden, Ubal L.	April 27, 1935
12. Frazer, Earl P.	May 1, 1935
13. Metzler, Eddie L.	May 1, 1935
14. Lilly, Arthur H.	May 20, 1935
15. Alvis, Thomas C.	May 20, 1935
16. Alder, Asa	May 24, 1935
17. Kring, Kyle K.	May 24, 1935
18. Walker, James M.	Sept. 25, 1935
19. Williams, Herman L.	Sept. 25, 1935
20. Henderson, Geo. W., Jr.	Sept. 25, 1935
21. Ferazzi, Alfio	Oct. 9, 1935
22. Jeffers, Laury	Oct. 15, 1935
23. King, Curtis P.	Nov. 18, 1935
24. Coddington, Robert E.	Nov. 29, 1935
25. Scofield, Ernest M.	Dec. 4, 1935
26. Cooper, Herbert	Jan. 2, 1936
27. Shanklin, Leonard C.	May 4, 1936
28. Athon, George	May 4, 1936
29. Willingham, Alvan C.	May 23, 1936
30. Vick, Stephen	May 23, 1936
31. Hayes, George	May 23, 1936
32. Straba, Albert	June 1, 1936
33. Gagy, Alexander	June 15, 1936
34. Houston, Donald W.	June 15, 1936
35. Warren, Clyde H.	June 15, 1936
36. Martin, Ralph	July 1, 1936
37. Walker, Theodore R.	Aug. 24, 1936
38. Caruso, Mario	Oct. 9, 1936
39. Hoffman, Johannes K. P.	Oct. 9, 1936
40. Crownover, Ivy L.	Dec. 5, 1936
41. Toranich, Stephen J.	Dec. 5, 1936
42. Miller, James A.	Dec. 9, 1936
43. Van Hoorebeke, Claud	Dec. 9, 1936
44. Bourne, Arthur H.	Jan. 20, 1937
45. Cunyus, Walter H.	Jan. 25, 1937
46. Bobin, John J.	April 7, 1937
47. Davis, Harold LeR.	April 7, 1937
48. Granville, Laurence G.	April 7, 1937
49. Martin, George W.	April 7, 1937
50. Perschau, George T.	April 7, 1937
51. Stark, Chester C.	April 7, 1937
52. Mann, Sylvester S.	April 12, 1937
53. Jewell, William C.	April 12, 1937
54. Rosenberg, Phillip	April 12, 1937
55. Nasi, Wayne	April 12, 1937

SIGNAL:	
1. Gay, James D.	Date of Rank
2. Bryan, Robert I.	July 19, 1934
3. Curtin, Charles D.	July 20, 1934
4. Thomson, William L.	July 20, 1934
5. Oglesby, Fulton L.	Dec. 11, 1934
6. Pope, Albert L.	Dec. 12, 1934
7. Dupuy, Joseph T.	March 1, 1935
8. Brainard, John T.	Dec. 18, 1935
9. Reamy, John S.	Jan. 25, 1936
10. Lesko, Stephen	April 1, 1937
11. Webber, John W.	April 1, 1937
12. Meeks, Conrad G.	April 2, 1937
13. Thoennes, Edward C.	April 2, 1937
14. Strickland, Quillian L.	April 6, 1937

MESS BRANCH:	
1. Akin, Lawrence B.	Date of Rank
2. Ambrose, Joseph A.	July 1, 1936
3. Collins, Joseph P.	July 1, 1936

4. Conquest, Brice E.	July 1, 1936
5. Ellis, Leon M.	July 1, 1936
6. Flucht, Paul O.	July 1, 1936
7. Fowler, Obert	July 1, 1936
8. Hakanson, Knut A.	July 1, 1936
9. Hord, Joplin C.	July 1, 1936
10. Kubit, John	July 1, 1936
11. Lamusga, Egnatz P.	July 1, 1936
12. Newland, Joseph A.	July 1, 1936
13. Schmidt, Carl G.	July 1, 1936
14. Baldassare, Silvio F.	Feb. 1, 1937

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 65)

MAY 20, 1937.
Cpl. Richard J. Martin—FMF, Quantico to DofS, Philadelphia.
MAY 21, 1937.
Cpl. Arnold G. Fischer—Pensacola to Aviation, Quantico.
MAY 24, 1937.
Cpl. Ira L. Kessler—FMF, Quantico to San Diego.
1st Sgt. William H. Reese—WC to Quantico.
1st Sgt. Robert F. Harris—SRD to Indian Head.
MAY 25, 1937.
Sgt. Carl Ulrich—Boston to Wakefield.
Sgt. Remes E. DeLaHunt—Quantico to Pl.
Sgt. John R. McBee—Quantico to Cape May.
Cpl. Christian A. Biggs—Quantico to Cape May.
Cpl. Marke G. Belevich—Quantico to Wakefield.
Cpl. Clarence H. Armiger—WC to Indian Head.
Cpl. Richard V. Bolan—WC to Boston.
MAY 26, 1937.
Cpl. Vincent J. Odeski—Cuba to Aviation, Quantico.
Cpl. Claude M. Pennington—FMF, Quantico to Recruiting, New York.
Sgt. John J. Ward—Recruiting, New York, to FMF, Quantico.
MAY 27, 1937.
Tech. Sgt. John T. Boyd—FMF, Quantico to St. Thomas.
MAY 29, 1937.
Cpl. William Knox—USS "Arkansas" to FMF.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 65)

HIERONYMUS, Jerome, 5-14-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.
SNIDER, John S., 5-20-37, Portsmouth, Va., for USS "Yorktown."
MELTON, Woodrow W., 5-12-37, Savannah for MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.
LASHUA, Milo E., 5-17-37, Chicago for MB, Mare Island.
HAMILTON, Earl G., 5-21-37, Quantico for PSBN, Quantico.
ANDREAS, Emil, 5-16-37, San Diego for NAS, San Diego.
GERSCHOFFER, Mathew J., 5-18-37, Bremerton for PSNY, Bremerton.
MAYER, John J., 5-17-37, Puget Sound for MB, Mare Island.
STEMPA, George O., 5-17-37, Mare Island for NP, Mare Island.
UNDERWOOD, Ralph G., 5-22-37, New York for MB, New York.
BIALEK, Michael, 5-17-37, San Francisco for MCB, San Diego.
MALEY, Rudolph B., 5-17-37, Seattle for PSNY, Bremerton.
SPELLMAN, Harold L., 5-23-37, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.
DONAGHU, Allen R., 5-20-37, Mare Island for NP, Mare Island.
MOOR, Bartley C., 5-25-37, Washington, D. C., for Marine Band, Washington.
ROBERTSON, George W., 5-24-37, New Orleans for NAS, Pensacola.

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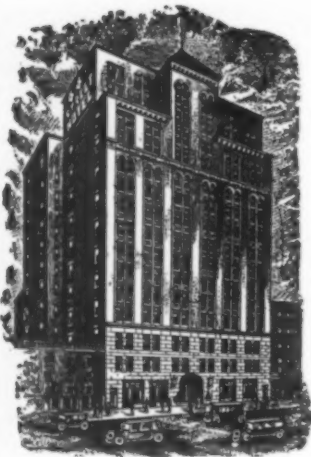
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IRICK, Shcut, 5-25-37, New Orleans for MB, Charleston, S. C.
IVINS, Marvin N., 5-18-37, San Diego for NAS, San Diego.
ANDERSON, Walter E., 5-27-37, Parris Island for MB, San Diego.
STEELE, Dugald L., 5-28-37, Quantico for Aviation, Quantico.

PROMOTIONS

TO SERGEANT MAJOR:
Bernard J. Durr
TO QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT:
August W. Carlson
TO MASTER TECHNICAL SERGEANT:
Levis E. Griffin
August A. Olaguez
Eric E. Isaacson
TO FIRST SERGEANT:
Earl Bostick
Henry C. Armstrong
TO SUPPLY SERGEANT:
John R. Grey
TO TECHNICAL SERGEANT:
Alfred B. McCord
TO STAFF SERGEANT:
Sidney A. Guy
Eugene A. McDonald
Ernest E. Roy
Gerald W. Scammell
Bert A. Green
TO PLATOON SERGEANT:
James H. Regan
Raymond J. Street
TO SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:
Doyle A. New
Steven W. McLeod
Hubert L. Stephens
George Sosic
Byrle C. Williby
Peter P. Wolkovitz
Harry Leon
Roy L. Green
TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND SPECIAL WARRANT:
Walter A. Yoder
Willard C. Miller
Andres A. Rodriguez
John Fabick
Thomas A. King
Ernest F. Nutter
Marcie O. Lindquist
Donald L. Truesdale
John M. Doro
Dale H. Ehresman
Fairley A. Hancock
Stanley J. Bozowski
TO CORPORAL, REGULAR WARRANT:
Merle G. Richard
William E. Davies
Earl R. Hobbs
Grady F. Jenkins
John B. Cox
Henry E. Craft
Frank H. Moore
William F. Storch
Raymond W. Pethick
Lawrence S. Anderson
Dan A. McDiarmid
Frank C. Regan
Spender H. Rolland
Gordon S. Murphy
Roy L. Peterman
Frederick J. Cottrell
Ford M. Fresno
Clynn L. Terrell
Ray Russell
Frederick B. Jones, Jr.
Thurman L. Dalton
Harold B. Williams
George E. McKain
Theodore J. Carroll
Willis L. Wilson
Duane F. Shuffler
James G. Bradley
Henry A. Ruth
Philip D. Thurmond, Jr.
Meredith H. Baker
Vincent G. Savino
Wilber W. Hoylman
Willie B. Eaker
Herbert Bock, Jr.
Victor E. Hasty
Herman H. Heinrich
TO CORPORAL, SHIP AND SPECIAL WARRANT:
Kenneth O. Christopher
Kenneth G. Harrington
Garland Bee
Bernard N. Kearse, Jr.
John T. Peek
Kenneth A. Walsh
Cecil W. Schildberg
Ralph H. Jones
Robert C. Erler
Harry F. Bess
Paul R. Drake
Printess S. Rasor
Andrew Merrick
Donald E. Lambert
Emmett E. Ryckman
Merle R. Gordon
Robert R. Shadow
Claude L. Whitlock
John R. M. Chipps
William P. O'Keefe

Jesse G. Frye
Lester V. Shirah
John C. Rezek
Carlie R. Grey
Wayne Traywick
Raymond C. Steele
Jacob Bickler
Raymon Gragg
Edgar D. Hill
Guy H. Matherly
James L. Jones
Roscoe W. Taylor
Howard J. Lasley
Ringley Ritter
Walter H. Bell

DEATHS

The following deaths have been reported to Marine Corps Headquarters during the month of May, 1937:

Officers

HERNDON, Glen G., 1st Lieut., USMC, died May 29, 1937, as result of airplane crash at Norwood, Colorado. Next of kin: Mrs. Elise C. Herndon, wife, 1505 Fourth St., Coronado, Calif.
REYNOLDS, George B., Major, USMC, retired, died May 4, 1937, of disease at Orangeburg S. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Maudie L. Reynolds, wife, 80 Ellis Ave., Orangeburg, S. C.
SPANGLER, Delbert D., 1st Lieut., USMC, retired, died May 4, 1937, of disease at St. Elizabeth's Hospital Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mr. C. L. Spangler, brother, 41 Burns Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Enlisted Men

BOLTON, Robert W., Pvt., USMC, died May 4, 1937, as a result of being struck by an automobile near Indiantown Gap, Pa. Next of kin: Mr. and Mrs. John W. Bolton, parents, 25 Wesley St., Somerville, Mass.
CHAK, Peter, Pvt., USMC, died May 9, 1937, of disease at U. S. Naval Hospital, Parris Island S. C. Next of kin: Mr. and Mrs. Otto Chak, parents, 420 Court St., Elizabeth, N. J.
CURTIN, Charles D., Staff Sgt., USMC, died May 22, 1937, of disease at U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Mr. John D. Curtin, brother, address unknown.
DUKES, Willie E., Pvt., USMC, died May 20, 1937, as result of being struck by train at Quantico, Virginia. Next of kin: Mark D. Dukes, father, Daley, Georgia.
SCHONEBERGER, Russell, 1st Sgt., USMC, died May 9, 1937, at Shanghai, China. Next of kin: Mrs. Corrine J. Schoneberger, wife, 5316 Lankersheim Blvd., North Hollywood, Calif.
DALY, Daniel, Sgt. Major, USMC, retired, died April 27, 1937, of disease at Glendale, Long Island, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary Loeb, sister, 7845 64th Place, Glendale, Long Island, N. Y.
KING, Harry A., Staff Sgt., USMC, retired, died May 12, 1937, of disease at St. Elizabeth's Hospital Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. John E. Lane, sister, 2405 Fourth Ave., Altoona, Pa.
MARTIN, Simon G., Cpl., USMC, retired, died May 5, 1937, of disease at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Mabel McKee, daughter, Richmond, Indiana.
SMITH, Walter F., Second Leader, U. S. Marine Band, retired, died May 21, 1937, of disease at Washington D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. M. V. W. Smith, wife, 9 Eighth St., N. E., Washington, D. C.
FREY, Eugene E., Pvt., Class IV, USMCR, inactive, died March 30, 1937, at San Gabriel, Calif. Next of kin: Mr. E. A. Frey, father, 746 Lemon Ave., San Gabriel, Calif.
JOHNSON, C. E., retired, died March 28, 1937, as result of being struck by an automobile near Coatesville, Pa.
COMFORT, Clyde C., retired, died March 27, 1937.

TRANSFERRED TO RESERVES

Sergeant Major Albert C. Darr, Class II (d), April 30, 1937. Future address: 3822 Warren Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
Sergeant Major Eugene F. Smith, Class II (d), May 31, 1937. Future address: 117 Los Angeles Avenue, Fox Chase Station, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Quartermaster Sergeant Anydrew J. Stokes, Class II (d), June 15, 1937. Future address: 2951 23rd Street, Sacramento, California.
First Sergeant Wilfred E. Bassett, Class II (d), May 25, 1937. Future address: 1123 Sutter Street, Vallejo, California.
Gunnery Sergeant Edward Nixon, Class II (d), June 15, 1937. Future address: 516 Daisy Street, Long Beach, California.
Gunnery Sergeant Wilson R. Santmyre, Class II (b), May 31, 1937. Future address: Hollister, Missouri.
Technical Sergeant Joseph G. Vogt, Class II (d), June 15, 1937. Future address: Cavite, Cavite, P. I.

Platoon Sergeant Frank E. Cox, Class II (b), May 31, 1937. Future address: 504 Washington Avenue, Linden, New Jersey.

Mess Sergeant Simon Becker, Class II (b), May 6, 1937. Future address: 1900 West Gregory Street, Pensacola, Florida. Sergeant Clifford A. Heller, Class II (d), May 31, 1937. Future address: R. F. D. 2, Sutherland, Virginia.

TENTATIVE SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Leave Honolulu 1 June; arrive Guam 12 June, leave 14 June; arrive Manila 20 June, leave 23 July; arrive Guam 29 July, leave 30 July; arrive Honolulu 10 August, leave 13 August; arrive San Francisco Area 20 August.

HENDERSON—Arrive NOB, Norfolk, 1 June. Will overhaul at Navy Yard, Norfolk, 7 June-10 August. To depart on routine voyage to West Coast ports and Orient about 17 August.

NITRO—Leave Oahu 25 May; arrive Puget Sound 2 June, leave 5 June; arrive Mare Island 8 June, leave 12 June; arrive San Pedro 14 June, leave 17 June; arrive Canal Zone 18 June, leave 21 June; arrive Guantanamo 1 July, leave 6 July; arrive Norfolk 13 July, leave 9 July; arrive Norfolk 13 July.

RAMAPO—Under overhaul at Navy Yard, Mare Island, until 29 June. Leave Mare Island 29 June; arrive San Pedro 1 July, leave 2 July; arrive Guam 25 July, leave 26 July; arrive Manila 1 August, leave 31 August; arrive San Diego 29 September.

SALINAS—Leave Canal Zone 1 June; arrive Houston (Sincro) 8 June, leave 9 June; arrive Norfolk 17 June, leave 3 July; arrive Houston (Sincro) 10 July, leave 12 July; arrive Guantanamo 17 July, leave 21 July; arrive Norfolk 3 August.

SIRIUS, with Dredge "Hell Gate" in tow—Leave Canal Zone 22 May; arrive Pearl Harbor 30 June, leave 9 July; arrive Puget Sound 18 July, leave about 1 August for annual Alaskan voyage.

VEGA—Leave Canal Zone 29 May; arrive Guantanamo 1 June, leave 1 June; arrive Pensacola, Fla., 6 June, leave 8 June; arrive NOB, Norfolk, 14 June. Will proceed to Navy Yard, Norfolk, for overhaul. Date of completion about 17 October.

ANTARES—Leave Philadelphia 21 June; arrive NOB, Norfolk, 22 June, leave 1 July; arrive New York 3 July, leave 8 July; arrive Boston 9 July, leave 16 July; arrive NOB, Norfolk, 19 July, leave 23 July; arrive Canal Zone 31 July, leave 3 August; arrive San Diego 15 August, leave 17 August; arrive San Pedro 18 August, leave 20 August; arrive Mare Island 22 August, leave 1 September; arrive Puget Sound 4 September.

ACADEMY GRADS

The following from the Naval Academy graduating class of 1937 have accepted commissions in the Marine Corps. They will be ordered to the Marine school at Philadelphia:

E. A. Grantham, Leonard E. Ewolt, John B. Carroll, James R. Grey, Victor H. Wildt, George M. Tourtellot, William A. H. Howland, Edward K. Scofield, John R. Wadleigh, William B. Brown, Vincent F. McCormack, Bruce D. Skidmore, Roy H. Burgess, Jr., John M. DeVane, Jr., Carl R. Doerflinger, Stanley M. Zimmy, Franklin S. Rixey, Thomas D. Cunningham, George C. Ellerton, Jr., Albert J. Carr, Franklin D. Buckley, Roger B. Woodhull, James R. Scales, Anthony P. Zavadt, Jr., William Gregg, Edward S. Arentzen, Lewis D. Tamny, Thomas D. Davies, Albert S. Fuhrman, Walter S. Reid, Edward B. Gibson, Jr.

INFORMATION FOR AGENTS AND CORRESPONDENTS

All requests for a change in the quantity of magazines supplied to agents, must be received by us not later than the tenth of the month.

All changes of address must be received by our circulation manager before the 15th of the month, otherwise magazines will be sent to the old address.

All news items and photographs must be forwarded in time to reach us before the 8th of the month. When photographs are included it is desirable to have them sooner, as it takes time to have the cuts prepared. Copy arriving after the 8th of the month cannot be included. News items should be typed, double space, and on only one side of the paper.

To receive credit for unsold copies, they, or the upper portion of the front cover, containing the date line, should be returned to us by the agent within two months of the date of issue. Foreign stations and sea-going detachments are accorded three months.

CANDIDATES FOR COMMISSION

The following named noncommissioned officers of the Marine Corps were found qualified for commission as second lieutenant 1 July, 1937, and upon acceptance of their appointment on that date will be ordered to duty at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania:

Charles R. Boyer
Brooke H. Hatch
Clair W. Shisler
Herbert H. Townsend
Alfred T. Greene
Virgil E. Harris
Gegory J. Weissenberger

Headquarters Bulletin

Number 140, May 15, 1937

CANDIDATES FOR APPOINTMENT TO WARRANT RANK

The board of officers convened at Headquarters Marine Corps on 16 April, 1937, recommended that the names of the following candidates be added to existing eligible lists for the warrant ranks indicated:

MARINE GUNNER:
Master Gunnery Sergeant Thomas J. Jones
Sergeant Major Curtis O. Whitney
Master Gunnery Sergeant Joseph E. Buckley
Gunnery Sergeant James R. Tucker
Master Technical Sergeant Harold R. Jordan

Sergeant Major Richard Shaker
QUARTERMASTER CLERK (Q.M. DEPT.):
Quartermaster Sergeant Hugh F. Deakins
QUARTERMASTER CLERK (A. & I. DEPT.):

Sergeant Major Charles Davis
PAY CLERK:

Technical Sergeant Hubert H. Dunlap
The board also recommended that, hereafter, no candidate be considered for promotion to warrant rank who has not received an individual letter of recommendation within the last two years prior to the meeting of the board, which letter should be forwarded via the candidate's commanding officer and should cover the following:

- (1) Opinion of the recommending officer and the candidate's commanding officer as to the man's suitability and qualifications;
- (2) That the man being recommended desires the appointment;
- (3) That in the opinion of a medical officer the man being recommended is physically qualified for the appointment.

The report and recommendations of the board were approved by the Major General Commandant on 24 April, 1937.

RECRUITING DUTY

The policy to detail only men with the rank of Sergeant and above to recruiting duty, as outlined in Headquarters Bulletin No. 137, dated 15 February, 1937, is hereby modified so as to permit the detail of Corporals (regular warrant) to recruiting duty. Corporals desiring such duty should submit their application for consideration to this Headquarters via official channels.

HIGH SCORE (Rifle)

330 or better over the rifle qualification course for the target year 1937 since publication of the April Bulletin:
Gy-Sgt. Carl Raines 337
Pvt. William H. Kersey 337
Sgt. John Pluge 336
Pfc. Harold A. Barrett 335
Pl-Sgt. Clarence J. Anderson 333
1st Sgt. Bunah L. Burnham 332
Pvt. James L. Norket 332
Pvt. Harry L. Thomson 331
Gy-Sgt. William F. Pulver 330

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT

Gy-Sgt. Carl Raines 337
Pvt. William H. Kersey 337

HIGH SCORE (Pistol)

95 or better over the pistol qualification course for the target year 1937 since publication of the April Bulletin:
Major Jacob Llenhard 98
Trp-Cpl. Robert M. Campbell 98
Captain David M. Shoup 97
1st Lt. Albert F. Moe 97
2nd Lt. Paul R. Tyler 97
ChMGun. Calvin A. Lloyd 97
Gy-Sgt. James R. Tucker 97
Pl-Sgt. Cecil H. Yount 97
Sgt. Hascal L. Ewton 97
Cpl. Johnny Jennings 97
1st Lt. Frederick L. Wieseman 96
Pl-Sgt. Vincent E. Boyle 96
2nd Lt. Arthur A. Chidester 95
MGun. George F. Haubensak 95
Gy-Sgt. Walter F. Kromp 95
Pfc. Edmond Lucander 95

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT

Major Jacob Llenhard 98
1st Lt. Mercade A. Cramer 98
Gy-Sgt. Roy M. Fowel 98
Trp-Cpl. Robert M. Campbell 98

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MARINE ODDITIES

GOOD MORNING,
LIEUTENANT NEIDER



1918

GOOD MORNING,
CORPORAL DRISCOLL



GOOD MORNING,
LIEUTENANT DRISCOLL



1925

GOOD MORNING,
CORPORAL NEIDER



DURING THE WAR, IN FRANCE, WITH THE 23RD CO., 5TH MARINES, WAS FIRST LIEUTENANT FRANK NEIDER. SERVING UNDER HIM WAS CORPORAL J.F. DRISCOLL. SEVEN YEARS LATER, AT QUANTICO, THE SITUATION WAS EXACTLY REVERSED. SERVING UNDER FIRST LIEUTENANT J.F. DRISCOLL WAS THE FORMER LIEUTENANT, CORPORAL FRANK NEIDER. NEIDER IS NOW A FIRST SERGEANT. HE HAS ALSO BEEN A CAPTAIN IN THE GARDE D'HAITI

THANK TO MAGNET

CORPORAL WERNER, —
SPELL "ETHYLDICHLORASINE"

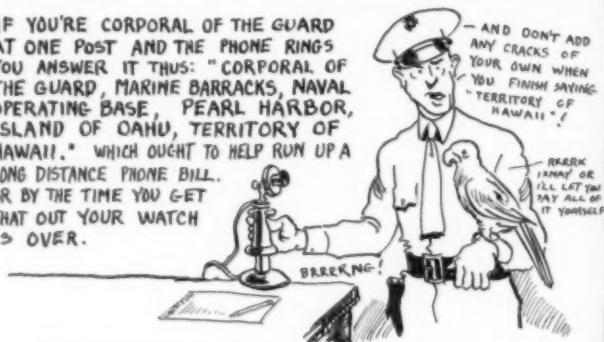


THAT'S EASY,
ETHYLDICHLORASINE IS SPELLED
"E-D"

I CAN SPELL LEWISITE,
MUSTARD, ADAMSITE, WHITE
PHOSPHORUS AND TEAR GAS, TOO

CORPORAL LEO WERNER, MARINE BARRACKS, WASHINGTON, D.C., ATTENDING HINES HIGH SCHOOL EVENING CLASSES, WON THE SPELLING ELIMINATIONS TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE TEAM REPRESENTING THE SCHOOL.

IF YOU'RE CORPORAL OF THE GUARD AT ONE POST AND THE PHONE RINGS YOU ANSWER IT THUS: "CORPORAL OF THE GUARD, MARINE BARRACKS, NAVAL OPERATING BASE, PEARL HARBOR, ISLAND OF OAHU, TERRITORY OF HAWAII." WHICH OUGHT TO HELP RUN UP A LONG DISTANCE PHONE BILL. OR BY THE TIME YOU GET THAT OUT YOUR WATCH IS OVER.



— AND DON'T ADD ANY CRACKS OF YOUR OWN WHEN YOU FINISH SAYING "TERRITORY OF HAWAII!"

BREK! I MAY OR I'LL LET YOU SAY ALL OF IT YOURSELF

BREKING!



TWO YEARS AFTER THE WORLD WAR, SGT. WILLIAM A. RUDD, EX 96TH COMPANY, WAS A PASSENGER ON A TRAIN WRECKED IN TEXAS BY A WASHOUT. A FAST EXPRESS FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION WAS DUE IN A FEW MINUTES, AND IF NOT FLAGGED IN TIME WOULD ALSO PLUNGE TO DESTRUCTION. SGT. RUDD SIEZED A LANTERN AND WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY SWAM THE RUSHING, SWOLLEN STREAM JUST IN TIME TO SAVE THE TRAIN. HE WAS GIVEN A SPECIAL MEDAL FOR HIS BRAVERY.

Lickson

I DON'T NEED A LOT OF PEOPLE TO WAIT ON ME



OH YEAH!

IN 1923 SGT. ERICK O. JOHNSON INHERITED \$50,000.00 UPON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER. WHEN ASKED IF HE WOULD LEAVE THE SERVICE, HE REPLIED, "IT WOULDN'T MATTER TO ME IF I INHERITED A MILLION DOLLARS, THIS IS THE LIFE!"



GO AHEAD, ASK YOUR BOSS WHAT HE THINKS OF YOU!

TELL HIM you really want to know, from his point of view, what he thinks about your work. How are you doing now and what are your chances for the future? Can he offer any suggestions for the improvement of your work? • Go ahead, ask him! If he refers to your lack of qualification for a more important job, what he means is your lack of training. Well, you can acquire this training in your spare time! All over this country men are getting this training *right now*, by mastering International Correspondence Schools Courses. They realize what training means—and are getting it! Their first step toward better things was mailing this coupon to Scranton.

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★ Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," ★ and full particulars about the subject *before* which I have marked X:

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☐ Architectural Draftsman
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☐ Welding, Electric and Gas
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☐ Machinist ☐ Toolmaker
☐ Patternmaker ☐ Boilermaker
☐ Sheet Metal Worker
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☐ Air Conditioning
☐ Automobile Mechanic
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☐ Bridge Engineer
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Name.....Age.....Address.....

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If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada



fun?

SURE IT IS

—and mighty strenuous too!



"SPORT, even for the fun of it, can be tense and tiring," says Miss Gloria Wheeden, who shows her skill at aquaplaning above and at the left. "Like most of the folks who go in for water sports, I pride myself on my fine physical condition. Yes, I smoke. When I feel a bit let-down, I light up a Camel and get an invigorating 'lift' in energy."

Miss Wheeden's enjoyment of a lift from Camels is shared by famous champions in many sports, and by millions of other men and women in all walks of life. When an active day drains physical and nervous energy, Camels help you renew your flow of vim. And being mild, they never get on your nerves.



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"MANY A TIME I've smoked a Camel to get a 'lift,'" says Harry Burmester, printer (left). "With Camels handy, I feel I can take the tough spots right in stride. Camels never tire my taste or irritate my throat—even smoking as much as I do."



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Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand

1060 PARACHUTE JUMPS—no mishaps! Floyd Stimson (right) started smoking Camels 10 years ago—at the time he made his first parachute jump. "Camels are so mild, I take healthy nerves for granted," says Floyd. "I've found what I want in Camels—mildness and tastiness."



Get a Lift with a Camel!

